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THE UNITED STATES IN CHINA.

In the month of September of last year Secretary Hay began a diplomatic correspondence in reference to the so-called "open-door" policy in China which marked an important departure in American diplomacy, and indicated to the world that the United States proposed to be heard from at least in the settlement of the future of China, and was willing even to take the initiative in securing the assent of the other Powers to a policy believed by her to be a sound one. If the doctrine of the open door for commerce in China was British in its origin, Lord Salisbury's Government none the less acted wisely in allowing the American Government to make it their own by adoption—particularly as it had been seriously compromised while in charge of its original sponsors. In March of the present year Secretary Hay officially announced the success of the negotiations, in communicating to each of the Governments concerned the several replies of the others.

While recognizing a creditable diplomatic achievement, we must not overlook either the very partial and guarded adherence given by Russia—and she was the one Power most important to commit—to the American proposals, or their very limited scope. These may be summarized in a single sentence;

equal opportunities of commerce for the citizens of all nations in the leased territory or sphere of interest possessed by any nation within the territorial limits of China, with uniform customs dues, under a Chinese tariff and collected by the Chinese Government, harbor dues and railroad charges. The final replies of the other Governments addressed seem reasonably explicit and final; that of Russia, though Count Mouravieff expressed his conviction that it would be satisfactory, and Secretary Hay so accepted it, is certainly only partial, and not very definite. But perhaps it was asking a good deal of her friendship for the United States to expect her to commit herself at all on a matter so vitally related to her future in the Far East. The point of more immediate present interest is that the American proposals, undeniably good as far as they go, do not pretend to embody any solution of the Chinese question. For it is now sufficiently evident that that question is primarily a political, not a commercial, one. The open door policy is limited to securing equal trade conditions; it does not recognize the deep-seated political disease afflicting the Chinese Empire or offer any remedy. Its implication is that it does not matter what becomes of China politically, or how her territory is di-

vided up among other Powers, provided that these agree to preserve the open door for all commerce alike within such portions of the empire as they choose to acquire—or to “lease,” if that term softens at all the hard fact of substantial ownership and control. Yet in the very communication in which Secretary Hay gravely proposed to the British Government that it should give its formal adhesion to its own policy, he recognized that there was a Chinese question inside the open door, and indicated that the policy of the United States was still in favor of preserving the integrity of the Chinese Empire, as the most effective way of safeguarding its own rights. And now the inert body of the Chinese nation, pronounced to be politically dead by the nations of Europe, has very unpleasantly come to life again, and it becomes clear enough that the commercial program of the open door must be supplemented by some pretty vigorous political action, if there is to be any commerce left to safeguard. Again Secretary Hay comes forward with a statement of American policy—and this time he does not limit it to securing commercial equality.

On July 3rd, in a telegraphic despatch addressed to the various European Governments, the full purport of which soon after became public, the Secretary defined in general terms the policy which his Government sought to pursue in China. While this definition of policy was taken in some quarters as intended quite as much for the information of the American people during a Presidential campaign as for the enlightenment of foreign governments, its authoritative and important character cannot be denied. The landing of American troops upon Chinese soil, to join the armed forces of the European nations and of Japan in military operations, of highly uncertain scope and duration, certainly marked such an important departure from former Ameri-

can policy as to call for some explanation—particularly in view of the fact that we have had no political or territorial aspirations in China, and have, partly on this account, occupied a special position of friendliness towards the Chinese Government.

Secretary Hay states that the United States adheres to the policy initiated by it in 1857, “of peace with the Chinese nation, and of furtherance of lawful commerce,” and he further includes in this policy “the protection of the lives and property of American citizens in China by all the means guaranteed under extra-territorial treaty rights or covered by the law of nations.” “If wrong be done to American citizens,” he says, “the responsible authors will be held to the uttermost accountability.” Then follows the important statement that in the view of his Government the condition at Peking is one of virtual anarchy, “whereby power and responsibility is practically devolved upon the local authorities.” As long as these officials are not in overt collusion with rebellion, and use their powers to protect foreign life and property, they are to be regarded “as representing the Chinese people, with whom we wish to remain in peace and friendship.” He then states that the purpose of the President is to act in concurrence with the other Powers, first in opening up communication with Peking and rescuing American officials, missionaries and other citizens who are there in danger; secondly, in affording all possible protection everywhere in China to American life and property; thirdly, in guarding and protecting all legitimate American interests; and fourthly, in aiding to prevent a spread of the disorder to the other provinces of the Empire, and “a recurrence of such disasters.” The Secretary concludes with the significant statement that it is the policy of the Government of the United States “to seek a solution

which may bring about permanent safety and peace to China, preserve Chinese territorial and administrative entity, protect all rights guaranteed to friendly Powers by treaty and by international law, and safeguard for the world the principle of equal and impartial trade with all parts of the Chinese Empire."

The language of this important note was certainly carefully considered, and it must be taken to define the policy to which the administration of President McKinley is definitely and fully committed, however it may be attacked by the political party in opposition—a policy which will last during his present term at least, ending next March, and will be continued in the event of his reelection. While this program only corresponds to the course tacitly or expressly accepted by the European Governments concerned as the necessary one, and while it marks no radical departure from their past practices in respect to interference with the affairs of semi-civilized or Oriental peoples, it certainly marks a significant change in American foreign policy, and one which cannot but have far-reaching consequences.

The finding out of those responsible for wrongs to American citizens and holding them to the "utmost accountability," will be likely alone to prove a task of the greatest magnitude and difficulty. As long as such wrongs could be traced to the action or non-action of local officials, and as long as there was a central government to appeal to, the steps to take were, indeed, comparatively simple, even if rarely effective. But if the condition of China is to be regarded as one of virtual anarchy for the time being, as Secretary Hay quite wisely concludes, and if the Government of the Empress was itself practically responsible for these wrongs, through directly or indirectly countenancing them, then the

task proposed is certainly one of exceeding difficulty; and if, as there is only too much reason to believe, the movement against all foreigners, of which such wrongs are merely a manifestation, is to a large extent a general and national movement—so far as anything can be national in China—the obstacles in the way of enforcing such accountability, while preserving "relations of peace and friendship with the Chinese people," would seem to be insuperable.

When we come to the other points in this program it becomes tolerably clear that it commits the United States to action which will ultimately and necessarily lead to an actual, if not at once to a formal, participation on her part in the concert of the European Powers and Japan in regard to China. Of course the word used is "concurrency," and doubtless fine distinctions can be drawn between concurrent action and joint action, if it is desired to persuade the American people that some shadow of independence of action still attaches to the course of their Government in China. But the fact remains that it is humanly impossible for the United States to carry out her present comprehensive program in China otherwise than by acting in full accord with the other Powers, as long as unity of action continues among them, or by joining with one or more of them if a divergence of policy should unfortunately arise.

Two lines of action are included within the program enunciated by Secretary Hay, the one military, the other political. The actual necessity that military operations should be undertaken by the united forces of the different countries concerned, acting in common, seems sufficiently obvious. The number of men whom the United States could at present contribute to a Chinese campaign would be utterly inadequate to carry out the policy of

punishment for outrages to American life and property in China, or to afford anything like adequate protection to American interests during the present crisis—to say nothing of preventing the spread of the disorders to other provinces, which absolutely requires that a strong and united front should everywhere be presented by the Powers concerned. As the movement of the Chinese seems to be directed against all foreigners indiscriminately, unity of action on the part of the foreign military forces is a prime necessity. American troops may even be placed under the supreme command of an officer representing some other nation, and the necessities of the situation must secure the continuance of joint military operations. It may truthfully be said, therefore, that the United States has already entered the concert of the Powers in China so far as military action is concerned.

But the use of armed force leads directly and almost necessarily to political action, and in this field the imperative need of concert between the Powers is equally obvious. As soon as the international forces reach Peking—perhaps even sooner—the political question must come to the front. It would, of course, be theoretically possible for the United States to confine its action in China strictly within military lines, and to leave the settlement of the future government of the country entirely to the other nations concerned, merely asking for the recognition and safeguarding of its own existing rights and interests. It would, however, certainly prove a difficult matter to draw the line between military and political action, and it is hardly likely that any country would be willing to make the sacrifices involved in the armed operations and then assume an attitude of non-participation in the settlement by the Powers of those political issues whose treat-

ment will largely determine the future of China, and the interests of the Western nations in that future. But the strong probability that American action will not be confined within military lines is made almost a certainty by the express language used by Secretary Hay in concluding his last note. Besides committing the United States to aid in preventing "a recurrence of such disasters" as have recently taken place, which certainly cannot be effected otherwise than through political action, he further states that it is the policy of his Government "to seek a solution which may bring about permanent safety and peace in China." This language certainly means that America intends to participate in, if not to originate, action which will go to the root of the whole Chinese question, and effect a radical and fundamental change in the government of that country. In the accomplishment of such an object it is even more clear than in the case of military operations that the United States will be compelled, instead of preserving her traditional independence of action in the East, to enter, more or less openly and frankly, the concert of the other Powers, if that be maintained, or to act in harmony with one or more of them, if the concert be broken up. If the language of Secretary Hay has any meaning—and it is certainly intended to have—it plainly and necessarily involves the representation of the United States in any congress or concert of the Powers which undertakes to settle the future of China.

If then America is in future to have a voice—based upon her present military operations, upon her important treaty rights and her commerce, upon her geographical position, including now not only the Pacific Coast but also Hawaii and the Philippines, and upon her rank among the greatest Powers of the world—in the radical settlement

of the Chinese question, it is not too early to consider briefly the political relations existing between the other Powers having interests in China—relations which we must take cognizance of and cannot blindly ignore—and to attempt to forecast the manner in which these will be affected by the entry of the great Republic into this new field. That the balance of interests which has heretofore existed between such Powers will be in some measure disturbed seems inevitable. The situation is one of such delicacy and danger that the Government of the United States must act with the fullest attainable knowledge, with the amplest consideration, with the most careful regard of the existing rights and interests of other countries, and above all with a desire to so calculate its own action as to preserve the peace between the various nations concerned, with all of whom it is fortunately on terms of friendship.

If the United States is to enter the field of Asiatic politics and diplomacy, as she is now doing, it is certainly fortunate for the world that she occupies a position so free from the network of complications, political and racial rivalries, and clashing interests, which unhappily involve the other Powers concerned. In the first place her interests in China, both present and future—if we lay aside those connected with missions—are exclusively commercial, whereas the interests of the five other Powers largely concerned—Great Britain, Russia, France, Germany and Japan—are necessarily also political, and partly territorial. She desires neither territory nor exclusive sphere of influence upon the continent of Asia; she seeks only the maintenance of an open door for trade and the protection of the lives and property of any of her citizens lawfully resident in China. The same thing certainly cannot be said of any of the other Powers,

all of which, except Japan, have most important possessions upon the continent of Asia, which are vitally concerned, directly or indirectly, in the settlement of the Chinese problem; and if Japan has not yet obtained a territorial foothold upon the continent, her interests are also, perhaps even more vitally, involved. On account of this fact, as well as on account of our past relations of friendship with the Chinese Government—signally illustrated by the important services which we rendered to her in the making of peace with Japan at the conclusion of the late war—the United States occupies a peculiarly advantageous position to assist in negotiating a radical solution of the celestial question—if that be indeed within the range of human possibility.

Perhaps it is no less fortunate that we are free from any complications, whether of alliance or of hostility, affecting our relations with the other Powers concerned. None of these Powers, except Great Britain and France, have any interests whatever on the American continent or its islands—and the interests of France are merely nominal—while we have no interests, except those of commerce, which clash with those of any other Power in any part of the world. It may be true that Russia, if she establishes her dominion over nearly the whole of Asia, may sometime be ambitious to bring the rest of the world under the rule of the Czar; or that the sympathies of the French people were mostly with Spain during our late war; or that Germany was willing to receive the Philippines from Spain without the consent of the United States; and it is certainly true that we won our independence from Great Britain by force of arms in the last century, and were again at war with her in the early part of the century now closing. But surely there is nothing in any of these facts, or conjectures, which should now affect

American statesmanship in dealing in an impartial spirit with all the national interests involved in the Chinese situation. Commercially we freely concede to every other nation all rights in China which we ask for ourselves; politically we should seek only to maintain good relations with the other Powers and to contribute everything within our ability to effect an honorable, and, so far as possible, a permanent settlement between their conflicting interests, and to avert the terrible disaster of a war between any two or more of the Powers interested in the Far East.

But it is argued in some quarters that there should be some special co-operation or concert of action between the United States and Great Britain in China, joined perhaps by Japan, because the interests of these three Powers are especially concerned in the maintenance of the open-door policy, which is threatened, if at all, by the action of Russia, France and Germany. It is quite true that the purely commercial interests of the United States would seem to lie in the direction of assisting to establish an important British sphere of influence in China, for two purely business reasons: first, because Great Britain believes in, and is thoroughly committed to, the policy of free and equal trade for all nations wherever her rule extends; and, secondly, because she is by far the largest customer for our products, and anything which increases the purchasing power of her people—and the occupation of an important part of China might be expected to do this—might be supposed indirectly to benefit American producers. It must also be agreed that, besides the community of language, the political institutions and ideas of the two countries largely resemble each other, and their respective peoples are better able to understand one another—even if they do not always do so—than those of any other two great

Powers interested in the Orient. It is also doubtless true that the United States, Great Britain and Japan, acting firmly together, and prepared to make their views prevail at any cost, could control the settlement of the Chinese question, as Germany would at least remain neutral if her existing concessions were respected, while Russia and France would be overmatched and would be obliged to acquiesce. It is also suggested in some quarters that for what may be called sentimental reasons as well, arising out of the important diplomatic assistance which Great Britain extended to the United States during the Spanish-American war, American support should now be given to British policy in China. It seems to the present writer that any expectations of this kind are based upon a lack of understanding of the situation in Asia, and of the conditions determining the action of the United States, which cannot be too soon removed.

To take up the latter point first, sentiment, even that of gratitude, affords a very insecure and doubtful basis for national action. In the present stage of human progress, enlightened national self-interest would seem to afford the safest guidance for those who have charge of the political destinies of nations, for the more national self-interest becomes enlightened the clearer will it be that in this age of the world the interests of all nations are inextricably bound up together. If the governing statesmen of Great Britain adopted the course which they did during the Spanish-American war purely from a sentimental attachment to the United States, and without believing that in the long run their course would also promote the best interests of Great Britain, they were guilty of an act of folly, if not of a betrayal of national trust; but no thinking man supposes anything of the sort. Anything which

tends to strengthen the power and international influence of the United States must tend, speaking generally, to promote the welfare of Great Britain, merely because of the community of interests and ideas existing to a large extent between the two nations, and because of the great improbability of hostilities between them; and the risk of incurring the enmity of a declining power like Spain could well be incurred for an object of such importance. That this service on the part of Great Britain materially influenced at the time not only the present Administration but American opinion generally in her favor was only natural.

Taking into account, then, the fact that we are entering the Asiatic arena in a spirit of entire good-will, if not of actual friendliness, to Great Britain, at least as far as President McKinley, his Cabinet and his party are concerned, and the further patent fact that the commercial policy of that country in the Orient is peculiarly favorable to the trade interests of the United States, let us briefly consider the position of the different Powers in the Far East as it stood prior to the Boxer outbreak, and as it will in all probability again stand after that movement has been suppressed—if haply it is going to be suppressed.

The Chinese question has become largely a Russian question; recent events on the Amur only emphasize this fact. The extraordinary extensions which have taken place within the last half-century in the Russian dominions in Asia; the intense racial and national ambition of the Slavs, with their steady and, as some believe, irresistible movement towards more southern climes and ice free waters; the patient and consistent policy of that Power, and the extraordinary diplomatic ability displayed in carrying it forward; the peculiar talent of Rus-

slans to take part successfully in that network of intrigue which seems to be the normal form of Oriental government; the military and political power possessed by that great autocratic empire, together with the remarkable success already achieved by her—first, in depriving Japan of an important part of the fruits of her victory over China and excluding her from the mainland of Asia, and second, in controlling to no small degree the action of the Pekin Government, weakened and disorganized by that war, and in obtaining from it such extraordinary rights as those conveyed by the lease of Port Arthur and the adjacent territory, and by the Manchurian Railway agreement; that imposing and wonderful project, already carried so far towards success, the Trans-Siberian Railway;—all these things indicate that Russia is thus far not only the strongest, but actually the dominant, factor in the Far East. She approaches China from behind, by land, while all the other Powers except France—and France is her ally—now approach that empire in front, and by the sea. With the active assistance of France and the assured neutrality of Germany, Russia, in spite of the insignificance of her present trade interests, and in spite of the control by Great Britain of over two-thirds of the foreign commerce of China, has been able thus far to checkmate the latter Power at almost every point, and to make her own policy prevail.

Great Britain has been obliged to abandon the policy of endeavoring to preserve intact the full territorial integrity of China, to recognize the rights of Germany in Shantung and of Russia in Manchuria, and even to participate herself in the partial dismemberment of China by taking Wei-Hai-Wei, as a small offset to the infinitely more valuable acquisitions of the other two Powers; so that Secretary Hay is

obliged to speak of preserving the "entity" of China, her integrity being already gone. It might not be courteous for an American to describe the vacillation and weakness of British policy, or rather lack of policy, in the East since the appearance of Russia on the scene, though he would only have to quote language used by the English authorities best informed upon China. Whatever the explanation or excuse may be, it is a fact too plain to be denied that British influence, formerly preponderant, has sunk almost to the zero point in China, and American diplomacy cannot be expected to ignore this patent truth in shaping its own policy. The question whether it is desirable to maintain British influence in China, or whether this can be done without incurring too great burdens there, or too great dangers in other quarters, is one for the people of England to decide for themselves, and they do not need any foreign advice on the matter; but the United States should frame her course in Asia according to the situation which she finds existing. If it is the destiny of a large part of China and of most of Asia to be Russianized—and Great Britain, perhaps with the aid of Japan, seems to be the only Power which can interpose any effective resistance, whether by diplomacy or by force of arms, to prevent this result—then in the not distant future the United States must depend upon her established friendship with Russia to secure access to markets of the greatest value to her commerce. The reply of Count Mouravieff to the proposals of the United States in reference to the open-door policy, even if leaving much to be desired in fully meeting them, at least contains something of value, and indicates the desire of Russia to accept our commercial views as far as she feels she can afford to do so. Moreover, if the principle of commercial preference is at any time adopted, Rus-

sia would certainly be likely, for sentimental and political reasons, to give the preference to American products over British.

While the United States has recently entered upon a policy of insular expansion, both in the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, it would be a great mistake to infer that we desire more territory wherever we can get it, or that because we are in the Philippines—and even now one of our great political parties favors a practical withdrawal from these islands—we are going to become engaged in the general politics of Asia, or to throw our weight into her political scales, except to the extent of safeguarding, as far as possible, our own commercial interests. To put the matter more plainly, if, as some of the best-informed authorities believe, there are two irreconcilable conflicts approaching in Asia—first, a struggle between Russia and Japan over the control of Corea, and second, a larger, but perhaps more remote, conflict between Great Britain and Russia as to the advance of the latter power in Asia, and ultimately as to the possession of India itself, already threatened by the rapid growth of Muscovite power and influence upon its borders—the United States, wherever the sympathies of a majority of her people might be, should, and doubtless will, maintain a strict neutrality. The development of her own continental territories, with the newly-acquired islands, together with the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine throughout the Western hemisphere, affords a large enough scope for some time to come for her ambitions. To join with England, or with Japan, or both, in settling the politics of Asia, in which they are both vitally concerned while we are not, would be to allow ourselves to be used to promote the interests of other Powers instead of conserving our own—an act of folly so great that it need not be con-

templated as a probability. Commercially, the United States has a definite policy in Asia, that of the open door, and she will doubtless join with any Powers which have the same policy so far as diplomatic action within reasonable bounds is concerned; politically, neither having nor desiring any territory upon the continent of Asia, she should keep entirely free from the governmental complications of the Orient. By so doing we shall not only best conserve the interests of our own people, but may continue to occupy such a happy relation to all the other Powers that when the Asiatic crisis comes, if unfortunately come it must, we may be able to render a great service to the world by mediating to preserve its peace. All Americans must hope that out of the horrors of the present situation in China may at least come that better understanding of one another, that larger regard for the interests of all, which may establish a lasting and assured concord among the Powers now allied in the interests of Western civilization. China and Asia are large enough to satisfy the reasonable ambitions of all of them.

Finally, let us consider what alternative settlements of this dread problem of the future of China seem possible. The actual partitioning of that great empire among the Powers, its full incorporation within their respective political systems and under their flags, seems so utterly impossible that it need not be considered. To rule the Chinese people otherwise than through a Chinese government of some sort is a task beyond the power even of the combined nations. Yet it is equally clear that if the Chinese question is indeed to be settled, if the fire is really to be put out, and not left to smoulder and break out again, there must be some sort of effective control by the representatives of Western civilization. Only two courses seem practicable; the

maintenance of a central government, whether it be that of the Manchu dynasty or some other, which should be provided with the means of preserving order, and should be to a considerable extent subject to the control of the representatives of the Powers, whether acting as a council or merely as a diplomatic body; or the division of Chinese territory into separate political districts, within each of which some one Power should have its sphere of influence, and should be responsible, acting through such native rulers as might be constituted, for the maintenance of law and order. If the first course is followed, the recent note of Secretary Hay would seem to lead to the participation by the United States in such diplomatic control; if the latter, she will ask only for the assurance by treaty that the open door will be preserved by the Powers concerned, and that other existing treaty rights will be safeguarded. Each of these courses is full of difficulties, but it would seem that one or the other of them must be followed in order to re-establish lasting order in China and keep the world's peace. The only third course would seem to be the practical control of China by Russia—and this is threatening.

From one great error at least the Christian Powers, and the United States most of all, should keep scrupulously free. Whatever may have been the outrages committed in China, or whatever the moral complicity of the Empress and her officials, some stronger and higher motive than that of inflicting revenge, even for such an unexampled atrocity as the attack upon a whole Diplomatic Corps, must inspire the action of the Powers. It is almost inconceivable that any organized government, even in China, should have committed, or permitted unless powerless to stop it, such an act of insane political folly, to say nothing of its

moral character; whatever may be the responsibility of the Empress for the Boxer movement, the murder of Ministers must, at least, be considered an act of uncontrollable anarchy until the contrary is clearly proved. The governments concerned have been wise thus far in refraining from any declaration of war against the Chinese nation, and it is to be hoped that they will persist in this course under all provocations. To hold the whole people of China, differing as greatly as they do in race, religion and ideas, and bound together by such loose political ties, responsible for all that has occurred, would be unjust as well as foolish. However the lives, property and interests of foreigners may suffer through the movement now in progress, the Chinese themselves must in all these respects suffer much more seriously. Even the barbarities which shock civilization are inflicted alike upon the native and the foreigner, and China herself must be the chief sufferer by the convulsion which has seized her.

We can even afford to recognize that the Boxer movement itself, in spite of its excesses, is a patriotic, even if an ignorant one, and, from a Western standpoint, mistaken in its purposes. Europe and America have denied to China the right to remain in isolation from the rest of the world, have persistently forced upon her their missionaries and their trade, and have undermined her ancient civilization; and in recent years they have despoiled her of territory, while furnishing her with the best modern guns and rifles, and teaching her how to use them. The present

result may be terrible, but it is certainly not unnatural. It is doubtless a great misfortune for China herself, as well as for the world at large, that she should at last have learned so well the great lessons in the art of creating destructive forces which Western civilization has successfully taught her, while almost vainly endeavoring to impart its Christianity, that the invader of her soil now finds himself "hoist with his own petard." The Western nations will not withdraw from their self-assumed task of imposing their civilization and their trade upon China, and probably in the end the Chinese will be the better for it. But let us at least show them that we can ourselves not only accept, but put in practice, one of the cardinal principles of the religion which we have endeavored to teach them, by proving that our national action is not inspired by one of the most base and savage passions. Punishment there must no doubt be, if guilty individuals can be reached; but to meet barbarism with barbarism, to pursue a policy of mere revenge for the loss of foreign lives, even though these be numbered by the thousand—a revenge which would fall as heavily upon the innocent as upon the guilty—this, in the midst of such a political cataclysm as has burst upon China, would be a course as unworthy of enlightened statesmanship as it is inconsistent with the principles of Christianity. If Western civilization has grim work to do in China, let it at least be done in justice, not in anger, and for the final good of the Chinese people themselves, as well as for that of the world.

Josiah Quincy.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE.*

The love of the country is so deeply rooted in Englishmen that we may say it is part of the life of the nation. The struggles for existence and the progress of civilization have brought great masses of the population together in cities that are the visible signs of exuberant prosperity. The "Wen" of old Cobbett, which he was never weary of execrating, contained in his time a million and a half of souls; now it is impossible to tell the population of London, for who can say where London begins or ends? The chimneys of the north east blighting shadows over areas which a century ago were fair landscapes of field and woodland. Towns like Barrow-in-Furness or Middlesbrough spring to maturity almost as the mushroom growths of America beyond the Missouri. The laborers leave the plough for the loom or the forge, as field wages fall or arable land is left fallow. But all the cities strike their roots in the country, and in the country are the springs that supply their waste. In all, unhappily, there are multitudes in the lowest *couches sociales* doomed to live and die in deepest ignorance of all that is brightest in a world beyond their ken. But the great majority have a longing for rural outings, which the drudgery of dull routine has almost unfitted them to enjoy. A glimpse of blue sky recalls to the clerk on the omnibus the days when he used to play truant from the village school, and the daffodils and early

violets, hawked by tatterdemallion flower-sellers on the street-curb, bring back memories of the cawing of rooks and the first call of the cuckoo. The man who has made his fortune feels he owes it to himself to buy or rent a seat in the country; and if, when there, he is much like a fish out of water, he is giving his children opportunities which he but dimly appreciates. So the money-makers are ever blending with the squirearchy, and old families give place to the new, who in some measure inherit their traditions.

And surely no country is more beautiful than England, with the refined yet home-like beauty that steals on the affections. It is wealthy in other respects than in the coal and iron which have given it industrial supremacy; happily the area of those subterraneous riches is limited, and the country is not altogether given over to iron and coal. Take your stand on Richmond Hill, within a stone-cast of the metropolis, or by the wilder Worcestershire Beacon on the Malvern Hills, and what a wealth of meadow and woodland lies extended beneath you along the vale of Thames or the windings of sandy-bottomed Severn! We are deeply indebted to that much-abused climate of ours, which, hitting the happy mean between the Pole and the tropics, clothes Nature in the greens which become her so well and sets her off in the changing coquetry of our capricious seasons. In rounded hills and

* 1. The Natural History of Selborne. By Gilbert White. Edited with notes by Grant Allen. Illustrated by Edward H. New. London: John Lane, 1900.

2. The New Forest: its Traditions, Inhabitants, and Customs. By Rose C. de Crespigny and Horace Hutchinson. Second edition. London: John Murry, 1899.

3. Wild Life in Hampshire Highlands. By George A. B. Dewar. London: J. M. Dent & Co., 1899.

4. A Cotswold Village: or Country Life and Pursuits in Gloucestershire. By J. Arthur Gibbs. Second edition. London: John Murray, 1899.

open valleys her form rises and falls with the graceful undulations that are the perfection of feminine charm.

Did any Englishman of ordinary æsthetic feeling ever return from a Continental tour without sensibly throbbing to the inspiration of Scott's familiar apostrophe to Caledonia? It matters not whether he comes from the polders of Holland, the snow-girt alps of Switzerland, or the wheat-lands of chalky Picardy. There is a pleasant contrast even with the orchards of Normandy, and an exhilarating sense of relief after the gloomy solitudes and forbidding shores of iron-bound Brittany; the landscape is so cheerful in its variety, and so friendly in its evidences of hearth and home. Nothing on the Continent can rival the hop gardens in their autumnal bloom, except the trellised vineyards of Lombardy; and they are scarcely less picturesque in early spring, when the poles are stacked in tent-like form like some Tartar or Khirgiz encampment. Though you have scarcely time to note them as the train shoots by, every nook and corner holds studies for the artist, in the breezy down, with the long-armed windmill on the crest; the venerable watermill on the chalk-stream below, with the moss-grown lead and the reedy backwater; the old narrow bridge, with its sharp rise and dip, solidly buttressed against winter floods. With the waving crops in the autumn and the sleepy kine grazing pastern-deep in the meadows, you might say literally that it is a land flowing with milk and honey. The drowsy air is full of the hum of bees, hurrying like the butterflies from flower to flower, but, unlike them, industriously employed, whether on the blossoms in the old-fashioned gardens, on the rich red sanfoin or the scented thyme. You have no time to take thought of agricultural depression, of impoverished landlords with a plethora of vacant

farms on their hands, or of laborers eager to better themselves and flying from worse trouble to come. It may be but poor consolation, but it is the fact, that when drains are choked, and weeds get the upper hand, and farms fall out of cultivation, the picturesqueness of the country is increased.

The charm of the country has exercised an abiding influence on the genius of ruder ages than ours. It has not only inspired the poets from Chaucer to Tennyson—that was inevitable—but it has guided the chisels of forgotten sculptors. There is nothing in Bewick, for example, more true to the poetry of nature than a wonderful cornice in the cloisters of Melrose with its inimitable tracery of field flowers and forest leaves. Never is Shakespeare more delightful company than when he leads us into the forest of Windsor or of Arden, inviting us to look on at the gambols of the elves or listen to the gallant chiding of the deep-mouthed hounds. The scapegrace who stole the deer—whether from Fulbroke or from Charlecote—had lain many a day at morn and dewy eve under the Warwickshire elms, listening to the "sweet birds' throat," or watching the doe leading her fawn to the couch in the bracken; and he knew well what he was writing about. We admire the sublimity of the "Paradise Lost," but we love "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." Gray's "Elegy" is an unapproachable idyll of the back-of-the-world parish, though it has pleased a modern critic to disparage it as "the springtide of mediocrity." Instances might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, from the sweet sonnets of the philosopher of the Lakes, the great high priest of Nature, to the rustic lulls of Burns the ploughman and the forest scenes in the Introductions to the Cantos of "Marmion." But all the poets from Chaucer to Pope had done little to popularize the taste for natural beauty.

It was Gilbert White who translated poetry into prose, standing sponsor to a new departure in literature; and we are glad to believe that the school he founded was never more flourishing than now.

When the modest country parson—he was never vicar of Selborne, nor did he live in the vicarage—was writing his letters to Pennant and Daines Barrington, he little dreamed of the immortality he was to achieve. But these letters of an obscure man have gone through innumerable editions, and reckon almost as many readers as the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is easy to understand the popularity of Bunyan. The gifted dreamer, with the magic of his dramatic instinct, touched the chords in anxious souls struggling forward towards tremendous issues. He took the believer by storm and gave the sceptic pause. But the secret of White's extraordinary popularity still eludes us, nor have we ever seen a satisfactory solution. The charm is indefinable as it is irresistible. Superficially, "The Natural History of Selborne" is what Johnson would have called a pretty book; the style is simple to an extreme, with something of old-world formality. But, in his quiet way, White has flashed a series of pictures on the impressionable retina of boyhood which time and use are powerless to efface. The Hanger is more familiar to us than the Schwarzwald; the Plestor has a firmer hold on the emotions than the plains of Marathon or the ruins of Iona. And the association of those memorable sites reminds us that White has been the Boswell of the old Sussex tortoise, who will live through the ages with Samuel Johnson, though Samuel had much to say for himself and Timothy was constitutionally reserved.

We cannot undertake to explain the charm of White, but we see he made wonderful use of limited opportunities.

Omne ignotum pro magnifico. He looks upward with awestruck reverence at the Sussex Downs, that "vast range of mountains." With the adventurous hardihood of a Livingstone or a Stanley he explores the solitudes of Wolmer Forest and Alice Holt, with the rushy lakes resorted to by strange aquatic fowl, where there are occasionally such captures as a peregrine or a gray hen. Now and again, though rarely, we have a pathetic tragedy such as that of the ravens. They had nested for time immemorial in Losel's Wood, choosing their habitation so well that they defied the assaults of the boldest bird-nesters who harried the home of the honey-buzzards. The edict goes forth: the oak is to be felled, and the mother sits sheltering her helpless young till "whipped down by the twigs, which brought her dead to the ground." Frequently White conducted service in the church, but he was more concerned with the tenants of the roof than with the congregation—with the owls, the bats, and the house-martens, and the swifts that circled round the tower. He noted their coming and going to a day, and was more anxiously on the outlook for the arrivals of the season than any hotel-keeper on the Riviera. He appreciated the methods of silent motionless observation afterwards adopted by Richard Jefferies and others, and indeed had organized an intelligence department of his own, and a system of ornithological espionage. The habits of the stone-curlews excited his curiosity, but their haunts on the Downs were beyond his beat. So he enlisted the services of the farming friend, who being abroad early and late, would be "a very proper spy on the motions of these birds." His own residence, the Wakes, was the ideal home of a naturalist. True, on one side it was only separated from "Gracious Street," with the swinging signs of the butcher and the alehouse, by railings

with a screen of shrubs. But mullions and gables were shrouded with creepers; untrimmed fruit trees trained to the wall offered shelter to finches and flycatchers, and the low windows looked out on lawns, encircled by orchards and shrubberies, breaking back to the slopes leading up to the beech woods.

There have been many editions of White's great work, but the most recent, published by Mr. Lane, will not easily be superseded. Perhaps the simple-minded and unobtrusively pious naturalist might have found a more sympathetic editor than the late Mr. Grant Allen, who belonged pre-eminently to modern science; and the notes, brief and sometimes contemptuous, are unsatisfactory. But the indisputable claim of the edition to pre-eminence rests on the truth and beauty, the variety and profusion, of the illustrations. Mr. New showed the happy bent of his genius in his drawings for the "Life of Morris," but he seems to have surpassed himself in the present volume. Throwing himself heart and soul into a labor of love, he makes us realize the Selborne which White has sanctified. Each scene associated with the naturalist has been lovingly depicted, from the vicarage where he was born to the graveyard where he lies buried. There is a tablet to his memory in the little Norman church, with the low massive columns that indicate its hoary antiquity; but if you would see his monument, you have only to look around on scenes that were sketched by his pen and are now depicted by the artist's pencil. Here is the house where he lived and the church where he officiated, taken from every point of view. There is the sandy waste of Wolmer, with the sedgy lake in the foreground, and the solitary clump of black pines standing out against the sky. In rich contrast, the beeches of the Hanger frame with their foliage each vista

opening northward from the village street. There is the mighty yew in the church-yard, so often noted in the diary; and, by-the-way, it has grown over four feet in girth since Gilbert carefully measured it. There are the farmsteadings, the great barns and the quaint old hop-kilns, of very different construction from any of our day. There is the little rustic bridge, spanning "the deep hollow lane" excavated in the course of ages by the wheels of farm-wagons and the rush of floods. Above all, there are the cottages, specially characteristic of Hampshire, the humble homes of self-respecting poverty, not so abject as to neglect the graces. They blend with the sheltering trees and surrounding orchards, as the leaf-woven nest of the blackcap mingles with the grays and greens of the bramble. Happily, there are no slate quarries within carting distance. The lines of the bulging thatch lend themselves like pliant willow-work to the fancies of the builder, who, adding an "eke" here and throwing out an angle there, seems to have taken the vines and the clinging creepers for his models. Here the roofs come down to within a few feet of the garden plot; there they shelter a porch or a broad bit of veranda, a handy place of storage for tools and spare beehives. In addition we have a new presentation of the fauna and the flora of Selborne parish. The chief fault we have to find with these engravings is that they are not drawn to scale; but they display considerable *vraisemblance*. For instance, there is a world of expression in the eye of the blue titmouse as he hangs head downwards; and there is vicious meaning in the folds of the viper as he winds himself round the ragged thorn-stem, an animated caduceus. These drawings, however, cannot compete with the illustrations of Bewick. The graving tool of the son of the Tyneside laborer was as potent as the

pen of the scholarly recluse; he was to rural illustration what White was to rural literature. Equally quick-sighted as an observer, he followed nature as closely in his drawings, to which contemporary art could show no parallel. They breathe the poetry of realism; and as for his vignettes and tailpieces, pregnant with humor, pathos and satire, they convey stories and idylls in a few suggestive touches.

But we must pass from this leader in the cult of rural beauty to some of his more recent followers. It would be easy to fill many pages in tracing the order of their succession, and it is almost invidious to single out names among the many who have religiously tended the lamp and kept alive the sacred fires. But we may note among our personal favorites—specially beloved perhaps from local or early associations—Walton, William Howitt, Edward Jesse and George Borrow; Scrope, Colquhoun and St. John; Louis Jennings, who, after his crusade against Tammany in New York, came home to write "Field Paths" in England; Tom Hughes, Richard Jefferies and "The Son of the Marshes." Nor can we forget the triumvirate of novelists who have cast their spells over southwestern England—Kingsley, Blackmore and Hardy. Who can dissociate Exmoor from "Lorna Doone," or Bideford and Clovelly from Amyas Leigh? Any plutocrat can bequeath his wealth for hospitals or almshouses; it is a rarer privilege to consecrate a countryside for the devotion of legions of pilgrims. In our list of the writers we revere there is but a single survivor; like the editors of the "Dictionary of National Biography," we have drawn the line above living men. But the mantles of these Elijahs still rest on sons of the prophets who are always reminding us of the attractions of a country life, and who preach by example as well as precept. We must

recognize, at any rate, that their books are inspired by the keenest sense of personal enjoyment. They are so seductive that we can fancy the successful City man who reads them hurrying off to the land-agents for Hants or Gloucestershire, and diligently searching through their catalogues and photographs. For our own part we are inclined to believe that to retire to the country late in life, with a reasonable prospect of happiness, a man should be country-born, and, in a measure, country-bred. But if the secret of rural felicity is to be communicated, we know no recent writers whose works we can more conscientiously recommend than those whose names follow that of White at the head of this article.

Mr. Hutchinson and the lady who collaborates with him had a happy inspiration when they took the New Forest for their hunting ground. They need not have apologized for being anticipated by grave county historians and the sober compilers of guide-books. As well might Crome or Linnell have ceased to paint because there is such a science as geography. All depends in each new presentation upon freshness of feeling and lightness of touch. Even more than Sherwood or Safernake, the Forest of the Conqueror is still a wood of Brocellande. Within two hours of Waterloo Station the man of this century may be in pre-Norman England and lose himself, if he is in love with adventure, in labyrinths of glade and morass. To all intents, the Forest is much as the Conqueror made it, though Mr. Hutchinson rejects the legend of his sacrilegious devastation. The pedigrees of the rough aborigines are older than the most venerable oaks; till a generation or two ago there was still a descendant of the Purkis who carted the corpse of the Red King to its resting-place at Winchester. The cruel forest laws have fallen into dis-

use, but there is a survival of antiquated names, of prehistoric customs, and of quaint feudal dignities. There are verderers still in the Forest lodges, though now they are rather tribunes of the Commons than minions of the Crown. Smuggling has been suppressed, and poaching and deer-snatching have ceased to be profitable as formerly, though the woodmen still sometimes succumb to temptation.

Among other distinctions, the Forest still holds a population apart, with its charcoal-burners, squatters and gangs of gipsies, children of nature who are wedded as ever to their wandering life, and endure extreme privations in severe winters, holding out, Heaven knows how. They are less provident than the squirrels, nor can they sleep away their hunger like hedgepigs and dormice; but the brightening of the spring and the sunblaze of the summer seem to recompense them for all the sufferings of the dead season. In that life of the woods, like the other settlers, they have developed the instincts of the forest Indian. In fog or in snowfall they never lose themselves, and they can distinguish each ride or sinuous track, though resemblance approaches identity. Very different is the case of the enthusiastic stranger who gets belated there in pursuit of ornithology or botany; in his excitement he may easily lose his bearings, and, in the vain endeavor to steer a straight course, go walking in circles like a lost emigrant on the Texan prairies. Such a wanderer, when the evensong of the day-birds is being changed for the churn of the nightjar and the croak of the frog, is fortunate, indeed, if he hear the clink of the cow-bell, which signifies the neighborhood of human habitation.

In the Forest there is no season without its peculiar charm; the wealth of wild flowers in the spring; its cool beds of bracken in the heats of sum-

mer, watered by trickling rills that take their rise in sedge-choked pools; the blaze of berries on the natural shrubberies glowing in the russet tints of autumn, beneath oaks that may hope for a fresh lease of life, now that steel replaces timber in the dockyard, or weeping birches with their unkempt silver tresses, and those black clumps of firs, which are said to be draining with their thirsty roots the marshy soil. Here the shaggy head of an antlered buck may show like a Hamadryad above the bracken; there one may plunge in a swamp into a sounder of wild swine, or risk a charge from some sullen old tusker; everywhere the thickets of the holly, the bramble and the wild rose offer impenetrable cover to all the nesting birds, from the hawks and the cushats to the finches and the warblers. A very paradise it is of birds, for it is said that of 354 British species no fewer than 250 are frequenters of the Forest.

Were we looking out for a rural retreat, after reading Mr. Hutchinson we should be tempted, like Sir William Harcourt, to cast in our lot with the foresters. Mr. Hutchinson tells us that a country gentleman, fond of sport, and preferring variety of game to quantity, will find full occupation in the Forest for eleven months in the twelve. When not shooting, fishing, or bird-nesting, he can be hunting foxes. But in a similar strain Mr. Dewar sings the praises of the more open North Hants, and he makes out a good case for his favorite district. Mr. Dewar is as enthusiastic and partial as Mr. Hutchinson, but perhaps more of a professional; we mean that he is more of a scientific naturalist, though seemingly self-taught, and he has availed himself of more ample opportunities for methodical observation. Trained on such elusive chalk-streams as Test and Itchen, he has mastered the subtlest refinements of angling, and, having him-

self written on the "Dry Fly," can criticise Sir Edward Grey with authority. The patient pursuit of the gentle craft naturally leads him into sequestered nooks and corners; and if the big trout will sulk or only loll up indolently to the lure, he has always an alternative occupation. Bird-nesting will always be a passion with us, as it ought to have been with every boy worth his salt; and we have never come across a more sympathetic spirit since many a year ago we revelled in Howitt's "Boy's Country Book," or imbibed the lore of animated nature when poring over the woodcuts of Bewick. No one has been more persevering than Mr. Dewar, or has owned more frankly to his difficulties and disappointments. He holds that the *flair* of the bird-nesting boy, questing like the terrier crossed with the spaniel, is keener than the intelligent experience of the man. His pages are a revelation of the beneficence of Providence in the lavish bestowal of instinct, if instinct is to be distinguished from reason. The nursing homes of the sweetest songsters and the shyest or feeblest birds are so arranged as almost to defy detection. The nightingale will seem to trill a challenge from his leafy bower, and you know that the mate he serenades must be well within sight and hearing; but even a Dewar may spend many a fruitless hour in searching the undergrowth for the lowly nest. Then there are the nurslings of the birds that breed on bare moorlands, taking little trouble about nests and trusting their eggs to the harmonies of coloring. As soon as these precocious chickens have chipped the shell, they seem to come into their full inheritance of craft and superb self-possession. Mr. Dewar gives examples of parental astuteness and subterfuge in aquatic fowl which may rank with the most sensational stories of the sagacity of dogs. The butterflies, the night-moths

and the insects interest him as much as the birds and the wildflowers; and he finds the "silence of the woods" in a scorching September as eloquent as the voices of the evening after sunset in a dewy June. A fortunate man, he has found his home "in the centre of dense and secluded woodlands," where the most famous trout streams of Hampshire have their sources in the Downs.

Much of Mr. Dewar's book is an idyll in prose, and more poetical than many of the artificial effects of present-day poets, for there is no sense of effort; his is the spontaneity of intense enjoyment. Take his praise of leafy June, or his evening meditation on one of the old-world barrows, when the shadows of the night and the darkening boughs are falling on the resting-place of some forgotten warrior.

The knowledge that one would have such a resting place as this might half rob the "all-daring night" of its terrors. The straight dark fir trees make rare music, low and soft in summer days, deep and resonant in loud autumn or winter nights, and whether gently swinging to the breeze of June or rocking to the wild northwest, it is always true melody that they make. In the rich leafy mould which covers the clay and the chalk heaped up to form the mound, the primrose, wind-flower, and wood-sorrel grow in quantities in April and May, whilst all around in the brambles intermingled with the hazel stems, the blackcaps and garden-warblers build their slender but well-constructed nests. Could we choose a better resting-place through the centuries?

His criticism of garden warblers and blackcaps, and the rival songsters in the sylvan orchestra, is characterized by feeling and fine discrimination; he admires these, but—

Among our singing birds the nightingale comes easily first, and there is no

other song of British bird in the faintest degree comparable to his. I would put the nightingale alone in the first class, and I would not suffer any bird to come in the second class. The blackcap and the garden warbler should come in the third class, of which they should be the sole occupants. Blackbird, thrush, and lark should come in class four.

This, however, is a matter of taste, in regard to which comparisons are more than usually odious. Shelley might have assigned a higher place to the soaring sky-lark. But as Christopher remarked in the "Noctes," when eulogizing black-bird and thrush, "why set such delightful songsters by the ears?"

With his catholic admiration of everything that is beautiful or sublime, soft or æsthetically sensuous, Mr. Dewar seldom misses any source of enjoyment, from the swell of the Downs and the tints of the foliage to the music of the birds and the lights on the landscape. Looking down upon his favorite district from a lonely and commanding height on a balmy summer evening, he gives a seductive description of its peculiar features, so that the reader who contemplates a visit may judge of the attractions for himself. It is too long to quote entire, but we may extract some of the passages.

It was one of those alluring evenings when the winds, high during morning and afternoon, are "up-gathered now like sleeping flowers," while the sun, hid through much of the day, reappears to sink in the west, a globe of fire. . . . There are not many spots in the south of England where with a single glance of the eye one can even dimly take in a country which is enriched by so many and sweet trout streams as these. Softness was the feature of this landscape to the south; a medley it looked of oak and hazel coppice, farms and great thatched barns among dark elms, with here a few cottages clustered together, and there the ornamen-

tal timber of some considerable country seat. But to the north I enjoyed a much rarer if less extensive, view of southern scenery. Bare and severe lay the hills above Combe, as desolate of aspect as those irreclaimable hills of Exmoor Forest, one of nature's last remaining fastnesses in the tilled and tamed south. . . . There is a glamour about such barren and severe spots in the midst of a country the features of which are softness and plenty. Green waving masses of oak and underwood, valleys, watered by pellucid and never-failing chalk springs, trim cottages, their gardens ablaze through the summer with the flower of our forefathers, lanes having great, straggling hedges, laden in many parts with heavy masses of wild clematis, might save even a flat country from the charge of tameness; but a bit of wild open moorland, a bleak hill without a green thing save its grass upon it, will always be a welcome change to the lover of landscape.

That prospect commands a rare fishing country. It looks down upon valleys which hold the sources of the Avon and Kennet, the Itchen and the Test. Humanitarians and sentimentalists may say what they please, but every man in love with the country should be something of an angler. The trout-ing season, when the May-fly is on and the fish are feeding, is the time when all nature is most enjoyable. It is the whistle of the snipe in spring-time that in memory and fancy transports Mr. Dewar to the wooded banks of the upper Test.

The water-meadows of this district, he says, are full of wild creatures that seek a shelter in their luxuriant vegetation, now that the Broads have become favorite fishing ground and the fens have for the most part been reclaimed. Here not a few of the rarer water-birds still have a refuge, though here as elsewhere the snipe, once so common, is said to be fast diminishing in numbers. "The constant associates

of the snipe are the lapwing and wild duck." Now that the eggs fetch fancy prices no bird in the nesting season is more persecuted than the lapwing, yet we doubt whether it is much less abundant than formerly, and assuredly there is no prospect of its being extirpated. It is true that the unprotected colonies have been broken up, where they used to congregate in certain favored localities in rushy pastures almost as thickly as the black-headed gulls; but they have been dispersed over the length and breadth of the land, and there is scarcely a fallow or a bit of waste without at least a pair of these querulous denizens of solitude. But the borders of well protected streams like Test and Itchen are invaluable as breeding places for the kingfisher, which Mr. Gibbs describes as—

clothed in priceless jewellery, sparkling in the sun; sapphire and amethyst in his bright blue back, rubies on his ruddy breast, and diamonds round his princely neck;

and on these Hampshire rivers the kingfisher has still free right of fishing, while his mate can hatch her brood in tranquillity in the badger-like burrow beneath the bank.

Mr. Dewar is skilled in the subtleties of fine fishing in limpid chalk streams. He says "the Test trout are very difficult to deceive," and no one who has tried the stream will dispute it.

Whitchurch, Longparish, Bransbury, Wherwell, Chilbolton—what enticing sounds these names have for the trout fisherman about the time when the yellow of palm and primrose begins to appear in the hazel coppices, and the note of the chiff-chaff is heard from oak and elm.

But the mention of Longparish and its water-meadows reminds us of the changes that have come about in the course of the century. The Test trout

were not always so wary. For Longparish House was the residence of the sporting Colonel Hawker, who in his "Diary" makes constant mention of the river and the water-meadows. Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey remarks, in the introduction to the last edition, "In the Test he caught literally thousands of trout, when trout could be caught without first crawling for them like stalking a stag and then throwing a floating fly."

Mr. Gibbs's "Cotswold Village" is a fertile oasis in a bleaker district. But Shakespeare has thrown his charm over the Cotswolds: Justice Shallow had his hospitable hall in Gloucestershire, and Will Squele was "a Cotswold man." Mr. Gibbs was a devout admirer of the poet, and cherished the memory of the Justice; but it was not Shakespeare or Shallow who tempted him to rent his old Manor House. It was a case of love at first sight, and affection soon warmed into passion. We know how much there is in piquancy of expression; it can give charm to features that are plain or even positively ugly. Mr. Gibbs admits that to a superficial observer his surroundings might seem almost forbidding. "On the wolds all is bleak, dull and uninteresting; the air is ever chill; walls of loose stone divide field from field, and few houses are to be seen." At first he was inclined to say with Shallow that all was barren. But when he caught sight of the little hamlet, sheltering under its stately trees, on the copse-fringed banks of the pellucid Colne, a change came over his spirit. The sharpness of the contrasts had an irresistible fascination, and the vision of beauty decided his fate. The first view of his village impressed itself indelibly on his memory and affections:—

Suddenly, as I was pondering how among these never-ending hills there could be such a place as I had been told existed, I beheld it at my feet, sur-

passing beautiful! Below me was the small village, nestling amid a wealth of stately trees. The hand of man seemed in some by-gone time to have done all that was necessary to render the place habitable, but no more. There were cottages, bridges, and farm buildings, but all were ivy-clad and time-worn. The very trees themselves appeared to be laden with a mantle of ivy that was more than they could bear. Many a tall fir, from base to topmost bough, was completely robed with the smooth five-pointed leaves of this rapacious evergreen. Through the thick foliage of elm and ash and beech I could just see an old manor-house; and round about it, as if for protection, were clustered some thirty cottages. A running of waters filled my ears, and on descending the hill I came upon a silvery trout stream.

In the "five-pointed" leaves of the ivy we note the exactness of knowledge which gives *vraisemblance* to the work of great poets and artists—*vraisemblance* gave their *cachet* to the landscapes of Millais, for Millais passed half the year in the country. So old Mr. Holbrook in Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" appreciates the poetry of Tennyson, because the young poet had written of the black ash-buds in March; and so Scott explained from the artistic point of view the value of the minuteness of truth, when he was gathering the wild flowers that grew on the banks of the Greta.

Mr. Gibbs's decision to settle in his Cotswold village was a fortunate one for the natives. He took up his abode in the Manor House and became the Providence of the parish. In his book there is nothing of egotism, but it is full of personal experiences and fond reminiscences, and it brings us into the closest touch with the writer. In the overflow of irrepressible feeling it is the frank revelation of a beautiful life, and yet the shadow of a premature death seems to darken the brightest pages. Gibbs might have taken "the

night cometh" for his motto, and he set himself, in the highest sense, to make the best of the passing world. He was not righteous over-much, and there was nothing in him of the Puritan or the sentimentalist; rather was he the lay counterpart of Charles Kingsley. Devoted to all manner of sport, he was as patient an angler as Mr. Dewar, and as pleased with a wild bag picked up by hard walking. No man went straighter when hounds were carrying a scent breast-high; he complains that the stone walls on the wolds were not stiff enough; and his recollections of good days remind us of runs by Whyte-Melville in "Market Harborough" or "Kate Coventry." But there is a serious undercurrent in his lighter vein, though it may sink out of sight in an occasional chapter, as the Colne disappears for a space beneath its chalk bed, the fact being that he took his responsibilities seriously, spending means and talents for the good of his neighbors. His system may be summed up in his relations with his head-keeper, the son of a venerable tenant, and one of a family long settled on the land. As Scott had his Tom Purdie, so Gibbs had his Tom Peregrine, and he made the most of him. Tom may have been embellished by an indulgent fancy, but in essentials he is evidently true to the life. An incarnation of sylvan knowledge and rural lore, he was exploited by his friend and master to their mutual advantage. Tom was the Leather-Stocking of Gibbs's old English scenes:—

I liked the man; he was so delightfully mysterious. And the place would never have been the same without him; for he became part and parcel with the trees and the fields and every living thing. Nor would the woods and the path by the brook and the breezy wolds ever have been quite the same if his quaint figure had not appeared suddenly there. Many a time was I startled

by the sudden appearance of Tom Peregrine, when out shooting on the hill: he seemed to spring up from the ground like Herne the Hunter. . . . The dog was almost as mysterious as the man himself. When in the woods, Tom's attitude and gait would at times resemble the movements of a cock-peasant: now stealing along for a few yards, listening for the slightest sound of any animal stirring in the underwood: now standing for a time with bated breath. Did a blackbird—that dusky sentinel of the woods—utter her characteristic note of warning, he would whisper, "Hark!" Then, after due deliberation, he would add, "'Tis a fox!" or, "There's a fox in the grove"; and then he would steal gently up to try to get a glimpse of Reynard.

Mr. Gibbs was happy in the God-given gift of mingling with the under-educated or ignorant without a suspicion of condescension. His was the familiarity of a patriarchal chief—with vassals who were bound to him by a thousand kind offices. It need hardly be said that with such a man no day was ever too long, and no month was ever dreary. When not actively amusing himself he was doing something for others, and he could possess himself in patience with his pen among his books till rain-bursts or snow-storms had blown over. Not that he shrank from facing the elements. Some of his sharpest cameos are cut from the desolation of the downs in winter, when crows, magpies and green plover had been driven to shelter on the Colne banks, and when the hares had buried

themselves beneath the snow, only leaving scarcely perceptible breathing holes. Naturally he enjoyed the country most when woods and fields were most luxuriant. His angling rambles down his river, from its sources to his own village, will be another revelation, for the district has no great notoriety, and is beyond the range of the tourist. He is never more sympathetically poetical than when dilating on the beauties of his own special oasis, when the sun is sloping to the west in the flush of a September evening, or when the moonbeams fall glimmering through the lattice-work of the ash boughs. In his sympathy with animal nature, he is the rival of Jefferies, the disciple of White. He identifies himself with the shrewd strategy of the crafty old dog-fox who laughed all the packs in the neighborhood to scorn; and he makes himself at home with the house-parties on his lawn in the autumn, when swans and ducks waddled up to the banquet to meet hand-bred pheasants and the songsters of the bushes. We said that the shadow of the future falls on the pages, and, strangely enough, on the last of them—with speculation on the future of the soul—is a solemn word of affectionate warning to the reader:—

When the sun goes down, if you will turn for a little while from the noise and clamor of the busy world, you shall list to those voices ringing in your ears. Words of comfort shall you hear at eventide, and "sorrow and sadness shall be no more."

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

My prescribed theme is "the 19th century." What is the 19th century? I do not mean to raise the controversy as to when the 19th century ends and the 20th begins—a question the eager discussion of which affords a striking proof of the aphorism that the pleasures of investigation do not lie so much in the acquisition of truth as in its pursuit. My inquiry aims at a different mark, and, somewhat expanded, it comes to this. When we mark off a century for particular consideration, what kind of period have we in our minds? The negative answer at all events seems plain. It is seldom, except by accident, exactly a hundred years. Moreover, it is seldom, except by accident, precisely the same period for two aspects of what we loosely but conveniently call the same century. Nature does not exhibit her uniformity by any pedantic adherence to the decimal system, and if we insist upon substituting rigid and arbitrary divisions of historical time for natural ones half the significance of history will be lost for us. For example, if we had to put our finger on the date which, in matters political, divided the last century from the present, we might for England choose the declaration of war with France in the last days of 1793; for France the assembling of the States-General in 1789; for the United States of America the Declaration of Independence, or the Peace of Versailles. For the corresponding event in literary history we might perhaps fix the publication of "Lyrical Ballads," in 1798 as the dawn of the new period for the English-speaking people, and, it may

be, Chateaubriand's "Génie du Christianisme" in 1802 for the beginning in France. Science is cosmopolitan, and in dealing with it we may eliminate the particularities of race and language. But, even in the case of science, the different centuries, if they are to be spoken of as separate entities, must not be too rigidly defined. Some gentle violence must be done to chronology if epochs are to be profitably distinguished; and I imagine that those who are qualified to speak on such subjects—which I am not—would regard Laplace's "Mécanique Céleste" (though not completed till 1825) as the culminating performance of the old century, the theories of Young and Dalton as belonging essentially to the new. Granting that a procedure of this kind is desirable if we are usefully to sum up the achievements of a particular epoch, it nevertheless remains true that no mere process of summation can quite explain the impression which different epochs produce on us.

We cannot, by cataloguing mental characteristics or describing fact and figure, convey the impression of a human personality. Neither can we, by a parallel process, justify our sentiments about a century, yet most of us have them—"the reason why we cannot tell, but only this we know full well," some centuries please us and some do not. It so happens, for example, that I dislike the 17th century and like the 18th. I do not pretend to justify my taste. Perhaps it is that there is a kind of unity and finish about the 18th century wanting to its predecessor. Perhaps I am prejudiced against the latter by my dislike of its religious wars, which were more than half political, and its political wars,

* An Address by the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, before the University Extension Students at Cambridge, Aug. 2, 1900.

which were more than half religious. In any case the matter is quite unimportant. What is more to our present purpose is to ask whether the 19th century yet presents itself to any of us sufficiently as a whole to suggest any sentiment of the kind I have just illustrated. I confess that, for my own part, it does not. Of that portion of it with which most of us are alone immediately acquainted, say the last third, I feel I can in this connection say nothing. We are too much of it to judge it. The two remaining thirds, on the other hand, seem to me so different that I cannot criticise them together, and, if I am to criticise them separately I acknowledge at once that it is the first third and not the second that engages my sympathies. There are those, I am aware, who think that the great Reform Bill was the beginning of wisdom. Very likely they are right. But this is not a question of right, but a question of personal predilection, and from that point of view the middle third of the 19th century does not, I acknowledge, appeal to me. It is probably due to the natural ingratitude which we are apt to feel towards our immediate predecessors. But I justify it to myself by saying that it reminds me too much of Landseer's pictures and the revival of Gothic art, that I feel no sentiment of allegiance towards any of the intellectual dynasties which then held sway, that neither the thin lucidity of Mill nor the turbid prophesyings of Carlyle, neither Comte nor yet Newman were ever able to arouse in me the enthusiasm of a disciple, and that I turn with pleasure from the Corn Laws to the great war, from Thackeray and Dickens to Scott and Miss Austen, even from Tennyson and Browning to Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth and Shelley. Observations like these, however, are rather in the nature of individual fancies than impersonal criticisms; and I hasten to con-

sider whether, apart altogether from likes and dislikes, there is any characteristic note which distinguishes this century from any that has gone before it.

On this point I range myself with those who find this characteristic note in the growth of science. In the last 100 years the world has seen great wars, great national and social upheavals, great religious movements, great economic changes. Literature and art have had their triumphs and have permanently enriched the intellectual inheritance of our race. Yet, large as is the space which subjects like these legitimately fill in our thoughts, much as they will occupy the future historian, it is not among these that I seek for the most important and the most fundamental differences which separate the present from preceding ages. Rather is this to be found in the cumulative products of scientific research, to which no other period offers a precedent or a parallel. No single discovery, it may be, can be compared in its results to that of Copernicus; no single discoverer can be compared in genius to Newton; but, in their total effects, the advances made by the 19th century are not to be matched. Not only is the surprising increase of knowledge new, but the use to which it has been put is new also. The growth of industrial invention is not a fact we are permitted to forget. We do, however, sometimes forget how much of it is due to a close connection between theoretic knowledge and its utilitarian application which, in its degree, is altogether unexampled in the history of mankind. I suppose that, at this moment, if we were allowed a vision of the embryonic forces which are predestined most potently to affect the future of mankind, we should have to look for them not in the Legislature, nor in the Press, nor on the platform, nor in the schemes of practical statesmen, nor the dreams of

political theorists, but in the laboratories of scientific students whose names are but little in the mouths of men, who cannot themselves forecast the results of their own labors, and whose theories could scarce be understood by those whom they will chiefly benefit.

I do not propose to attempt any sketch of our gains from this most fruitful union between science and invention. I may, however, permit myself one parenthetic remark on an aspect of it which is likely more and more to thrust itself unpleasantly upon our attention. Marvellous as is the variety and ingenuity of modern industrial methods, they almost all depend in the last resort upon our supply of useful power; and our supply of useful power is principally provided for us by methods which, so far as I can see, have altered not at all in principle, and strangely little in detail, since the days of Watt. Coal, as we all know, is the chief reservoir of energy from which the world at present draws, and from which we in this country must always draw; but our main contrivance for utilizing it is the steam engine, and, by its essential nature, the steam engine is extravagantly wasteful. So that, when we are told, as if it was something to be proud of, that this is the age of steam, we may admit the fact, but can hardly share the satisfaction. Our coalfields, as we know too well, are limited. We certainly cannot increase them. The boldest legislator would hesitate to limit their employment for purposes of domestic industry. So the only possible alternative is to economize our method of consuming them. And for this there would, indeed, seem to be a sufficiency of room. Let a second Watt arise. Let him bring into general use some mode of extracting energy from fuel which shall only waste 80 per cent. of it, and lo! your coalfields, as sources of power, are doubled at once.

The hope seems a modest one, but it is not yet fulfilled; and therefore it is that we must qualify the satisfaction with which at the end of the century we contemplate the unbroken course of its industrial triumphs. We have, in truth, been little better than brilliant spendthrifts. Every new invention seems to throw a new strain upon the vast but not illimitable, resources of nature. Lord Kelvin is disquieted about our supply of oxygen; Sir William Crookes about our supply of nitrates. The problem of our coal supply is always with us. Sooner or later the stored-up resources of the world will be exhausted. Humanity, having used or squandered its capital, will thenceforward have to depend upon such current income as can be derived from that diurnal heat of the sun and the rotation of the earth till, in the sequence of the ages, these also begin to fall. With such remote speculations we are not now concerned. It is enough for us to take note how rapidly the prodigious progress of recent discovery has increased the drain upon the natural wealth of old manufacturing countries, and especially of Great Britain, and, at the same time, frankly to recognize that it is only by new inventions that the collateral evils of old inventions can be mitigated; that to go back is impossible; that our only hope lies in a further advance.

After all, however, it is not necessarily the material and obvious results of scientific discoveries which are of the deepest interest. They have effected changes more subtle and perhaps less obvious which are at least as worthy of our consideration and are at least as unique in the history of the civilized world. No century has seen so great a change in our intellectual apprehension of the world in which we live. Our whole point of view has changed. The mental framework in which we arrange the separate facts in the world of men

and things is quite a new framework. The spectacle of the universe presents itself now in a wholly changed perspective. We not only see more, but we see differently. The discoveries in physics and in chemistry, which have borne their share in thus re-creating for us the evolution of the past, are in process of giving us quite new ideas as to the inner nature of that material whole of which the world's traversing space is but an insignificant part. Differences of quality once thought ultimate are constantly being resolved into differences of motion or configuration. What were once regarded as things are now known to be movement. Phenomena apparently so wide apart as light, radiant heat, and electricity, are, as it is unnecessary to remind you, now recognized as substantially identical. From the arrangement of atoms in the molecule, not less than their intrinsic nature, flow the characteristic attributes of the compound. The atom itself has been pulverized, and speculation is forced to admit as a possibility that even the chemical elements themselves may be no more than varieties of a single substance. Plausible attempts have been made to reduce the physical universe, with its infinite variety, its glory of color and of form, its significance and its sublimity, to one homogeneous medium in which there are no distinctions to be discovered but distinction of movement or of stress. And although no such hypothesis can, I suppose, be yet accepted, the gropings of physicists after this, or some other not less audacious unification, must finally, I think, be crowned with success. The change of view which I have endeavored to indicate is purely scientific, but its consequences cannot be confined to science. How will they manifest themselves in other regions of human activity, in literature, in art, in religion? The subject is one rather for the lecturer on the 20th century than

for the lecturer on the 19th. I, at least, cannot endeavor to grapple with it.

But, before concluding, I will ask one question about it, and hazard one prophecy. My question relates to art. We may, I suppose, say that artistic feeling constantly expresses itself in the vivid presentation of sensuous fact and its remote emotional suggestion. Will it be dulled by a theory of the world which carries with it no emotional suggestion; which is perpetually merging the sensuous fact in its physical explanation; whose main duty, indeed, it is to tear down the cosmic scene-painting and expose the scaffolding and wheelwork by which the world of sense-perception is produced? I do not know, I do not hazard a conjecture; but the subject is worth consideration. So much for my question. My prophecy relates to religion. We have frequently seen in the history of thought that any development of the mechanical conception of the physical world gives an impulse to materialistic speculation. Now, if the goal to which, consciously or unconsciously, the modern physicist is pressing be ever reached, the mechanical view of things will receive an extension and a completeness never before dreamed of. There would then, in strictness, be only one natural science—namely, physics, and only one kind of explanation—namely, the dynamic. Would this conception in its turn foster a new and refined materialism? For my own part I conjecture that it would not. I believe the very completeness and internal consistency of such a view would establish its inadequacy. The very fact that within it there seemed no room for spirit would convince mankind that spirit must be invoked to explain it. I know not how the theoretic reconciliation will be effected, for I mistrust the current philosophical theories upon the subject. But that, in some way or other, future generations will, each in

its own way, find a practical *modus vivendi* between the natural and the spiritual I do not doubt at all, and if a hundred years hence some lecturer whose parents are not yet born shall discourse in this place on the 20th cen-

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tury, it may be that he will note the fact that, unlike their forefathers, men of his generation were no longer disquieted by the controversies once suggested by the well-known phrase "conflict between science and religion."

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF BIBLE PORTRAITURE.

There are no subjects so difficult to study as those nearest to us. "It is expedient for you that I go away" are words that might be printed on every familiar object in the world. It is the things which are in contact with us that are the things most hid from us. We know more about the stars than we do of our own life. Why? Just because life is our own, and the stars are not. I do not think familiarity breeds contempt; my adage would rather be that familiarity breeds blindness. The constant and unvaried vicinity of an object incapacitates us from mentally seeing it.

I think the literature of the Bible has suffered peculiarly in this respect. There is no book in Europe whose phrases are so familiar; there is, perhaps, no book in Europe of which the masses have so little artistic knowledge. I say "*artistic knowledge*." Men have looked upon it so long as a thing of divine grace that they have ceased to view it as a thing of human nature. There is even an impression that, from the natural side, a knowledge of the Bible is no mark of culture. Tell an average man that he has thoroughly appreciated the literary spirit of Homer; he will feel proud. Tell an average man that he is thoroughly deficient in a knowledge of English literature; he will be either incensed or ashamed. But I have heard young men of great ambition and of high pretensions actually *boast* of their ignorance

of the Bible! It is the artistic aspect of such a boast that alone I have here to do with. The idea evidently is that, however much the Bible makes a demand upon the *conscience*, it makes no demand upon the *culture*. And I attribute this impression largely to the fact that the words of the book are so *familiar* to the conscience. The conscience is the innermost part of our nature; and what gets in there, is not easily brought further out. A song whose words are familiar by the tune is not likely to be appreciated at its poetic value; and a book whose first appeal is to the conscience is not readily overheard by the literary instinct.

None the less, the impression of the average man on this subject is the reverse of the truth. In order to see this, the first thing to do is to stand back. What we want is a more distant prospect of the Bible. It is too near us. Its literature is eclipsed by its message of salvation. Its awful proximity to the *soul* prevents it from being seen by the *eye*. I intend to escape from this proximity. I am going to make an effort to obtain a more distant view. I will try to forget that this book brings a message of salvation. I will try to forget that it is making an appeal to my conscience. I will endeavor to be a neutral spectator, to look at the book as if I had seen it for the first time—seen it as a purely secular thing, and as a purely literary phenomenon. To facili-

itate such an effort I shall keep to that in the Bible which is *most* secular and nearest to the common day—the figures delineated upon the page of Scripture.

I have not long adopted the attitude until I am brought to a very startling discovery. It is this, that the figures of the Bible are purely *mental* pictures. Dealing as I am with the products of an unphilosophic people, I expect to find that the physical predominates; I find that the physical is almost entirely absent. Have you ever turned your mind to this peculiarity of Bible portraiture—its repudiation of photography? When a modern novelist presents the personages of his drama, the first thing he does is to describe them. Our first question about a man is, What is he like? our second is, perhaps, Where does he live?—the immediate subjects of interest are the form and its environment. But the Bible ignores both the form and its environment. You ask in vain the question, What is he like? The personages of the Bible are without dimension, without feature, without physical attribute; they are all spirit. Was Peter tall or short? Was Judas handsome or deformed? Had Martha wrinkles on her brow? Had Elijah a flashing eye? Had Abraham a patriarchal mien? No answer comes. We hear on the stage a dialogue of voices, but we see not the form of him who speaks. And the environment is equally unrevealed. There is no vision of the land where Abraham journeyed, of the oak where Abraham worshipped, of the mountain where Abraham sacrificed. So far as description is concerned, Joseph in Egypt might have been equally Joseph in Mesopotamia or Joseph in Arabia. The central figure of all is no exception. The Son of man is physically unseen. The only instance where His outward beauty breaks through the veil is an instance which rather confirms than violates the principle. It is that moment of Trans-

figuration glory in which His countenance is illumined exclusively from within.

Now, do you imagine all this was an accident? Do you think it would have been difficult for the historians and poets of Israel to have portrayed the fire on Elijah's face or depicted the openness of Nathaniel's expression? The difficulty must have been to avoid it. The truth is, we have here a bit of literary culture as pronounced as the mannerism of Browning. The key-note of the national Jewish literature, which is also the key-note of the national Jewish character, is struck on its opening page, where, before the light or the firmament, before the herb or the tree, before the emergence of the shape of man or woman, the *Spirit* moved. This was the nation's motto—the power of the internal. This was to be the music to which its march was to be timed—through city and desert, through prosperity and captivity. This was the rhythm by which it was to frame the lives of its heroes and according to which it was to estimate their power—the hidden self, the inner man. In its literature as in its religion, the primary rule of Jewish culture was that precept which it inculcated next to the worship of God, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image."

Before leaving this point I cannot but direct attention to the fact that these formless lives are household words among us. Spite of their abstractness, they have got possession of both the altar and the hearth. We ourselves have clothed them—given them a body, set them a local habitation. The local habitation we have assigned them is not the land in which they lived. It is our own land, our modern surroundings. The personalities of that far past are ever present. They are no anachronism. They sit among us clothed in garbs they never wore on *earth*; and probably each of us has woven for

them a *different* garb. Yet to all of us they convey the same spiritual impression. Their identity to us lies not in their garb, but in their mind. Their power remains what it originally was—a mental power. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, are essentially spiritual entities. They are independent of feature, independent of costume. You do not *figure* them as I do, but you *think* of them as I do. We have separate ideals of their form, but we have a common interest in their character. And it is this mental interest that keeps them alive. We have no photograph in common, no picture in common, no image in common; but we *have* in common the impression of certain mind-forces which have lived and struggled on the stage of time. In this region these words are emphatically true, "It is the *spirit* that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing."

Here, then, is the first principle of Bible delineation—the absence of any effort at physical representation. But this leads me to a second point closely connected with it. Not only are the men of the Bible purely spiritual abstractions; their *deeds* are purely inward. The dramas which they enact are enacted within their own brain. The stage on which each of them moves is the stage of his own heart; his dialogue is with himself, and he is unconscious of an audience. In the least philosophical of all nations we have dramatic incidents whose interest is purely psychological and whose theatre is as internal as is the stage on which move the plays of Ibsen. What is the drama of Abraham? It is a sacrifice of the will—a sacrifice which is never outwardly exacted, and where the lamb for the burnt-offering is unseen. What is the drama of Isaac? It is a life of self-restraint—a life in which the man withholds the exercise of half his power. What is the drama of Jacob? It is a struggle with con-

science—a struggle in which a man wrestles with his better self until the breaking of the day. What is the drama of Joseph? It is the communing of a youth with his own dreams—alike under the stars of heaven and within the bars of a dungeon. What is the drama of Moses? It is the tragedy of hope deferred—of a heart never quite seeing the realization of its promised land. Nay, I ask it with reverence, what is the drama of Calvary? It is the vision of a Spirit broken by no outward calamity, by no visible storm, by no stress of mind or fortune, but simply and solely by the sense of human sin. A series like this cannot be accidental. It is, in truth, symptomatic—the expression of an idea which pervades the national literature because it constitutes the national life. From Adam to Paul, from Eden to Damascus, from the flaming sword in front of paradise to the flaming light before the eye of the man of Tarsus, the history of Israel exhibits one refrain—the struggle of each man with his own soul.

Now, this inwardness of the Bible drama has become the root of a third characteristic which I cannot otherwise describe than by the name "Shakespearian." By this name I mean to emphasize the fact that the men of the Bible are timeless. They are altogether independent of chronology. There is no distance in development between Hamlet and Julius Cæsar. The peculiarity of Shakespeare is that we have never the sense of going back. The spectator does not need to transport himself by an act of historical sympathy into another age. Change the costumes, alter the names of places, and there is no difference in time between Macbeth and Richard III. Beyond the fact of his genius, this is not surprising in Shakespeare; the scenes are, after all, the work of a single mind living in a very cosmopolitan period. But that the same char-

acteristic should prevail in the Bible, that the same universalism should meet us in a nation the reverse of cosmopolitan, and in a series of books enfolding all stages of culture—this is a phenomenon which may well make the historian pause to ponder. Nothing proves the inwardness of the Bible like its timelessness. The innermost part of us belongs neither to London nor Paris nor Jerusalem, neither to the twentieth century after Christ nor to the twentieth century before Christ; it is the same yesterday and to-day and forever. But, as a rule, this changeless thing below the sea is eclipsed from the eye by the foam on the surface and curtailed from the ear by the sound of waves. The literature which can disregard such outward interruptions, the literature which can look below the foam and listen for voices beneath the wave, must be deserving of all respect and worthy of all acceptance.

And such a literature is the Bible. Let us take the rudest of those ages embraced within its records. By the rudest I mean the most external—the age least touched by mental influence. What is that period of the Jewish annals? It is the age that immediately follows the return from captivity. Nowhere is the life of Israel so threatened with mental bondage. Nowhere is the nation so near to becoming a "peculiar people." Nowhere are the lines of universal humanity in such danger of being obliterated by the eccentric course of an individual stream. If at any time Judæa was unlike the rest of the world or *desired* to be unlike the rest of the world, it was then. She was making the most frantic efforts to show her difference from other lands. She was straining to exhibit her points of divergence from the common heart of man. She was proclaiming in trumpet voices her isolation from the general experience, her independence of those channels of revelation which are

supposed to be the property of the human race. One would say that the literature of such a period, however great its power, must at all events be the literature of a class, the product of a particular phase of culture, to be studied as an historic curiosity, but not to be quoted as a verdict of Man.

Now, what is the state of the case? According to the Higher Criticism, it is this period which is mainly responsible for the most universal manual of inward biography which has ever been written—the Book of Psalms. I say "inward biography," for that is the character of the book. The writers of the Psalms are what Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are—subjects of an inward drama whose tragedy is in the heart, whose struggle is in the mind, whose dialogue is in the voices of their own souls. Sometimes the dialogue is actually uttered, sometimes it is only inferred; but whether uttered or inferred, it is *there*. And the result of the whole is a series of experiences absolutely cosmopolitan. We have upwards of a hundred confessions of inward biography—all the more significant because they are mostly anonymous. Like the angel of Jacob the writers give no name; they refuse to be interrogated; they bless us and let us go. Yet their blessing is a cosmopolitan blessing. Their message at once raises them "above all principalities and powers," into a world where there is neither Jew nor Greek, male nor female, bond nor free. Nationalities are superseded, environments are superseded, classes are superseded; the wants of men give place to the needs of Man. The problems of these nameless lives are the problems of human nature, always and everywhere. The bars against which they struggle belong to no local cage; they are the bars to the cage of humanity. Their difficulties are as old as creation and as new as the Higher Criticism. The experiences are vastly

varied; but there is none of them local, there is none of them transient, there is none of them peculiar to an age. They have survived their country in a different sense from that in which her actual people have survived her. The people have preserved their individual peculiarities steadfast unto the end; but the aspirings of the psalmists of Israel have even in the lifetime of their land soared beyond her and claimed a corner in every soil.

I do not know an emotion of the human heart, I do not know a phase of the human intellect revealed in these psalms which is not also an experience of *mine*. The diary of these nameless lives is a diary of *my* life—of its present problems, of its existing difficulties. Every mental struggle of these unconscious biographies is my struggle. It is I who look up to the heavens, and say, "What is Man!" It is I who marvel at the seeming impartiality between the treatment of the evil and the treatment of the good. It is I who cry out against the apparent silence in the temple of nature—the hidings of the face of God. It is I who pray for the advent of a reign of righteousness which shall be a refuge to distress and a shield from oppression. It is I who supplicate for a judgment more just than the secular tribunal, "Let my sentence come forth from *Thy* presence!" It is I who have made the discovery, once and forever, that the only availing sacrifice is a surrendered will, a broken and a contrite heart. It is I who have recognized the fact that forgiveness is not enough for me, that redemption is not enough for me, that what I need is a cancelling of my yesterday, a blotting out of my transgression. It is I who feel the three solemnities of life expressed in the words, "Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid Thine hand upon me." The man who said that was a cosmopolitan indeed! My religion de-

mands the three—a glorified memory, a golden forecast, and the weight of a present responsibility or sense of a pressing hand. The man who has reached this threefold faith will never thirst again.

In intimate association with this absence of the idea of time from Bible portraiture, there is another characteristic which seems to me to constitute a unique literary peculiarity. I allude to the fact that in delineating its types of heroism there is an annulling of the distinction between youth and age. I know not where to find a parallel to this experience. In all nations, and specially in the earliest nations, there is a tendency to magnify youth. It is rarely that romance selects its hero from the ranks of middle age. The glow of the morning sun seems indispensable to the poet's gallery. But the city of the Bible has no need of the morning sun. The inhabitants of this city have lost the distinction between dawn and twilight. There is no night there; the gates of promise are open continually. It would almost seem at times as if the motto of the historian were, "They shall bring forth fruit in old age." It is oftenest at evening-time that in the Bible city there is light. The heroism of this gallery only begins where the heroism of other galleries is ended. The phenomenon is so striking that we are constrained to linger over it.

Did it ever occur to you that each successive picture of these Bible times is a picture of heroic old age? I see an old man breasting a storm that has drowned the world and surveying from Ararat the vanquished flood. I see an old man climbing the heights of Moriah to become the prophet of a new age. I see an old man, who has spent all his youth and middle life in money-making, break forth on his deathbed into the grandest poetry; it is Jacob leaning on the point of his staff and

singing the songs of the morning. I see an old man getting the first vision of the promised land—the aged Moses with his mountain view, with his eye undimmed and his natural strength unabated. I see an old man wrapped in the shadows of the grave, proclaiming the advent of a higher and a purer government; it is Samuel, the first of the prophets. I see an old man at the very moment when he feels his body falling, at the very moment when he sees his empire tottering, break forth into the most exultant music, "God has made with me an everlasting covenant which is well-ordered and sure;" it is David, the king. It is the old who greet the rising sun of Jesus—Elizabeth and Zacharias and Anna and Simeon. It is to "such a one as Paul the aged" that this earth which had been despised by Paul the young becomes a possible scene of glory. And it is to the gaze of age, not of youth, that there comes in Patmos Isle the most optimistic vision that has ever flashed before the eye of man—the vision of that city of Christ which has reached the harmony of a "length and a breadth and a height that are equal."

Can we account for this phase of Jewish literature? At first sight it seems a contradiction to the national life. Why should a nation which for centuries is silent about a future state have annulled from the outset the distinction between youth and age? You forget one point. *Why* is this nation silent about that future life of which *we* speak so much? It is because *our* future was its present. What *we* look for mainly beyond the grave was to the Jew a fact of every day—the ushering into the immediate presence of God. We do not think of the dead as growing old; why? Simply because we think of them as being "ever with the Lord." The Jew reached that thought apart from death. He did not hold that to be with the Lord a man must

be caught up in the air; his motto rather was, "Whither shall I flee from Thy presence!" To him there was only one source of the national life—the inspiration of the Eternal. It was by no human strength that Abraham climbed the mount of sacrifice. It was by no human strength that Jacob sang his song in death. It was by no human strength that Moses had in old age the aspiration of a youth. The life which did these things was the life of the Eternal. The Jew was thoroughly consistent. He believed that his heroes were animated by the breath of a timeless God, and therefore he felt that old age was to them as favorable as youth. He said with the prophet, "Thou art from everlasting; therefore I shall not die!" That is the reason why he is not eager to exhibit his heroes in the morning. To him the evening and the morning were not only one day, but one intensity of light. Each was *God's* light, and therefore each was equally near the vital stream. What youth achieved was by the breath of God; what age achieved was also by the breath of God. The thought which animated the nation, the thought which permeated the national literature, was the voice which summed up the experience of generations, "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

And it is this that to my mind explains the fact that Judaea, unlike other lands, has accepted a paradise at both ends. There have been nations, and these have been the majority, who have had their paradise in the past; their glory is seen in retrospect; they look back to their *morning* as their age of gold. There have been nations, on the other hand, who have placed their paradise in the future; their golden age is coming; their El Dorado is in *tomorrow's* sky. But here is a nation, here is a literature, which combines the two! In the life of this Jewish

people memory and hope have met together, yesterday and to-morrow have embraced each other. There is a paradise in the rear, and there is a paradise in the van. Behind, is the glory of the Cherubim; before, is the glory of the Christ. They are lit by two lamps,—the one shining from the past, the other gleaming from the future—the one the light of Eden, the other the light of the Messiah. Each is a proclamation in favor of the timeless. The light of Eden proclaims that the nation's morning was not the nation's childhood; the light of the Messiah proclaims that the nation's evening will not be the nation's old age. This land and its literature are on every side "bound with gold chains about the feet of God."

And hence there is one more strange phenomenon. This nation's ideal of its future glory becomes the ideal of its past glory. What is its ideal of future glory? It is the reign of One who shall be called the Prince of Peace—*this* is its standard of coming heroism. But this is also its standard for estimating the heroism of the past—and here lies the uniqueness of its literature. Take the earliest literature of other lands; of what does it sing? Of wars and rumors of war, of mighty deeds of arms, of prodigies of strength and paragons of valor; of the beginners of history the

physically bravest are deemed the fittest to survive. But for the beginners of *this* nation's history there has been a reversal of the rule. The men of the past on whom this people put the wreath are the men, not of war, but of peace. The lives that receive the crown are the lives of the family altar, of the fireside, of the home. Other empires delight to tell how they were established by the sword—Persia, Assyria, Babylon, Greece, Rome. But Judæa delights to tell how she was established on the virtues of the hearth—on domestic purity, on paternal love, on filial devotion, on deference to woman, on fidelity to the marriage vow, on sympathy with the needs of Man. It is from the fireside virtues of an Abraham, from the homely duties of an Isaac, from the commercial success of a Jacob, from the peaceful economics of a Joseph, that in the eyes of Israel her public greatness is derived. And the beginning of her actual power is traced back to a deed of humanitarian charity—the picking up of a little waif for a foundling hospital. Rome tells how the founder of her empire was suckled by a wolf; Judæa is proud to record how the initial stage of *her* glory was the philanthropy of a human heart who rescued a drowning infant from the waters of the Nile.

George Matheson.

London Quarterly Review.

SIENA.

If you are travelling from the south, the country becomes more and more riven by earthquakes, more and more parched and burnt by the fires of extinct volcanoes as you approach Siena. There are no flowers, there is no grass, there is scarcely any vegetation at all, yet the district has a weird, witch-like charm, and, in the hazy distance the

beautiful twin peaks of Monte Amiata rise majestically above the sweeping hills, which have no feature of their own. As spring comes on, even this wild district assumes a certain softness. A gray-green tint clothes the miles upon miles of open country—treeless, hedgeless, houseless—swooping towards one another with the

strangest sinuosities, and rifts, and knobs of earth, till at last they sink into faint mists, only to rise again in vaporous pink and blue distances, so far off, so pale and ærial, that they can scarcely be distinguished from the atmosphere itself.

This description, however, only applies to the old approach by carriage to Siena; the railway enters many deep cuttings before it reaches the city, and then, at a sudden opening, the brown earthquake-riven hills are grandly crested by the great cathedral town—intensely stately and imposing:—

Siena, bride of Solitude, whose eyes
Are lifted o'er the russet hills to scan
Immeasurable tracts of limpid skies,
Arching those silent, sullen plains
where man
Fades like a weed mid mouldering
marshes wan;
Where cane and pine and cypress,
poison-proof,
For death and fever spread their
stately roof.¹

Few Italian towns are better suited than Siena for a summer residence. It is never excessively hot, and there are no mosquitoes; the art-interests are inexhaustible; the accommodation is comfortable; and the inhabitants are well-bred and pleasant, and far more cordial to strangers than residents in most Italian towns are now. "Cor magis tibi Sena pandit"—"more than her gates Siena opens her heart to you"—is the pleasant welcome which meets you as you enter the town gates.

The city is like a star, jutting out between deep ravines in long, narrow promontories covered with houses and crowned by convents and churches; and the centre from which all these hill-promontories diverge is the noble Piazza del Campo, completely mediæval still, and surrounded by gothic palaces. Its south side is entirely oc-

cupied by the grand Palazzo Pubblico, built by Agostino and Agnolo da Siena between 1295 and 1327, and surmounted by the magnificent tower of La Mangia. A museum of early fourteenth-century art is to be found in the paintings of its noble halls and beautiful chapel, chiefly illustrative of the blessings of Peace with Wisdom and Justice as her hand-maidens, and the horrors of Tyranny with Fraud, Treason and Cruelty, Fury, Division and War in her train. Below, in the Piazza, is a modern copy of the exquisite fountain which was the masterpiece of Jacopo della Quercia, but the original basin has been removed since the change of government. Conduits to supply fountains within the city were not finished till the middle of the fourteenth century, and then, in their joy at seeing its crystal waters gush forth, the people called their new fountain Fonte Gaja, a name which has always clung to it.

Owing to the extreme depth of its ravines, it is difficult to find one's way in Siena, but from the Piazza the Via di Città and the Via del Capitano, each passing a most grand gothic palace, lead along one of the high ridges till we come quite suddenly upon the glowing and sumptuous western façade of the cathedral.

It is of black and white marble, with slight intermixture of red and yellow, but all its color is wonderfully toned together by age. Its architecture is of the most exuberant variety and the most delicate detail. "What I never can express," says Hawthorne, "is the multitudinous richness of the ornamentation, the arches within arches, sculptured inch by inch, of the wide doorways; the statues of saints, some making a hermitage of a niche, others standing forth; the scores of busts, that look like the faces of ancient people, gazing down out of the cathedral; the projecting shapes of stone

¹ J. A. Symonds.

lions—the thousand forms of gothic fancy, which seem to soften the marble and express whatever it likes, and allow it to harden again to last forever. The cathedral is a religion in itself—something worth dying for to those who have an hereditary interest in it.”

Yet the cathedral of Siena, glorious as it is, certainly one of the most beautiful buildings in the world, is only a fragment—nothing more than the transept of the vast edifice which was planned by its architect, Maestro Lardo, and which want of money and the ravages of the plague amongst his workmen, cut short. The half-finished nave is still, as it has always been, a ruin. But the bits of the church which are completed, including the seven-storied campanile, striped in black and white marble, are of great perfection. Indeed the finished west front, exquisite in its complicated traceries, and deservedly admired as it always is and will be, is perhaps, by comparison, the least admirable part of the building, for it is so wide that the main lines are almost lost in the redundant ornament. “This church,” says Symonds, “is the most purely gothic of all Italian cathedrals designed by national architects. Together with that of Orvieto, it stands alone to show what the unassisted genius of the Italians could produce when influenced by mediæval ideas.”

The stately cathedrals of Genoa, Prato, and Pisa are to some extent a preparation for that of Siena, but this is far more beautiful. Here the arches of the more northern cathedrals are seen lifted high into the air, and time has mellowed the white marble, which alternates with the black, into an exquisitely harmonious tint of brown. The long lines of pillars are only broken by the lovely pulpit of Niccolò Pisano, finished in 1268. This he made larger than his famous pulpit at Pisa, as was suited to the loftier church. He has repeated here his reliefs of the Na-

tivity and Crucifixion from his Pisan pulpit, but has changed the treatment of the Adoration and the Last Judgment, and added the Massacre of the Innocents and the Flight into Egypt to his subjects. There are not so many tombs at Siena as in most Italian cathedrals, but statues commemorate those Popes who are especially connected with the town—Marcellus II, Paul V, Pius II, Pius III, Alexander III and Alexander VII; and above the arches the whole chronology of the Roman pontiffs is carried round the church. “Larger than life,” as Symonds describes them, “white solemn faces they lean, each from his separate niche, crowned with the triple tiara, and labelled with the name he bore. Their accumulated majesty brings the whole past history of the Church into the presence of its living members. A bishop walking up the nave of Siena must feel as a Roman felt among the waxen images of ancestors renowned in council or in war. Of course the portraits are imaginary for the most part; though the artists have contrived to vary their features and expression with great skill.”

But the great glory of the cathedral is its pavement, covered with the wonderful marble pictures designed by Beccafumi and his scholars, and filled with figures, many of them as grand as the sibyls and prophets of Michelangelo. Dante has been thought to have had this pavement in his mind when he wrote:—

Monstran ancor lo duro pavimento;
Qual di pannel fù maestro, a di stile,
Che ritrahesse l'ombre e trattì, ch'
ivl,
Mirar fariano uno 'ngegno sottile.

Other works of art are two marvellous panels by Duccio painted between 1308 and 1311, and filled with tiny pictures of the Passion of Christ. And we must not forget a St. Jerome and a Magda-

len statue, which are amongst the best works of Bernini. Forsyth, who was such a capital critic, admired them greatly. "Here," he says, "the sweeping beard and cadaverous flanks of St. Jerome are set in contrast with the soft beauty of a Magdalene, which Bernini had transformed from an Andromeda, and thus left us the affliction of innocence for that of guilt."

Entered from the cathedral is the magnificent hall called the Libreria, because it is used to contain the splendid choir-books of the cathedral. The walls are surrounded by the frescoes which were ordered by Pius III to commemorate the eventful life of his maternal uncle, Pius II—Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini, who—as a young man—was the ambassador from the Council of Basle to the King of Scotland, and was crowned as a poet by the Emperor Frederick III, and who, as Pope, built the wonderful town of Pienza, preached a crusade, and canonized St. Catherine of Siena. The frescoes, fresh as when they were painted, and a wonderful memorial of their times, are from the land of Pinturicchio. Rio and others have maintained that he was largely assisted by the youthful Raffaele, but this ancient municipal tradition is now believed to have been a pure invention of Sienese vanity.

In the precincts of the upper church stand a number of interesting buildings, especially the Casa dell' Opera, containing a number of fine pieces of sculpture, and the Pellegrinajo, with very curious fifteenth-century frescoes of the temporal Works of Mercy. The wall of the unfinished nave ends in a glorious gothic door with twisted columns, whence a great marble staircase, in the open air, descends to the lower level of the town, from which we may enter, beneath the choir, the ancient Baptistery, or Church of S. Giovanni Battista.

Few interiors have more solemn

beauty, more exquisite ancient coloring than this. The once brilliant frescoes with which the walls and ceiling are covered are all subdued by age into a most harmonious whole, and out of the purple shadows rises the beautiful font of Giacomo della Quercia, set with bronze reliefs by the three great masters of his school—Ghiberti, Michelozzo and Donatello.

The cathedral which she loved so well is ever associated in the popular mind with St. Catherine of Siena, and the surrounding hills and valleys are redolent of her memory. As we follow the steep path from St. Giovanni, which descends into the valley beneath St. Domenico, we may remember that there the little Catherine, at seven years old, returning home from her married sister's house, with her little brother Stefano, sat down to rest upon the bank. There, as she gazed upon the church of St. Domenico opposite, she seemed to see the heavens opened and the Savior in glory, with St. Peter, St. Paul and St. John the Evangelist standing by His throne. Her little brother shook her, to rouse her from her ecstasy, and when she looked again the heavens had closed, the vision vanished, and she threw herself on the ground and wept bitterly. But from that time she was a changed child, became silent and thoughtful, prayed to follow her illustrious namesake, St. Catherine of Alexandria, and—at eight years old—vowed to dedicate her life to perpetual charity.

Reaching the valley, and passing the gothic Fonte Branda, which was built in 1217 by one of the Brandi, and glancing at the sandstone rocks where the little St. Catherine made a hermitage for herself in childish imitation of the Thebaid, we come to a steep street. It was formerly the Contrada dell' Oca, but is now called Via Benincasa, for here, on the left, distinguished by its sculptural gable, rises the house of

Giacomo Benincasa, the dyer, the father of Catherine. Over the door is written, in letters of gold, "*Sposae Christi Katharinae domus.*" Here she was born in 1347, and here almost all of thirty-two years of her life were spent. Her veil, staff and lanthorn, her enamelled vinaigrette, her alms-bag, the sackcloth which she wore beneath her dress, and the crucifix from which she received the wounds of Christ are preserved here. Hence she went forth to preach, and to comfort and heal the plague-stricken; here, to drive out evil and corrupt thoughts, she would scourge herself at the foot of the chapel-altar, and then would call upon Christ, her heavenly Bridegroom, to help her, when she believed herself to be comforted by His visible presence. Hence, when the neighboring Florentines were excommunicated by Gregory XI, she set out on her wonderful mission to Avignon, to beseech the Pope to withdraw the ban, and spoke with such power, that he appointed her his arbitress, and left her to dictate the terms on which he should forgive his rebellious subjects. Hence, on her return, believing that much of the misery and misrule of Italy was owing to the absence of the Popes, she wrote those soul-stirring letters which induced the Pope and all his cardinals to return to Italy; and hence she went to meet him and escort him to Rome, keeping him there by her sole influence when he wanted to go back to Avignon in the following year. Here also she was appointed ambassadress to Naples by the next Pope, Urban VI, who owed his elevation to her influence. And here she died, her last words, as if in answer to an inward accuser, being "No! no! no!—not vainglory—not vainglory!—but the glory of God!"

To strangers many of the stories of St. Catherine may seem like records of visionary hallucinations, but to the Sienese of her own time they were

burning realities, and they are so still. "After the lapse of five centuries her votaries still kiss the floor and steps on which she trod, still say, 'This was the wall on which she leant when Christ appeared; this is the corner where she clothed Him, naked and shivering like a beggar-boy; here He maintained her with angel's food.'"

The house of St. Catherine is now one of the great shrines of Italy, and contains a fine statue of the saint by Neroccio, and frescoes of her life by Pacchia, Pacchiarotti, Salimbeni, Fungai and Vanni. In the words of Lewis Morris:—

Dear spotless soul,
Still through thy house men go, and
wondering mark
Thy place of prayer, thy chamber,
and thy cell;
Here 'twas the Lord appeared, and
gave to thee
His sacred heart. Here, in this very
spot,
Thou clothedst Him as He sate in rags
and seemed
A beggar. All the house is filled with
thee
And the white simple story of thy life;
Still, far above, the high church on the
hill
Towers where, in prayer, thou seem-
edst to walk wrapt round
By an ineffable Presence; thy low
roof
Is grown as 'twere a shrine, where
priest and man
And visionary girls from age to age
Throng and repeat the self-same pray-
ers, thyself
Didst offer year by year.

Now, treading in the footsteps of Catherine, we must follow her up the steep incline to St. Domenico, the great brick church which rises opposite to the cathedral, and which is such a conspicuous feature in most views of Siena, for many of her visions and ecstasies took place here, and, though she never ceased to reside in her father's house, she took here the vows of a nun

of the third order of St. Dominic. One of the few authentic portraits of saints is that of St. Catherine, preserved over one of the altars, executed by her friend, Andrea Vanni, to whom she addressed still-existing letters of maternal advice, beginning, "Carissimo figliuolo in Cristo," and in one of which she urges him to obtain a good influence over those around him, adding, "but I do not see how we are to govern others unless we first learn to govern ourselves." The portrait gives a touching representation of her sweet but worn and ascetic features. Her black mantle is drawn around her. In one hand she holds a lily. The other is kissed by a votary, believed to be the repentant nun Palmerina, who had long harassed her life by calumnies. Weeping, the saint had here laid these wrongs at the feet of Christ. Then He appeared to her bearing two crowns, one of gold and jewels, the other of thorns, and bade her choose between them. She chose the thorns, and, with His own hand, He pressed them deep down upon her forehead. Thus Catherine knew to suffer in silence was her part, and such henceforth was her invincible sweetness and kindness to Palmerina, that in time she repented of her misdeeds.

The Argosy.

The Cappella di S. Caterina is full of frescoes of the story of the saint's life, of which two beautiful incidents are shown in the finest works of Sodoma. One tells the story of Tuldo, the criminal, who, condemned to execution, refused to confess that he was guilty, and thus to receive absolution, till he was converted by Catherine. When his last hour came she met him on the scaffold, saluting him as her "sweet brother," and it was her hand that placed his neck upon the block, where the last words he uttered were the names of Jesus and of Catherine.

In the other picture, perhaps the masterpiece of the artist, Christ suddenly appears in glory, and Catherine swoons in the arms of her sister-nuns, the expression of anxious reverence in their faces, and of fainting through happiness on the features of Catherine, being alike incomparable.

There is a delightful picture gallery, there are a hundred other sights in hill-set Siena, and the town is a starting-place for some of the most interesting excursions in Italy; but the Cathedral, the House of St. Catherine and St. Domenico are three sights closely enwoven with each other, which not even the most passing travellers must miss.

Augustus J. C. Hare.

EL DORADO.

A cripple on the wayside grass,
 I watch the people come and go;
 To many a fair abode they pass,
 Ladies and knights, a goodly show.
 But though my lips prefer no sound,
 No less from all men I inquire:
 "Oh, say, I pray you, have you found
 The country of your heart's desire?"

El Dorado.

Some pass with pity for my lot,
 Some pass, nor heed, and others fling
 A glance of scorn that wounds me not,
 Who in my heart am murmuring:
 "Ah, could you buy, or could I sell,
 How gold and gem, and hall and squire,
 You'd gladly give, like me to dwell
In the country of the heart's desire!"

You travellers in lands afar,
 With that world-hunger in your eyes,
 On every sea your galleys are,
 Your glances dare the darkest skies;
 Yet for some land unseen, unguessed,
 Your eager spirits faint and tire;
 I know the country of your quest—
The country of the heart's desire.

A sudden terror veils you round,
 You lovers, even as you greet;
 So close, so dear, your lives are bound,
 Your spirits have no room to meet.
 Have peace! There is a deeper faith,
 And there is a diviner fire,
 A love more strong than time or death,
In the country of the heart's desire.

And friends pass by with loyal mien,
 They are together—lonely yet!
 A subtle barrier between,
 A longing, and a dim regret.
 But they are wholly satisfied,
 And they have done with doubt and ire,
 With grief and parting, who abide
In the country of the heart's desire.

My country is a dream, you say?
 Nay, yours are dreams, and they shall cease,
 And yours are visions, day by day
 Wherein you strive to find your peace!
 But fair, and fadeless, and supreme,
 The home to which all souls aspire,
 The only land that is no dream—
The country of the heart's desire.

PROFESSOR HERON'S MISTAKE.

I.

It was a still, summer night. Two men sat by the open window of a book-littered room overlooking a small, tree-shaded courtyard, smoking and chatting. The elder—David Heron, tall, spare and erect, with a keen, dark, clean-shaven face—suggested in his appearance at once something of the soldier and the student. In reality, he was a briefless Scotch advocate, with a turn for historical research; a man of good family and small estate. In appearance, his companion was scarcely less noteworthy than himself. Tall, also, but broadly built, fair-skinned and gray-eyed, Geoffrey Thorne was an ideal young Englishman; mild, but not too mild; sturdy and graceful withal. He stood in the relation of ward to the elder man, or rather, had done so in the past, for now he was twenty-five, and newly capped M.D., while his quondam guardian was as yet barely forty-two.

Friendly while bound to each other in terms of law, the two men were no less friendly now that their brief term of formal relationship was at an end, and from holding somewhat the relative *status* of father and son, they had come to be very like brothers. In truth, the extent of David Heron's guardianship of Geoffrey Thorne had been to see that young man, whom he had known from his childhood, through the troubles and temptations of University life at Edinburgh. To-night, they were smoking a farewell pipe in David Heron's chambers in Thistle Court, Edinburgh; for now, as mostly happens to intimacies between men, their old closeness of comradeship was to be broken, probably never to be re-

newed. After a short holiday Thorne was to take up a country practice in the west of England, and Heron had but lately been appointed to a professorship in a northern university. Thus, of many tobacco-parliaments in Thistle Court this was to be the last. Presently, from lazy chat, the two men dropped into silence, smoking and staring into the Court. The foliage of the few trees was projected in faint mass and tracery against the soft gloom of the summer sky; not a leaf stirred; there was absolute silence.

Boom! The deep pulsating note of St. Andrew's church clock, giving the first stroke of midnight, spread itself on the warm air. The two men stirred in their seats; other clocks in the town could be heard completing the hour, the sharper chime of a clock somewhere in the house took up the tale, and Heron and Thorne almost involuntarily rose from their chairs.

"Well, Geoffy, my boy, we have seen our last night here, I suppose," said Heron, with a yawn. "Tomorrow, possibly, I will finish my own share of the packing; John, downstairs, does the rest, and then everything goes away north, to St. Rule's, hah!" He sighed as he tapped his pipe on the window-ledge. "Curious," he continued absently. "how loth we old fellows are to get out of the accustomed ruts, to assume new responsibilities, to form new ties—"

"*Ties*, Heron?" interjected Thorne. "What do you mean by ties?" Thorne had seated himself on the corner of Heron's writing-table. "What do you mean by ties?" he repeated. Heron smiled, rather doubtfully, as he placed his pipe in his pocket. "Suppose—suppose I were to get married; that would

be at once a tie and a responsibility, would it not?"

"Yes, of course; but I never associated you with the idea of matrimony. Who is she?"

Heron smiled again, but with a certain wistfulness. "I can't very well tell you just yet," he said quietly.

"Ah!" said the other man, sympathetically, "I mean to get married myself, as soon as I have got things into shape a bit; at least, that is, if I can induce someone else to consider the idea favorably;" and Thorne laughed happily.

"H'm, yes, I suppose so," said Heron, with an indulgent smile. "Some one or other of your numerous Edinburgh girlfriends, eh? Gad! what a lucky young chap you are!"

"Oh, no!" said the young man, very decidedly. "No," he repeated, "it's to be Elizabeth Forster, if it is to be anyone."

Heron made no answer, and there was silence, until silence became a strain. Thorne looked up at his friend, surprised. Heron was staring dully into space; he seemed to breathe with difficulty; seemingly unconscious of what he was doing, he had taken a letter from his pocket, and was twisting it about in his fingers. For about a minute Thorne sat watching his friend. "Well?" he said at last, breaking the silence. Heron started, and appeared to wake out of a trance. He walked over to the fireplace, and stood for a moment, looking down at the empty grate; then he turned to Thorne, keen and alert again, as ever.

"And so," he said briskly, "you have fixed your affections on Miss Elizabeth Forster—Bess Forster, whom I remember as a baby when I was a lad new come from school. Ah!"

Thorne still sat looking musingly at his friend.

"Well," he said slowly, "it's only an idea, so far, but not a new one. Still,

I have spoken neither to Miss Forster, nor to her father, on the subject as yet. I wish I had not spoken of it to you. In any case, what is Miss Forster to you?" His mind had gone back to the strange manner in which Heron had received his first mention of the young lady, and he spoke more rapidly.

"What is Miss Forster to me," echoed Heron. "Everything," he answered quietly.

Thorne look at him for a moment, seemingly uncomprehending. Then he said dully, and almost to himself. "You! You!—Oh, my God, you!" Then, after a pause, "Have we two fools been thinking of the same woman," he laughed savagely. "Tell me," he went on, "how long has this been going on: I mean, how long have you been looking forward to this—this—" he broke off.

"Do you remember," said Heron, "the winter she spent in Edinburgh, four years ago?"

"I do; it was then that I got to know her. I remember meeting her—"

"Possibly," interrupted Heron, curtly. "And since then I have been working to obtain a position such as I might ask her to share. You never thought to ask me why I, a solitary bachelor, with nobody to care for, should all at once change from a bookish idler to a man anxious only to undertake every scrap of work he could get. You saw me nearly every day, and yet I suppose you never noticed any change in my life?" he said, scornfully. "And now!" He walked restlessly about the room.

Thorne picked up his hat, stick and gloves, from a chair. He had said nothing, but his face was hard.

"Well," he said, deliberately, "we may each have had his dream, but it remains to be seen whose dream comes true—and I fancy it won't be yours. You are her father's friend, as you were my father's; you have known her since she was a child, and you have now a better position to offer her than

I can hope for, for years to come. Those are your advantages, and you may make the most of them; but I don't think that they will count for much. You may have her father's favor, but I feel certain that I shall have her's. You will make an elderly wooer, Heron, and not an effective one, I am afraid. Girls don't marry at the bidding of their fathers nowadays, and 'Auld Robin Gray' is completely out of date."

Thorne spoke with increasing bitterness, and his tone, as he finished, was brutally contemptuous.

Heron, however, scarcely seemed to hear him, so quietly did he stand, hands deep thrust in his pockets. He had ceased his restless walk to and fro, when Thorne began to speak, and now that he had finished, he still stood gazing sombrely, mournfully almost, at the younger man.

Thorne opened the door, then turned again. "Heron," he said, roughly, "I feel almost crazy, and—and I've spoken like a brute, but I can't give up my hope of the girl I love. Good-bye." And he was gone.

Heron stood listening to the retreating footsteps. A door banged, the footsteps sounded on the pavement of the court, there was the clash of a gate, and then silence. Heron sat down at his writing-table, drew some paper towards him, and commenced a letter, tore it up, and commenced another; tore that up also, then sat for a while, frowning slightly and drumming abstractedly with his fingers on the edge of the table. "I'll go," he said, at length, and half aloud. He rose from his chair, and began to arrange his books and papers, from time to time pausing to jot down something on a sheet of foolscap headed "Directions for Packing." Soon, every chair was burdened with a gaping deed-box, into one or other of which he kept continually tossing papers, singly, or in

bundles. Books, similarly, were quickly returned to their proper places. The court was full of sunshine before Heron had finished his preparations for departure. Locking the deed-boxes, and after taking a last general survey of the now well-ordered bookshelves, and a passing glance at the vast pile of torn-up papers on the floor, he dropped into an easy chair, and was almost immediately in a deep sleep.

II.

"And this," said Mr. Forster, a cheery-looking, elderly gentleman, "and this is what brought you down here two days before we expected you. I wondered, when I saw you come walking up the avenue last night. Delighted, though, that you were able to get away from Edinburgh sooner than you expected. Ah!"

He smoked reflectively for a few moments in silence. David Heron and Mr. Forster were seated on a bench in front of the latter's house, a creeper-clad, dark stone building on the outskirts of Alnwick.

"Honestly, David," resumed Mr. Forster, leaning back, and half closing his eyes against the strong morning sunlight, "I had scarcely realized that those two motherless girls of mine were no longer children, least of all Bess, strapping lass though she be. Also, friend David, I never expected to find you contemplating matrimony; but I suppose this new professorship alters many things, although that's no business of mine. But as regards Bess, I could not wish a better husband even for my Bess, than yourself; *but*—and this is very important, David—you must fight your own battle. If the girl will have you, and I hope she will, well and good. Now, I have to go into the town, and there's Bess sitting over there, reading. Perhaps you had better go and get it over."

And the old gentleman, whistling up two dogs, who had been basking luxuriously in the sunshine, strolled away, with a rather disturbed expression on his usually good-humored face.

There had been no need to inform Heron, or "the Professor," as his friends the Forsters already more or less accurately styled him, of the presence of Miss Forster. In point of fact, he had been watching her from under the shade of his hat-brim for the last twenty minutes. Now, he sauntered across the garden towards where she sat, under the shade of a large tree. As he approached, she looked up, with a frank, ready smile. It was a pretty face, although with the wholesome beauty of health and good temper, rather than with that born of excellence of feature. Still, without one really good feature to her face, saving her friendly brown eyes, she would have been singled out of a crowd as being emphatically a pretty girl; better still, as being a likable girl.

"Well," she said gaily, "what are you going to do this glorious morning?"

"Talk to you, in the first place," he said soberly, as he sat down beside her.

"What's this?" taking up her book. "The Princess Aline." Ah, I have read that myself. It's pretty, is it not? And then it is true, you know." He laid the book down again.

"True? Do you mean that there was really a Princess Aline?"

"My dear young lady, there is always a Princess Aline."

"I don't think I quite understand you, Professor."

"Ah, well! fortunately it doesn't very much matter, and I will explain it all to you—some day." He was silent for a moment. "Do you know," he resumed, "I have been finding out quite a lot of things, lately."

Miss Forster resigned herself good-naturedly to the exposition of some

new 'fad.' "Things about myself," he went on; and she became more interested. "When I was a boy, left early in charge of an uncle who was not specially pleased, and there was little reason why he should be, at having the charge of an orphan added to his already numerous family responsibilities, I was a studious kind of fellow with few friends, and all a studious boy's narrow contempt for anything outside his own particular pursuits. The only intimate friends I had were your father and Geoffrey Thorne, the father of young Geoffrey who now is, and, as you may imagine, it was scarcely possible for any very real intimacy to exist between two who were already men, and one who was still a boy. However, they were very kind to me, when I met with little kindness elsewhere.

"Your father married, and settled down here; Geoffrey Thorne went out to India, and he also married shortly afterwards. Our intimacy, however, continued, and on more equal terms, as I grew up into manhood. From associating, through correspondence or actual fellowship, with two men so much older than myself, I had grown to feel older than my years, and when I was called to the Bar, I found myself out of sympathy with the men of my own standing, while my elders ignored me as a raw, and rather priggish youngster. So I was let alone, and lived alone, a poor, briefless advocate, struggling and for a long time unsuccessfully, to gain a footing in literature.

"Then young Geoffrey was sent home from India, like all Anglo-Indian children, separated from his mother while little more than a baby, and I played Uncle David to him, looking after him in a general kind of way, and later, when, within the space of a few weeks, he lost both father and mother, becoming his guardian. Firmly set in my bachelor ways, and

with Geoffrey to care for, I felt really and truly an old man. And then—then I discovered that all along I had been making a huge mistake. You would think that I might have discovered it sooner, but there is nothing, it appears to me, to which people are commonly so blind as the realities of their own lives.—But I am boring you?" He broke off inquiringly.

"Not at all," she said gently. This was the Professor in a new light.

"Well, er—" he hesitated. "I found out the mistake I had been making—that, after all, there was truth in the stuff in novels. And I found out my mistake—when I met you at your aunt's in Edinburgh, no longer the little girl I remembered, but a young woman. And—although I am not quite such an old man as I had fancied, I am not very young, and I am afraid I am not very good-looking; but do you think," he said, gravely anxious, "do you think that you could come to care for me a little?" The girl had risen to her feet, and from kindly interest she had passed to blank astonishment. He rose quickly, and took her hand. "Will you be my wife?" he said, briefly and quietly. "Bess?"

"Mr. Heron—my father—oh, let me go away!" she cried, striving to free her hands.

"Bess," he said, anxiously, "I have startled you; but I don't want your answer right at once. I asked your father's permission to speak to you of this, and he wished me success; but you were to decide for yourself, and—and you will consider what I have said, and let me have an answer soon?" he pleaded; "I have been dreaming of this ever since I saw you in Edinburgh; I—it is only a little while that I have been in a position to speak to you, and now — But I will go away this evening, and you will write, won't you?" He still held her hand, but she no longer resisted, and he was patting it in a

fatherly, protecting sort of way, as he spoke. He had ceased his jog-trot narrative tones, and now spoke nervously and rapidly. Hitherto, he had kept his eyes rigorously turned away from her face, but now he looked down at her. "Now, now!" he said, in gentle reproach, as though to a child. "For heaven's sake, don't cry, Bess! I—I'll go away! I'll—" But, being a healthily-constituted young lady, she did nothing of the kind. Only, her lip trembled somewhat, as she said, rather unsteadily, "You will—go away?" And she smiled delightfully, an April-wise smile, with a tear glistening on her lashes.

III.

Professor Heron had settled down in his new rôle of accepted suitor, although it was decided that, for the present, the engagement should not be made public. It suited the quiet humor of both Heron and Bess, and indeed of the remaining members of the household, Mr. Forster, and Kate, the elder sister of Bess, that they should be spared the increased attention and general gossip inevitable on an announcement of their new relationship. Mr. Forster beamed delightedly on the lovers and bright-eyed, somewhat sharp-spoken Kate smiled a good deal, and sighed a little privately, as she hustled about more energetically than ever. For Heron himself, it was a blissful time. All his vacation schemes had been abandoned, and his ideas travelled no further than the morrow. For the most part he was content to stroll through the fields in hour-long conversations with Bess; he stood towards all created things in quite a new relationship, and there seemed to be all the world to be talked about as something strange and new. After his solitary, bookish existence in Thistle Court, there was something unreal in his present happiness,

and he used sometimes to wonder whether this girl flitting about him was really Elizabeth Forster, and that it was true she had promised to marry him? Or had he only imagined a vain thing, and was really sitting before his study-fire in Edinburgh, dreaming away the dull hours of a Sunday afternoon in winter? At times he remembered Geoffrey Thorne and his taunt . . . "Make the most of your advantages . . . they won't count for much . . . an elderly wooer . . . 'Auld Robin Gray.'" The recollection troubled him, and he strove to forget it; but it would not be forgotten. Sometimes he felt that he ought to write to Thorne, but always he hesitated; in a resentful mood, he steeled himself to indifference; in a friendlier spirit, he shrank from the possibility of a final and definite rupture. But still, from time to time he felt anxious. Was the girl really happy? Or did she already regret her decision? Had she merely been dazzled with the glamour and importance of an engagement? Or was she only anxious to do what she knew full well would be pleasing to her father. These things troubled the Professor, and yet he dared confide in nobody. He would watch her gravely, intent on finding, in her expression, proof or refutation of his suspicions. An impatient look would awaken all his anxieties, a kind one would drive them away. But always there remained an uncertainty, and although he manfully strove to dismiss his fears as foolish and unworthy, there yet remained a shadow, slight at first, over even his brightest moments, and the shadow was growing.

Some weeks after Heron's arrival at the Forsters', a charity concert was to take place in Alnwick, and everyone in the district, more or less, had taken tickets, the Forsters among the rest. A great singer, spending her holidays in the neighborhood, had promised to as-

sist, and all were anxious to hear her. When the eventful evening arrived Heron discovered that some university correspondence would detain him somewhat later in his departure than the rest of the family; so, after seeing them set out in the dog-cart, Mr. Forster and the stable-boy in front, and the two girls, their heads enveloped in white wraps, on the back seat, he returned to his letters, and a little later was striding blithely along the road to the town, pleasurably intent on seeing Bess again in all the bravery of her best party frock, and anxious, also, to miss as little as possible of the simple pleasures of the evening.

Arrived at the hall in which the concert was taking place, he found the passage-ways blocked with listeners unable to obtain seats, and rather than jostle and be jostled, in the effort to reach the Forsters, he was content to stand on some steps leading to a gallery, and from whence he had an unimpeded view of the hall. There was a pause, and people were standing up and chatting. He could see the Forsters, Bess, the white flower in her hair, the tall man standing talking to her. To Heron, there seemed to be something familiar in the man's figure. Presently he turned, so that Heron got a view of his face. It was Geoffrey Thorne. But the great lady from London now appeared on the platform, there was a burst of applause, and those who had been standing up sat down. Thorne, Heron noted, sat down beside Bess.

The singer advanced to the edge of the platform, and stood glancing idly down the hall, as she waited for the accompanist to play the introduction to her song. It was the "Habanera" from *Carmen*—that strange, narcotic, passion-stirring melody; caprice with a heart-break in it. Heron stood lost in thought. The music was in tune with his mood; hall and audience had alike

faded away, and there was only Bess and Geoffrey, and the clear voice ringing in his ears. The song came to an end, and there was rapturous applause; the front seats were politely ecstatic, even the back benches were uncomprehendingly excited. The applause brought the great lady back again, smiling and bowing with careless, accustomed grace. The accompanist followed her on to the platform, and she turned and spoke with him for a moment. Heron, looking on from the stairway, scarcely noticed that she was going to sing again, the opening symphony and its attendant burst of applause passed equally unheeded. His mind was full of Geoffrey Thorne and Elizabeth Forster; his passing doubts and anxieties had suddenly grown into settled convictions. Somehow he seemed to feel no great resentment, but rather to have the bewildered feeling of one who has wakened out of a dream; he had made a mistake. The clear, bell-like voice of the singer struck upon his ear:—

"Young Jamie lo'ed me weel,
And he sought me for his bride."

Aye! "Auld Robin Gray." The very words that Thorne had used, and here was Thorne himself, dropped unaccountably into their midst. In his excited state, the coincidence upset the last remnants of Heron's better judgment. Of course he recognized the coincidence merely as such; beyond this, he no longer reflected, but surrendered himself to every torture of an over-anxious mind. And this wretched song, which struck home to him, could be no less potent in suggestion to them. But the song was over, and a general moving about of the audience disturbed him in his bitter fancies. Some people were coming towards the door in search of a fresher atmosphere. Bess and Thorne were among them, and Heron drew back into the shadow of a

doorway; he was in no mood for conversation with anyone.

Bess and Thorne ascended the gallery stairs, and passing through another room stepped through an open window, out on to the flat, balustraded top of the porch. Silently, Heron sprang up the stairs to a fresh vantage-point of shadow, whence he could spy upon them unobserved. They stood looking down into the moonlit street, and he could see their faces as they turned momentarily towards each other in conversation although he could only faintly catch the sound of their voices, and utterly failing to distinguish what they said. From laughing chatter they appeared to drop swiftly into serious talk. Heron could distinguish the grave expression of Thorne's face; but of Bess he could only discern her tall, gleaming figure as she stood motionless and seemingly silent, with the conflicting rays of lamp-light and moonshine striking upon her short opera-cloak and white skirt. A feeling of contempt for himself seized upon Heron. He would spy upon them no longer. He felt that he could trust implicitly to Bess remaining true to her promise, at whatever cost to herself; but he would set her free. He felt sure that he saw things now in their true light, and that, after all, he was really Auld Robin Gray—Thorne's "elderly wooer;" and Heron, without another look at the couple out on the porch-roof, stole softly downstairs, donned his overcoat, and left the hall. As he reached the street he heard the muffled sound of applause from the interior of the building. He glanced up at the top of the porch; there was nobody there. He strolled aimlessly through the town and out into the country, his brain in a perfect whirl. He had done wrong, he had made a mistake; but he would repair his error; somehow he would make things right for the young people.

"A mistake; a mistake; a mistake!" he muttered over and over again, with a dull persistence; "a mistake!"

"Eh? What's a mistake?"

Heron started. Unconsciously he had arrived outside the Forsters' house. The voice was that of Mr. Forster; and that gentleman himself was leaning over the white-painted gate, smoking placidly.

"Oh, it's you, David! Couldn't stand the heat of that room any longer, eh? Came home an hour ago myself, for that very reason. Sent the boy down with the dogcart to bring the girls home; expect they'll be here presently, raging for their supper; ha, ha!" And the old gentleman chuckled. "But you were saying something was a mistake—By the way—curious thing—we met young Geoffrey Thorne just as we got to the hall this evening. He's staying with some people the other side of the town. Ah, never be the man his father was! But what about the mistake?"

The old gentleman spoke in leisurely snatches between whiffs at his pipe. He had opened the gate to admit Heron, and now he shifted his elbows sociably to allow his friend also having comfortable leaning space. But Heron merely said:

"Come into the house, Forster, I want to talk to you;" and walked slowly up the avenue.

"Eh? Oh, certainly."

And Mr. Forster, marvelling somewhat, followed his friend indoors. They went into Mr. Forster's study, and Mr. Forster turned up the lamp.

"Well?" he said.

Heron stood with his back to the mantel-piece, his head thrust somewhat forward, and his lean face looking leaner and grimmer than usual.

"We—I—we have all made a mistake. I should never have asked you for Bess; I should never have asked Bess for herself. Geoffrey Thorne is more to her than a hundred such as I, and I

am not going to make the girl miserable for life by holding her to a promise I am convinced she now regrets."

The words came with a rush, and then Heron was silent.

"Oh, ho!"

Mr. Forster stood meditatively looking at Heron for a few moments. Then he went on:

"But this is rank lunacy, David. I suppose some girls do say 'Yes' without over-much thought; but if Bess did not care for you sufficiently to marry you, you may stake your life on it she would have said so; and unless she cared very much indeed for you, you would have had to wait for your answer."

"But you don't know all," said Heron miserably. "Geoffrey told me, the very night before I left Edinburgh, that he had cared for nobody but Bess for years back, and that as soon as he got settled down in his practice he meant to ask her to be his wife. And then I told him that I also loved Bess; and then we quarrelled, and Geoffrey said some hard things; and then—I took advantage of your friendship to forestall him." He went on excitedly: "Man, this thing has been hanging over me like a cloud for days and days, and to-night when I saw them together I realized that I was no man for your Bess." His voice fell. "I'll slip away quietly in the early morning, nobody knows of our engagement yet, and I'll write to—to your daughter; it's the best that I can do."

Mr. Forster looked troubled. "This is all very strange, David," he said, quietly, "and I am almost certain that you are mistaken. We are none of us responsible for young Thorne's romantic imaginings—nor for yours. But there! it's for Bess to decide. Only, there's to be no running away in the morning."

"But I must go!" said Heron desperately.

"Very well, go," said Mr. Forster pa-

tiently. "Go away in the morning, invent a message calling you away on business—but don't write to her about breaking off the match, for a week or two yet. David," he went on kindly, "you have been moping among books until they have got on your nerves. You are terribly anxious, I know, about the girl's happiness; but don't you think you may be going the very way to defeat your own intention?"

There was a sound of wheels on the gravel outside. "Hullo," said Mr. Forster, "here they are;" and he went out to the porch. Heron marched upstairs, a little shaken in his resolution, but none the less alive, so he told himself, to what he considered to be his plain duty. Lighting a candle, he went into the little sitting-room which had been made over to him as a temporary study. He began to arrange his various belongings, but presently he paused in his work to look round the room. It was very homelike, and peaceful, and countrified. He glanced down at the papers before him; he remembered, in a confused sort of way, that they must be packed up. Then he wondered listlessly whether they were worth preserving, nothing seemed to matter much now. But this was weakness, and he bundled the sheets together, and stuffed them into a small portfolio. Some time before he had heard Elizabeth's voice downstairs (it gave him a melancholy satisfaction to think of her as Elizabeth, it seemed formal and distant); but now there was silence. Doubtless he would be called down to supper in a little, and the prospect terrified him. Presently there was a tap at his door. "Come in!" he said, with rather a tremor. Forster, possibly, come to remonstrate anew with him. But it was not Mr. Forster whom the open door revealed, but Elizabeth—Elizabeth, still in her white dress, with the white flower showing at the side of her shapely

head. She stood in the doorway, with the soft candle-light falling upon her, and the dark passage by way of background, like a portrait in its frame. Still dressed as at the concert, she stood silently smiling, her left hand set against her side, and the short black velvet mantle flung back over her shoulders, exposing a rosy flush of silken lining. In her right hand she still held her black feather fan, with its long black ribands showing against the front of her gown. She made a picture, a picture which was to live in Heron's memory for the rest of his life; he could say nothing. Thackeray's "Cane-Bottom'd Chair" came into his mind:—

She comes from the past and revisits
my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty
and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so
fair.

At last the lovely apparition spoke. "Well," she said, "why did you not come beside us at the concert? And Daddy says that you are going away in the morning?"

Heron put out his hand deprecatingly. "Elizabeth, it—it is very hard to explain—" he began.

"I should think so!" she said dryly. "Fortunately, it is not necessary. And Elizabeth, oh dear!" She tapped on the floor with the toe of her slipper, in real or simulated annoyance. There was silence.

"Daddy has been telling me—something," she said suddenly. "Are you very, very fond of Geoffrey Thorne?"

He sighed. "Yes."

"Fonder than you are of me?"

"Oh, Bess, this is too much—!"

"Ah, that's better!" This audacious young woman spoke in a distinctly approving tone.

"Bess," he went on slowly, "I am afraid I have been very unreasonable. I

asked for what I had no right to expect. I make no question of your faith; I question only my own worthiness and fitness. But I do want you to be happy, and—and that is why I am going away," he concluded simply.

There was laughter in her eyes, although it was with something of a break in her voice that she said, "Dear life! And would that make me happy!"

Heron regarded her intently, wistfully. "And Geoffrey?" he said.

She shrugged her shoulders and

Temple Bar.

laughed lightly. "I never could see anything in your wonderful Geoffrey; and I don't suppose he sees much in me—now," she concluded demurely, a smile hovering at the corners of her mouth.

"Come," she said suddenly, dropping her fan, holding out both her hands, and smiling with a delightful mixture of fun and tenderness. "Suppose, like the play-books, we say, 'exit Doctor Thorne.'" And Professor Heron, at last, and beyond any possibility of further mistake, understood.

William H. Daly.

THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

It is clear to all heads of households in this country that we are on the brink of a revolution in our daily lives owing to the impossibility of finding female servants. And it seems probable that the determination on the part of women not to adopt this particular occupation will have far greater influence on our social customs than is at present quite realized by the majority.

In any case, as we have no power to arrest this revolution, the only thing for us to do is to consider in what way we can make the new order of things least disagreeable to ourselves. It is reported that at one of the largest and best known Registry Offices a lady who applied for a cook was told that there were none on the books, though there were innumerable applications for them; and that, if things went on as they were going now, in a few years there would be no female servants. It moreover seems clear from all recent experience that women do not like the occupation of domestic service, and would prefer working harder for less remuneration in other employments.

There is nothing in this to cause surprise to any thinking person. Employers have refused to see in time that the rules and regulations they once thought fit to impose on women who selected the occupation of domestic service, were not only at variance with what they and their daughters would like to have imposed upon themselves, but were in many ways a sort of insult to the women. It has been in many houses a fixed rule that no servant was to go out at all without special permission, regardless of whether her particular work was finished or not. Such a rule could only mean that she was not considered fit to be trusted out by herself. There were also many restrictions in the matter of dress, even when the servants were going to church or to visit their friends. This last must have been especially galling, as they would very possibly find their contemporaries in other occupations more attractively attired than themselves; and doubtless the young men of their circle were not slow in making it clear which they admired most. Employers appeared not

to realize that if the holy estate of matrimony was desirable and right for their own daughters, it was just as much so for girls in another rank of life, and who had therefore a perfect right to such adornments of dress as enabled them also to have the widest possible choice in the selection of husbands. They were also, up to a very recent date, not ashamed to make restrictions as to how the servants were to wear their hair, *no fringe* being a common ending to the advertisement for a servant. The petty jealousy displayed in these methods seems now, as then, almost incomprehensible to some people; but these last have been the voice crying in the wilderness, when they have pointed out to the average British matron the contemptible tyranny of which she was guilty.

So slowly and gradually it has come to pass that only the girls who are too badly educated for other employments will go out as servants, which in its way helps not a little to make the occupation looked down upon in the class from which they are drawn, and this of course still further adds to the unwillingness to select this particular form of livelihood. One cannot help marvelling at the exceeding folly of employers in general in not being more awake to the effect such rules as theirs were having, as nothing could be more disastrous to their own interests than having always to engage the very people who were the least considered among their equals.

However, my object at present is to consider the future rather than to regret the past, to discover some way either of doing without servants, or else of devising a scheme whereby women who wish to earn a living may be induced to earn it by doing some of the things for us which we cannot or are not disposed to do for ourselves.

The result of universal education, now in its second or third generation,

is clearly to produce a feeling of equality. In England we have not nominal equality as there is in France; but, strange to say, the feeling of the right of everyone to be called "a lady" (or "a gentleman") is apparently stronger here than there. Now it so happens that of all classes of women the only ones who are addressed without the prefix of *Miss* are servants. The young women in shops even of the smallest sort, are invariably *Miss*, and referred to as *young ladies*; yet they are for the most part drawn from the same social class as servants, as may be easily proved by enquiring casually as to the employments of the sisters of the servants in their house. It results therefore that of the whole community the only people who are not *ladies* are servants. This is probably far more mortifying to them than we can fully realize. It is exactly because the class from which servants are drawn has only of late years attained to the name of *ladies*, that it is annoying to servants to find themselves excluded from this privilege by a hard and fast line of demarcation; and it is interesting and instructive to note that this is actually the only clear dividing line of social class that is left among us in the present day. This feeling on the part of servants will appear no doubt ridiculous to some, but after all some of our own fancies and etiquettes are every whit as fanciful and as apparently meaningless. Nor is it at all incomprehensible why the prefix should be thought desirable, for the use of the name without any prefix has the effect of implying a social inferiority too pronounced for present-day feeling. And the mere fact of the prefix being habitually used will of itself induce an entirely different tone into the relations between employers and employed, and indirectly tend to greater consideration on the part of the former.

The other factors that weigh most

largely in causing a dislike to domestic service are the monotony of the work, and the want of stated hours and days which each individual can employ as she likes, and can be sure beforehand of being able to do so. That this last item constitutes a genuine grievance is now generally admitted, though so far no general action has been taken in any way to mitigate it.

In view, therefore, of all these circumstances it seems clear that if people wish to continue employing servants, the first step is to discontinue employing them. This sounds paradoxical, but is nevertheless true. The word *servant* must be completely abolished with regard to women's work in any private capacity, and in place of servants we must have *house employees*, whom we must invariably address as Miss Brown, Miss Jones, or whatever the person's name may be. This in itself would probably be sufficient to cause an alteration in most of the minor matters that at present help to add to the other things found objectionable by working women. For instance, no one would expect Miss Brown to wear a cap, as young ladies do not generally wear caps; and the obligatory wearing of caps is more deeply resented than most employers perhaps realize. As among the servants' own class it is often dubbed *the badge of the slavey*, that it should be so resented is not surprising. Moreover, if grown up women dislike wearing the piece of muslin stuck on the top of their heads that goes by the name of a cap, they have a perfect right to decide the point for themselves. This arrangement on the head in no way assists in laying a table, or cooking a dinner, or even in sweeping a room; indeed in the form which is insisted on by some employers for parlor-maids, with long weepers at the back hanging down far below the waist, it must be the very acme of discomfort. The only

rule employers should lay down with regard to clothes, might be that when actually on duty black or dark-colored dresses should be worn; this is in accordance with the rule made in shops, where it appears to be considered unobjectionable.

It is when we come to the hours of work that one sees the alteration will be more far-reaching in its effect on our daily life. At present the most difficult servants to find are cooks and kitchen-maids, and the least difficult are housemaids. It is therefore pretty clear that work which goes on all day and far into the evening is less attractive than that which is over tolerably early in the day, even though the former may be more highly paid. It seems from this likely that it will not be found possible to continue the system of having two dinners a day cooked in every house, (for, though one is called luncheon, this is what it practically amounts to,) and that one of them will have to be given up, and something simpler substituted requiring less preparation; or that in towns one of these meals will have to be taken at a restaurant. The abolition of the elaborate meal known as late dinner, however terrible in anticipation, might in the end prove a blessing in disguise, for eating a variety of dishes is in no way beneficial to health, far more sickness being traceable to eating too much than too little among those rich enough to keep servants at all. Moreover in the average middle-class household the daily struggle to provide sufficient dishes at once differing as far as may be from those eaten the day before, and at the same time costing as little as possible, is a never-ending trouble to the mistress of the house. Thus, though the servant-difficulty is at present adding to the trouble of the housewife, it is possible that before long it may in some respects prove her liberator. There can be no doubt that some

alteration in this direction will be inevitable, as no people who call themselves educated will ever consent to choose an occupation which entails spending their lives day after day in washing up dishes at a scullery-sink. And they are right; which of us would do this if we could possibly find any other employment?

It is difficult to enter into each point of how every detail in a new system would work. But the most feasible idea seems that each *employée* should be engaged for certain definite hours and work; and as it would doubtless not infrequently occur that extra things were required to be done, they would have to be paid for as extra, (or over) time. However upsetting this may be to our present ideas, there seems really no sound reason why those who wish certain things done for them in their houses by other people should have a power to demand work without payment which is neither thought of nor demanded in any other profession. The feudal system is now completely dead, and this question of servants is its last lingering legacy. In by-gone times, in addition to the actual payment, the employer afforded also a much needed protection, the value of which it would have been difficult to calculate; and in return the employed also gave time without any exact reckoning of money-value. Now all are equally protected by the law, and housework must fall into the category of other trades, with a strict account of its value in money. For the same reason it would be desirable that the system of board-wages should be adopted wherever practicable. All payments in kind are objectionable, and lead to a clashing of interests that tend to cause friction and ill-feeling on both sides.

There may be other alterations also. A large proportion of the work that goes on in houses at present is quite un-

necessary, and only kept up from a sort of tradition. For example, most drawing-rooms are full of nick-nacks that are not merely useless but absolutely senseless. They are too confused and crowded to be even ornamental; but for all that their dusting occupies somebody for a considerable time daily. Then there is the cleaning and polishing of unnecessary silver, for, except spoons and forks, nearly everything would be better and cleaner made of glass or earthenware, and these last can be effectually cleaned in less than a quarter of the time it takes to polish silver. It is well to keep distinctly in our minds, with reference to this subject, that the whole difficulty is incalculably increased by the same feeling of equality, though in a different quarter, that has been referred to before, and which permeates all classes. Thus it happens that people with small incomes who keep perhaps two, or perhaps only one, servant, think it due to themselves to live in precisely the same manner as those who keep six or more. That is supposed to be the essential mark of gentility. The style of living which is suited to the last mentioned, however, where the work is much sub-divided and therefore not incessant, is obviously unsuited to the smaller establishments. In them it admits of neither peace nor rest for the servants, as to live up to the standard required is a constant strain for them, until there is neither leisure, nor time to go out at all except on rare occasions. And no matter what changes are the ultimate outcome of the present difficulty, where only a small establishment can be afforded, a much simpler style of living will have to be adopted. A display of metal under the name of plate, and elaborate meals with many dishes (which last cannot in the nature of things be really well cooked by those whose wages are not comparatively high) are in no way

really conducive either to happiness or comfort, and their abandonment therefore need hardly be a matter for lamentation; though of course they could be retained if people thought it worth their while to pay for the extra work.

In these and other kindred ways much time could be saved, so that, while employers would not require a larger staff, it would be possible for the house *employées* (or assistants) to have nearly as much time to themselves as shop-assistants now have. It would not be exactly the same hours, as they could not go off from mid-day on Saturdays till the Sunday evening. But in households where more than one *employée* was engaged there would be little difficulty in arranging that they should have at least two afternoons a week to themselves, and alternate Sundays from mid-day, so that it would come to nearly the same thing. This (except in imagination, as being something different to present custom,) would cause employers little real inconvenience; as not only does it constantly occur that all the members of the family are out in the afternoon, but owing to the growing custom of one day a week being set apart for the lady of the house to receive visitors, it is becoming more and more recognized that only very intimate friends are expected to call at other times. Providing afternoon-tea for the members of the family would hardly be beyond the power of the one *employée* whose turn it was to be in; indeed to judge by the present mania for providing this repast for themselves, as shown by ladies travelling in railways, even at the risk of setting themselves and their fellow-passengers on fire, there seems no particular reason why they should not go a step further and undertake it in their own homes, if it so happened that they had only one regular *employée*.

In towns the alteration presents little difficulty, and it is desirable to encour-

age non-resident *employées* at once. There are some already in the shape of waitresses and charwomen; but so soon as the thing became at all general a superior class of women would be certain to take to the occupation, as the work itself is not unpleasant, though many dread the chance of uncongenial companionship if resident. Many of the young women who now try to get work as teachers, for which they are often unfit, would prefer housework. It would be infinitely less exhausting to the nerves, a frequent cause of break-down among those who teach, and most especially among those who are not quite up to the work. On the whole too, house-work would be the better paid, as teachers are everywhere in excess of the demand.

Whatever happens, there must in the near future be a considerable change in our social habits. It is not a question of whether we are satisfied with things as they now are, or whether we wish for an alteration; the hard fact stares us in the face that the means of continuing as we now are are wanting, and the only thing left to us is the consideration of what is possible to be done in the circumstances.

Such changes as these would not affect entertaining on a large scale, as this is already, at all events in towns, much done by contract; but small hospitalities will be affected, though not more so than they will be when we are left without servants and with no hope of supplying their place. The question of expense will also very soon become a serious matter. There is no cohesion among the present servants, but it cannot now be long before they discover, and especially before cooks discover, that they can command almost any wages they like to ask. And indeed all round, as things are tending now, the diminution in the number of women willing to do house-work will cause wages to advance to such an ex-

tent that we shall have to pay from £25 to £50 a year for any trained servant. It has already arrived at this in America and other countries, and the same cause will produce the same result here before long.

Many who may happen to read this paper will say that they would not care to have servants in their house who considered themselves ladies and therefore the equals of their employer, that they would expect to sit in the drawing-room, and so on. Nothing of the kind would follow. Shop-assistants do not expect the owner of the shop to invite them to dinner, nor do they treat the customers otherwise than with fitting deference; even governesses, who owing to birth and education are sometimes, so to say, superior to their employers, do not as a rule sit with the family unless asked to do so. And house-employees would perfectly also understand the situation.

Nothing could well be worse than our present position. We have to keep very unsatisfactory people in our houses, and are constrained to keep silence lest we be left without a substitute, which if it continued too long would result in the rest of the servants giving warning, and finally in our being left to shift for ourselves. All this is fast becoming unbearable. The great difficulty lies in the transition; but it is to be hoped that some of the offices for the employment of women, or the registries, will take the matter up. It could only be done of course in houses where the establishment was being for some reason re-organized, as it would be awkward for both employers and employed to begin the new order of things with the old order of servants. But though it would be a change, it would not be so drastic as employing Chinese or Indians, as has been suggested. To have one's entire household suddenly composed of men

(for the women of those countries do not take service except as nurses) would in truth be a complete revolution, to say nothing of the question of climate in the case of Indians. It seems unnecessary too, as there are plenty of English women who would like the work if the existing objections were removed; for we must not lose sight of the fact that it is not the work that our present servants object to, so much as the restrictions and loss of social prestige.

The removal of these objections should not be a matter of great difficulty for, after all we have only to consider what we should ourselves think tolerable if we had to turn to and earn our living; to consider how much confinement in the basement of a house we should like, without a few hours every day for air and exercise, and how many times a week we should want to go out to meet our friends and relations, and generally to make existence pleasant.

In the new order of things (that is coming surely whether we like it or not) we too shall be fully able to enjoy ourselves, but it will not be precisely in the same inconsiderate way as hitherto, for we have practically succeeded in keeping a certain proportion of our country-women in a state of quasi-slavery. This power is now fast drawing to a close, and we shall have to consider their wants and wishes as well as our own. But we shall be none the worse for that, even if it results in our having to live in a simpler and less artificial manner. And if the knowledge is brought home to us that, though wealth gives a larger purchasing power, it does not justify its possessors in any interference with the privileges and happiness of their less wealthy fellow-citizens, the lesson will in every way be an advantage to the community.

Martha Major.

WHO'S WHO IN CHINA.

A small step towards unravelling the Chinese tangle may be made by establishing the identity and throwing a little light on the character and antecedents of the chief personages in China. The task is far more difficult than may be supposed. The pages of the Peking Gazette constitute the chief source of information, and as the English edition has for nearly twenty years omitted the index and official list which formed useful features in the first volumes, there is no other course than to go through the numbers from end to end. The variations in spelling, the indiscriminate use of J's or Y's do not simplify the task, and when it is over the searcher must put in a plea for indulgence if he has committed any oversight. The bare details in Imperial Edicts and rescripts supply but an outline of official promotion and change, and the character of the individual has to be judged by the impression left on the minds of the foreigners brought into contact with him, which is rarely identical and always imperfect. The difficulty is increased by the influence of circumstances. The Chinese official who appears at one time enlightened and progressive becomes at another perverse and reactionary. How many conflicting versions, for instance, have been given by well qualified and distinguished Europeans of the character and conduct of Li Hung Chang, while all the time he has only been a typical Chinese official, with the national limited range of vision, dislike for the foreigner, and rooted aversion to change in any form. Before the present crisis passes into the sphere of history the true man may stand revealed beyond all possibility of concealment.

Leaving outside our theme the Empress Dowager and the young Emperor

Kwangsü, with regard to whom it would not be possible to say anything fresh or instructive, the Manchu Prince Tuan, who has lately blazed on the world like a fiery portent of blood and war, first demands attention. He is the grandson of the Emperor Taoukwang, who died in 1850, and the nephew of the Emperor Hienfung, who died in 1861. His father, Prince Tun, was Hienfung's senior in age, but was either ineligible on the maternal side, or was set aside for some personal misconduct in the succession of 1851. The best known of Tuan's uncles were the late Princes Kung and Chun, the latter the father of the Emperor Kwangsü. Kwangsü and Tuan are consequently first cousins, but the latter is about ten years the elder.

The first mention of this prince occurs as recently as 6th October, 1893, when, as Tsai Lien, a Prince of the Third Order, he was presented to the Emperor. He was authorized at the same time to take part in the review of the Peking Field Force, and on several subsequent occasions he was delegated to represent the Emperor in offering sacrifice at the tombs of their common ancestors. Soon after this interview he was appointed to the command of the Bordered White Banner Corps. After this his progress was rapid. On 6th February, 1894, he had a second audience of the Emperor, who on this occasion raised him to the rank of a prince of the second order, and conferred on him the special title of Prince of Tuan. During the war with Japan, Prince Tuan was given a post on the Board of Control of the Peking Field Force, and after some months he was entrusted with the command in chief of that corps. It may be mentioned that Prince Chun, the Emperor's fa-

ther, held this command at the time of his death, and there is no other evidence to show that the Imperial Family were beginning to look upon Prince Tuan as their military leader. On 30th November 1895, he was selected for the task of choosing eligible persons to fill the vacancies in the Imperial Household. Another proof of his growing influence is furnished in the selection of his son to be adopted as heir of the wealthy widow of one of the Manchu princes, and about the same time we read that he and his son waited on the Emperor for the purpose of naming the youth at the Imperial wish in accordance with the practice of the House. Kwangsu thus named this youth Pu-Chun, who was destined soon afterwards to be proclaimed his heir and successor at the time of the *coup d'état*. In May, 1898, Prince Tuan and his close ally and confederate, Kang Yi, were specially praised and rewarded by the Empress Dowager for the discipline and good conduct of the Peking Field Force. The significance of this praise was revealed a few months later during the *coup d'état*, and for his share in that event the Empress Dowager increased Prince Tuan's allowance by 500 taels, and gave him the supreme command of the Banner army. The selection of his son, a youth of fourteen, to be the next Emperor was still stronger proof of his influence and close alliance with the Empress Dowager. It was after this event that he began to enter into relation with the disaffected in Shantung with the express purpose of turning their resentment from the Manchu dynasty towards the foreigners, and he became the President of the Society of the Big Sword (Tai Tou Hou), out of which emerged the Boxers. He completely won over Nui, the chief of the Boxers, of whom at present so little is known, although he is the prime director of the most important political movement

in China since the Taeping rebellion. It is impossible yet to foretell whether Prince Tuan will be able to keep the Boxers in a state of amenity to his personal authority, or whether they will sweep him aside when he has served their turn. In the latter event Nui, the Anhui official of low degree, will become more interesting as a guide of Chinese opinion than the Manchu prince.

Next in importance after Prince Tuan comes Jung Lu, another Manchu, late Viceroy of Pe-Chili and Generalissimo of the Chinese army, described on the morrow of the arrest of the Reformers two years ago as "the most powerful man in China." It is typical of the difficulty of judging the true character and views of Chinese public men that well-informed Europeans describe Jung Lu as "well informed and progressive," and as "violent and reactionary as Prince Tuan." The one positive fact known about him, that he saved the Emperor's life six months ago, at the time of the *coup d'état*, favors the former description. Perhaps a stronger proof is furnished by his hostility to the late Li Lien Yin, chief of the eunuchs and favorite of the Empress, and to General Tung, the truculent commander of the Kansuh army. Jung Lu is sometimes called a nephew of the Empress Dowager, but I can find no evidence to support the statement, and if it possesses a basis of truth it is more likely to be through marriage with one of her nieces. There is some confusion made between him and another Manchu named Ju Lu, who was long Military Governor of Moukden and Governor-General of Manchuria, and who is a much older man and still living, having recently been appointed Viceroy of Szchuen. The first distinct reference I find to Jung Lu is in the summer of 1894, when he held the post of Tartar General of Hsian, and was summoned to Peking to take part in

the proposed festivities on the occasion of the 60th birthday of the Empress Dowager, which were abandoned through the outbreak of hostilities with Japan. He came to Peking to some purpose, as his promotion was extraordinarily rapid. In December, 1894, he was appointed Captain-General of the White Banner corps, and he was also given a seat in the Tsungli Yamen. On the 27th June, 1895, Jung Lu was made Inspector-General at Peking, and in this capacity he controlled the Palace gendarmerie. As a reward for his vigilance he was raised in 1896 to the command of the Yellow Banner, as Lieutenant-General, and before the end of the year he became Assistant Grand Secretary. In May, 1898, soon after the death of Prince Kung, Jung Lu was appointed Viceroy of Pe-Chili, and as a final reward after the crushing of the Reform party in September of that year he was nominated Generalissimo of China's armies. There has been nothing like the rapid rise of Jung Lu in modern Chinese history. In four years he has risen from a small military command in a provincial town to the most important Viceroyship, and the highest military command in the empire. Whether it was his good fortune or his merit who will venture to say?

As to the real sentiments of Jung Lu it is impossible to express an opinion, but the probability is that he is a man in favor of moderation, if not of absolute progress. It seems clearly established that he saved the Emperor's life in September, 1898, and again in January of the present year, opposing with all his weight the extreme counsels of Kang Yi and Li Lien Yin. With regard to the latter, whose death by poison two months ago was the alleged cause of the Empress's outbreak, he and Jung Lu came into collision in 1895 or 1896, while the latter was in charge of the Palace police. The story goes

that the Manchu general caused the Chief of the Eunuchs to be bastinadoed, and that the Empress thereupon banished Jung Lu for ten years, a sentence never carried into execution. The rumors from Peking during the last few weeks all agree in attributing to Jung Lu a wish to protect the Legations and restrain the fury of Prince Tuan and his associates.

Kang Yi, another Manchu, is the next most powerful personage at Peking, and he is as anti-foreign and violent as Prince Tuan. In 1890 he was Governor of Kiangsu, and three years later his name recurs in the same capacity in Kwangtung. In the autumn of 1894, during the Japanese War, he was summoned to Peking, where he was at once nominated a member of the Grand Council of War. The growth of his influence is well attested by the privilege soon afterwards conferred on him of being allowed to ride on horseback in the Forbidden City. After filling various offices, Kang Yi was appointed President of the Board of Punishments, and in that capacity he was entrusted with the task of dealing with the party of the Reformer, Kang Yu Wei, when it was thought that they were acquiring too great an ascendancy over the Emperor. Having arrested the greater number of the Reformers, in September, 1898, the question remained what was to be done with them, and some of the Ministers favored moderate punishment. Kang Yi would listen to no compromise, and, supported by the secret wishes of the Empress Dowager, succeeded in obtaining from the Imperial Council a death sentence. No sooner was this signed than he hastened with indecent speed to his yamen, and caused the sentence to be executed in his presence. Kang Yu Wei, the chief Reformer, had, indeed, escaped, but all his property was forfeited, and a sentence of ling-chee, or "the slicing process" was passed on him, and still

hangs over his head. For his services on this occasion Kang Yi was made President of the Board of War, and more recently he has been appointed a Grand Secretary. He is the right-hand man of Prince Tuan, and among all the Chinese officials he is the most violent, anti-foreign and bloodthirsty. His reputation was bad before the events of June, for when Chang Yi was appointed Chief Commissioner of Mines in November, 1898, Reuter thought it was Kang Yi who had got the post, and protested against the employment of the butcher of the Reformers. To that black deed he has now added a blacker still.

Yuan Shih Kai comes fourth in the group of Manchus who have played a leading part in Peking events during the last few years. He is a man of much craft and address, well able to play a double part and to conceal his true mind. He first appeared in Corea, where, as far back as 1885, he took a prominent part in deporting the Korean despot, Tai Wang Kun. He remained in Corea until July, 1894, when he saved himself from capture by the Japanese by making a timely flight, and during that long period he was generally spoken of as "the power behind the Throne." In July, 1897, he reappears as Provincial Judge of the Province of Pe-Chili, and he seems to have held the same post in the summer of 1898, when the Reform movement attracted attention. He played a very important part in the affair, for when the Emperor Kwangsu declared piteously to Kang Yu Wei that he had no soldiers to obey his orders and assert his authority, the Reformer, in an ill-advised moment, recommended him to send for Yuan Shih Kai. Yuan pretended to enter into the plans of the young ruler, and when he knew all he wanted he went straight to the Empress Dowager and told her everything. The collapse of the Reform

movement was due to his treachery, and foreigners will be very foolish if they ever put faith in Yuan, who is a master in the art of duplicity, and whose mendacious telegrams and messages from Tsinan must now be fresh in the public mind. A few months after the suppression of the Reform movement Yuan received his reward in the appointment to the Governorship of Shantung, rendered vacant by the disgrace of Li Ping Heng, at the request of Germany. It will be remembered that Yuan was sent with the nominal instructions to put down the Boxers, but instead of fighting them he allowed them to march for Peking.

Of the Imperial Princes of the First Order, Princes Li, Jui, and Ching, whose names flit across the pages of the Peking Gazette and all of whom are, of course Manchus, Prince Ching is the only one of interest. As President of the Tsungli Yamen he gained a high reputation for courtesy and amiability, and he is credited with having made efforts to restrain the violence of his colleagues. In 1891 he succeeded the late Marquis Tseng as President of the Admiralty Board, and on February 6th, 1894, he was raised by Imperial Decree from a Prince of the Second to one of the First Order. At the time of the Japanese War he was titular Commander-in-Chief of the Peking army, and he petitioned for leave to lead his forces against the enemy, which was not granted. Whatever his private views, his influence is not great—the Tsungli Yamen being a board with no initiating power, and simply intended to amuse the foreigners, lull them into a condition of soporific contentment, and stave off difficulty.

Of the group of generals, Nieh, Ma, Sou, Ikotenga and Tung—the last-named is the most important and formidable. He is neither a Manchu nor a Chinese but an ex-Mahomedan of

Central Asia. The names Fu-Hsiang, appearing after Tung, simply signify General, and the first mention I find of him is in 1890 as Brigadier at Aksu, in Kashgaria. When he next appears on the scene, it is in a more prominent capacity, in July, 1895, as the general to whom is entrusted the task of crushing the Tungan rebellion in the province of Kansuh. The explanation of his turning up at Peking was that during the Japanese War he had brought a considerable force from Central Asia, or the New Dominion, for the defence of the capital. The successes he achieved in this task are fully set forth in the gazettes of the following December, and in the spring of 1896 the Mahomedan rising is described officially as being at an end. Tung then returned to Peking, but he was too turbulent and formidable a soldier to be retained in the capital. A special post was, therefore, improvised for him, and in January, 1898, he left for Pingyang, to take up the command of the troops in the provinces of Shansi, Shensi and Kansuh. There was a report that he had been instructed to prepare Pingyang as a new capital for the dynasty. His return from Pingyang in January last, with 10,000 troops, largely recruited from ex-Mahomedans, was a warning of coming trouble that ought not to have been neglected. Tung is a truculent and ferocious soldier, but there is no reason to believe that he is a capable general, and it is a fact that his success in Kansuh was largely due to one of his subordinates.

Of the other generals named, Nieh is probably the most important, and he is, with some reason, believed to be the friend of Jung Lu. Nieh-Sze-Cheng—not to be confounded with Nieh-Chi-Kuei, once Superintendent of Shanghai Arsenal and Taotai of Shanghai—held a command during the Japanese War, and he was one of the generals who saved their reputation by not be-

ing absolutely beaten. After the war he was made provincial Commander-in-Chief in Pe-Chili, and entrusted with the control of the Wuyi or foreign-drilled army corps. This force forms the *élite* of the Chinese Army, formerly drilled by Germans and lately by Russians, and consists of 30 battalions (15,000 men) of infantry. Its headquarters are at Lutai, north of Tientsin. It is impossible to resist the conclusion that if Jung Lu and Nieh had been sufficiently energetic and wholehearted, they possessed a sufficient force of disciplined troops to deal with any number of Boxers. On the most favorable supposition it looks as if they were only trimmers.

General Ma is the Ma-yu-Kun who fought by no means badly in the Japanese War at Pingyang, and I believe him to be the son of Ma Julung, a border chief who, after being a Mahomedan, took a prominent part in suppressing the Panthay rebellion in Yunnan. He holds, with General Nieh, a command in the armies around Peking. General, sometimes called Marshal, Sou holds a command on the southern frontier in Kwangsi, and has a good deal to do with the French, by whom he is considered a man of ability. It must be noted to his credit that he has kept a disturbed border, long the home of desperadoes, in a state of marked tranquillity. The last of the generals is Ikotenga, the Manchu Governor-General of Manchuria, whose name has not yet been mentioned in reference to current events at Peking, but whose influence and reputation are, undoubtedly, great. During the Japanese War he showed no inconsiderable skill, and the Japanese paid him several compliments, among others that of being the first Chinese general to assume the offensive. As Governor-General of Manchuria he has also done extremely well, trebling the revenue in three years. He is probably the ablest

official in China, but it is morally certain that the Russians have already made sure of his co-operation.

I now come to six great functionaries all of Chinese race. They are in their order of importance, Li Hung Chang, Chang Chih Tung, Lin Kun Yi, Sheng Taotai, Wang Wen Chao and Li Ping Hien. It may be said that they are all more or less well known among Europeans—Li Hung Chang, indeed, being known throughout the world.

It is unnecessary to attempt any detailed description of Li Hung Chang. Of unrivalled experience, this prominent mandarin, who boasts of his five generations of Hanlin ancestors, has fallen much of late years in general estimation. Whereas he used to be called the Vice-Emperor, his removal from office on September 7th, 1898, was described as "purifying the Yamen." Among his own countrymen his name has become a by-word, and they all attribute to him the fault of China's collapse in 1894-5. Still more is he blamed for having signed the 1896 Secret Treaty with Russia, which was so soon followed by the loss of Port Arthur and Tallienwan. His appointment to the Viceroyalty of Kwangtung and Kwangsi at Canton was intended as an honorable retirement, but events in the north have made some persons think that he might render some useful service. This hope must prove fallacious for other reasons, besides the weighty fact that he is in his 78th year. The great influence he had in China has waned and almost disappeared. It was largely due to his skill and success in composing difficulties and arranging compromises with the Foreign Powers, and the present difficulty does not admit of a compromise. He cannot screen the offenders at Peking from exalting their crimes on outraged humanity, and if he cannot his services in their eyes are useless. Nor can he be of use to us as a repre-

sentative of the Chinese people, because they do not believe in him, and will not have him at any price. There are grave reasons for doubting the sincerity of his sentiments in favor of progress, and after the close of his European tour he became, perhaps through disappointment at its meagre results, as reactionary as the worst of the Tartars. I remember well General Gordon saying to me that if we put Li Hung Chang in the place of the Manchus, as was talked of in 1880, we should find him more obstructive and difficult than the present dynasty. I think we should be prepared at any moment to see Li Hung Chang range himself on the side of the reactionaries and anti-foreigners as soon as he finds that matters cannot be patched up by one of his favorite make-believes. To whatever side he attaches himself he will bring little strength. His reputation and following are both gone, and his political like his physical vigor is now but a wreck.

Of Chang Chih Tung, the Viceroy of the dual Houkwang province, it is impossible to speak in any terms but those of respect. He is, however, old and cautious, and although he has latterly expressed ideas favorable to foreigners and progress, he was during the greater part of his career intensely conservative and anti-foreign. In that respect he was the open opponent of Li Hung Chang, with whom he was always at enmity, but his principal claim to fame was his denunciation of Chung How's treaty with Russia in 1880. As Viceroy of the Llang Kiang provinces—Kiangsi, Kiangsu and Anhui—he did excellent work at Nanking, restoring the prosperity of that city. In 1889 he came forward as the exponent of the views of China for the Chinese School in connection with the projected Hankow-Peking railway, and obtained a triumph over Li Hung Chang, which seemed dearly purchased when he was

transferred from Nanking to Hankow—or rather to Wouchang—to build his own railway. He has held the Viceroyalty there during the last eleven years, and his administration has been characterized by honesty and efficiency. In 1897 he took his fellow countrymen into his confidence by publishing a volume of "Essays on Exhortations to Study," in which he showed the imperative necessity for China to change her methods. It was a complete *volte face* on the part of the lately Chauvinist Governor-General, and made a correspondingly great sensation. The Emperor read the work and distributed 40 copies of it with his own hands. It was the first impulse he received to induce him to take up the question of reform. There are two drawbacks to the value of Chang Chih Tung's possible co-operation besides the fact that he is getting old. His military reforms have been on a limited scale, and he does not possess the available force to take any active part in restoring order outside his provinces where his authority is beyond challenge. Secondly, he retains strong prejudices against foreigners for encouraging the traffic in opium, which he declares is debasing the Chinese people. This grievance occupies a very prominent place in his mind, and merits attention, as he might make it the excuse for reverting to an anti-foreign attitude at any moment. The great reputation of Chang Chih Tung would make him a useful ally in any political enterprise in Central China, but at the same time it must be noted that his alliance would not be so easy to obtain as is thought on account of the prejudices and old-fashioned opinions he still retains, despite his having recently become an advocate of progress.

Liu Kun Yi, the other satrap of the Yangtse Valley, rules at Nanking, and possesses the greater absolute power of the two. Beside, he is a younger man,

and possesses the energy that characterizes the inhabitants of his native province Hunan. He entered the service in 1861, and is now about 61 or 62. From 1875 to 1879 he first held the Viceroyalty of the Two Kiang, when he was disgraced in an official but not dishonorable sense. Soon afterwards he was appointed to Wouchang, and then, in 1889, he and Chang Chih Tung changed places. There remains this remarkable fact, that during 25 years the greater part of the important Yangtse Valley has been governed by two men. Liu has devoted far more attention to military matters than Chang, and his army of 20,000 men is well trained and well armed. He has also a small fleet, generally designated the Nanking Flotilla. He is supposed to be very well disposed to England, and has often declared his intention of protecting trade and maintaining good relations with us. But it will be prudent to remember that he is, after all, a Chinese Viceroy and not a rebel. The support that is to be looked for from him must, therefore, be only passive and local on the most favorable assumption, and we should always be prepared, in the event of Chinese successes or of delays in the Powers asserting their superiority, for these friendly and progressive Viceroys being carried away by a wave of nationalism. They are, in the first place, natives of China, and members of the oldest and most exclusive Civil Service in the world.

Sheng, Taotai of Shanghai, and Director-General of Railways, is, perhaps, the ablest among the Chinese as Iko-tenga is among the Manchus. He is thoroughly unscrupulous, and for craft and cunning not to be approached. As Imperial Commissioner and then Resident in Tibet, he gained as far back as 1890, when he was a young man, a reputation for not neglecting his opportunities, which has adhered to him

ever since. He was one of those pronounced blameworthy for the reverses in 1894-5, and he nearly lost his head. Instead of this calamity his good fortune decreed that he should receive the profitable office of Customs Taotai at Tientsin. This was in 1896, and in the following year he blossomed into Vice-President of the Board of Revision, and Director-General of the new Railway Department. He then founded the Chinese Imperial Bank, from which his countrymen can borrow at an interest ranging from 25 to 50 per cent. As Taotai at Shanghai we must have a great deal to do with him during the present crisis. He is a man to watch and to be guarded with. He resembles Li Hung Chang in several respects and he is said to be related to him. But there is no love lost between them, and Li Hung Chang tried to supplant him two years ago by one of his own creatures named Ma Chi Chang. Sheng was also unpopular with the Tsungli Yamen, and probably the source of his power was the Empress Dowager herself, whose avarice was propitiated by a share in his business profits. He is a man certain to be heard much of, and he will no doubt pose as the friend of the foreigner. The mantle of Li Hung Chang in respect of guile and humbug is falling on his shoulders.

Wang Wen Chao, Governor of Hunan in 1890, Viceroy of Yunnan in 1893, Viceroy of Pe-Chili in 1895, and again appointed in 1899, when Jung Lu's other appointments monopolized his time, is too old to take any active part in affairs. He is a man of moderation, and the friend of Prince Ching and Jung Lu. He is said to have been killed in an attempt to save the Legations. It is impossible to speak of Li Ping Hien, the last of the greater Chinese officials I have named, without some feeling of regret, as but for German arbitrariness he might have played

a useful part in regenerating his country. By all accounts, Li Ping Hien was one of the most capable men in China, and it was he who defeated the French at Langson. In 1894 he appears as Governor designate of Shantung, and in the following year he was at his post. In 1897 he was specially mentioned by Yu Yin Lin, Fantai or provincial treasurer of Anhui, in his remarkable memorial to the Emperor as one of the men who would save China. When Liu Ping Chang was dismissed from the Viceroyship of Szchuen at the instance of the British Government, Li Ping Hien was nominated his successor. Before his departure he unfortunately got into trouble with the Germans, who made their famous descent on Kiaochao, and insisted on his removal because two German missionaries had been killed in the natal city of Confucius. Instead of proceeding to Szchuen, Li Ping Hien was, after a long diplomatic wrangle, "cashiered and declared incapable of holding any *high office*," while the Manchu Governor of Foochow, Ju Lu, ex-Viceroy of Manchuria, went to Chung King in his stead. Thanks to German inflexibility, Li Ping Hien, who might have been a progressist, is now the pronounced enemy of the foreigner and all his works.

In conclusion, I would name certain men about whom there are no detailed particulars to be given, but who may come more prominently forward in the near future. Among these Weng Tun Ho, the ex-tutor of the Emperor Kwangsu, disgraced some months before the collapse of the Reform Movement, and now living in retirement, is perhaps the most prominent. He is the firm opponent of Russia, and with better backing might have thwarted Count Cassini. Then there are the two Tsengs, viz., Tseng Kuang-luan, the present Marquis, and his cousin, the Earl of Weiyl. A third Tseng is Tseng

Kuang-chin, nephew and adopted son of the late Ambassador, who signed the treaty of St. Petersburg, now editing a progressive Chinese paper in Shanghai, and believed to be a protégé of Viceroy Liu of Nanking. Another possibly useful official of experience is Li Chong Fung, commonly called while in England Lord Li. He is a nephew, and was for a time the adopted son, of Li Hung Chang. He was once Minister to Japan, and signed the treaty of Shimonoseki as well as his relation, whom he also accompanied to Europe in 1896. Since his return to China on that occasion he has been living quietly in retirement at Shanghai. Finally, there are two Chinese of special interest of whom absolutely nothing is known, but whose hereditary claims are indisputable. One is the Marquis Ch'eng,

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representative of the Ming dynasty, and as such allowed by the Manchus to sacrifice on the tombs of the dynasty at Nanking. The other is the Duke of Yen, the direct descendant of Confucius, and the possessor of the only hereditary dukedom in China. His mere name raises before us a long vista of possible popular reforms in China; but no doubt he would make the first condition of his co-operation the exclusion of all foreign missionaries. These are, however, idle conjectures or remote contingencies. For the moment the outlook is not promising for any cordial or sincere co-operation on the part of Chinese officials, and the goodwill of even the "friendly" Viceroy of the Yangtse Valley must not be subjected to too severe a strain.

Demetrius C. Boulger.

IF I WERE KING OF IRELAND.

My love's a match in beauty
 For every flower that blows;
 Her little ear's a lily,
 Her velvet cheek a rose;
 Her locks, like gillygowans,
 Hang golden to her knee,
 If I were King of Ireland,
 My queen she'd surely be.

Her eyes are fond forget-me-nots,
 And no such snow is seen
 Upon the heaving hawthorn bush
 As crests her bodice green.
 The thrushes, when she's talking,
 Sit listening on the tree.
 If I were King of Ireland,
 My queen she'd surely be.

Her folk look more above for her,
I know the darling better;
So I've set down my love for her
All in one secret letter.

* * * * *

And here's her answer back to me;
My heart, my heart keep steady!
If I were King of Ireland?
I'm King, I'm King already.

The Cornhill Magazine.

Alfred Perceval Graves.

THE PIOUS PILGRIMAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN."

When the gray November weather came, and hung its soft dark clouds low and unbroken over the brown of the ploughed fields and the vivid emerald of the stretches of winter corn, the heavy stillness weighed my heart down to a forlorn yearning after the pleasant things of childhood, the petting, the comforting, the warming faith in the unfailing wisdom of elders. A great need of something to lean on, and a great weariness of independence and responsibility took possession of my soul; and looking round for support and comfort in that transitory mood, the emptiness of the present and the blankness of the future sent me back to the past with all its ghosts. Why should I not go and see the place where I was born, and where I lived so long; the place where I was so magnificently happy, so exquisitely wretched, so close to heaven, so near to hell, always either up on a cloud of glory, or down in the depths with the waters of despair closing over my head? Cousins live in it now, distant cousins, loved with the exact measure of love usually bestowed on cousins who reign in one's stead; cousins of practical views who have dug up the flower-beds and planted cab-

bage where roses grew; and though through all the years since my father's death I have held my head so high that it hurt, and loftily refused to listen to their repeated suggestions that I should revisit my old home, something in the sad listlessness of the November days sent my spirit back to old times with a persistency that would not be set aside, and I woke from my musings surprised to find myself sick with longing.

It is foolish but natural to quarrel with one's cousins, and especially foolish and natural when they have done nothing, and are mere victims of chance. Is it their fault that my not being a boy placed the shoes I should otherwise have stepped into at their disposal? I know it is not; but their blamelessness does not make me love them more. "*Noch ein dummes Frauenzimmer!*" cried my father, on my arrival into the world—he had three of them already, and I was his last hope—and a *dummes Frauenzimmer* I have remained ever since; and that is why for years I would have no dealings with the cousins in possession, and that is why, the other day, overcome by the tender influence of the weather, the purely sentimental longing to join

hands again with my childhood was enough to send all my pride to the winds, and to start me off without warning and without invitation on my pilgrimage.

I have always had a liking for pilgrimages, and if I had lived in the Middle Ages would have spent most of my time on the way to Rome. The pilgrims, leaving all their cares at home, the anxieties of their riches or their debts, the wife that worried and the children that disturbed, took only their sins with them, and, turning their backs on their obligations, set out with that sole burden, and perhaps a cheerful heart. How cheerful my heart would have been, starting on a fine morning, with the smell of the spring in my nostrils, fortified by the approval of those left behind, accompanied by the pious blessings of my family, with every step getting farther from the suffocation of daily duties, out into the wide fresh world, out into the glorious free world, so poor, so penitent, and so happy! My dream, even now, is to walk for weeks with some friend that I love, leisurely wandering from place to place, with no route arranged and no object in view, with liberty to go on all day or to linger all day, as we choose; but the question of luggage, unknown to the simple pilgrim, is one of the rocks on which my plans have been shipwrecked, and the other is the certain censure of relatives, who, not fond of walking themselves, and having no taste for noonday naps under hedges, would be sure to paralyze my plans before they had grown to maturity by the honest horror of their cry, "How very unpleasant if you were to meet anyone you know!" The relative of five hundred years back would simply have said, "How holy."

My father had the same liking for pilgrimages—indeed, it is evident that I have it from him—and he encouraged it in me when I was little, taking me

with him on his pious journeys to places he had lived in as a boy. Often have we been together to the school he was at in Brandenburg, and spent pleasant days wandering about the old town on the edge of one of those lakes that lie in a chain in that wide green plain; and often have we been in Potsdam, where he was quartered as a lieutenant, the Potsdam pilgrimage including hours in the woods around and in the gardens of Sans Souci, with the second volume of Carlyle's "Frederick" under my father's arm; and often did we spend long summer days at the house in the Mark, at the head of the same blue chain of lakes, where his mother spent her young years, and where, though it belonged to cousins, like everything else that was worth having, we could wander about as we chose, for it was empty, and sit in the deep windows of rooms where there was no furniture, and the painted Venuses and Cupids on the ceiling still smiled irrelevantly and stretched their futile wreaths above the emptiness beneath. And while we sat and rested, my father told me, as my grandmother had a hundred times told him, all that had happened in those rooms in the far-off days when people danced and sang and laughed through life, and nobody seemed ever to be old or sorry.

There was, and still is, an inn within a stone's throw of the great iron gates, with two very old lime trees in front of it, where we used to lunch on our arrival at a little table spread with a red and blue check cloth, the lime blossoms dropping into our soup, and the bees humming in the scented shadows overhead. I have a picture of the house by my side as I write, done from the lake in old times, with a boat full of ladies in hoops and powder in the foreground, and a youth playing a guitar. The pilgrimages to this place were those I loved the best.

But the stories my father told me,

sometimes odd enough stories to tell a little girl, as we wandered about the echoing rooms, or hung over the stone balustrade and fed the fishes in the lake, or picked the pale dog-roses in the hedges, or lay in the boat in a shady reed-grown bay while he smoked to keep the mosquitoes off, were after all only traditions, imparted to me in small doses from time to time, when his earnest desire not to raise his remarks above the level of dulness supposed to be wholesome for *Backfische* was neutralized by an impulse to share his thoughts with somebody who would laugh; whereas the place I was bound for on my latest pilgrimage was filled with living, first-hand memories of all the enchanted years that lie between two and eighteen. How enchanted those years are, is made more and more clear to me the older I grow. There has been nothing in the least like them since; and though I have forgotten most of what happened six months ago, every incident, almost every day, of those wonderful long years is perfectly distinct in my memory.

But I had been stiffnecked, proud, unpleasant, altogether cousinly in my behavior towards the people in possession. The invitations to revisit the old home had ceased. The cousins had grown tired of refusals, and had left me alone. I did not even know who lived in it now, it was so long since I had had any news. For two days I fought against the strong desire to go there that had suddenly seized me, and assured myself that I would not go, that it would be absurd to go, undignified, sentimental and silly; that I did not know them and would be in an awkward position, and that I was old enough to know better. But who can foretell from one hour to the next what a woman will do? And when does she ever know better? On the third morning I set out as hopefully as though it were the most natural thing in the

world to fall unexpectedly upon hitherto consistently neglected cousins, and expect to be received by them with open arms.

It was a complicated journey, and lasted several hours. During the first part, when it was still dark, I glowed with enthusiasm, with the spirit of adventure, with delight at the prospect of so soon seeing the loved place again; and thought with wonder of the long years I had allowed to pass since last I was there. Of what I should say to the cousins, and of how I should introduce myself into their midst, I did not think at all; the pilgrim spirit was upon me, the unpractical spirit that takes no thought for anything, but simply wanders along enjoying its own emotions. It was a quiet, sad morning, and there was a thick mist. By the time I was in the little train on the light railway that passed through the village nearest my old home, I had got over my first enthusiasm, and had entered the stage of critically examining the changes that had been made in the last ten years. It was so misty that I could see nothing of the familiar country from the carriage windows, only the ghosts of pines in the front row of the forests; but the railway itself was a new departure, unknown in our day, when we used to drive over ten miles of deep, sandy forest roads to and from the station, and although most people would have called it an evident and great improvement, it was an innovation due, no doubt, to the zeal and energy of the reigning cousin; and who was he, thought I, that he should require more conveniences than my father had found needful? It was no use my telling myself that in my father's time the era of light railways had not dawned, and that if it had, we should have done our utmost to secure one; the thought of my cousin stepping into my shoes, and then altering them, was odious to me. By the time I was

walking up the hill from the station I had got over this feeling too, and had entered a third stage of wondering uneasily what in the world I should do next. Where was the intrepid courage with which I had started? At the top of the first hill I sat down to consider this question in detail, for I was very near the house now, and felt I wanted time. Where, indeed, was the courage and joy of the morning? It had vanished so completely that I could only suppose that it must be lunch time, the observations of years having led to the discovery that the higher sentiments and virtues fly affrighted on the approach of lunch, and none fly quicker than courage. So I ate the lunch I had brought with me, hoping that it was what I wanted; but it was chilly, made up of sandwiches and pears, and it had to be eaten under a tree at the edge of a field; and it was November, and the mist was thicker than ever and very wet—the grass was wet with it, the gaunt tree was wet with it, I was wet with it, and the sandwiches were wet with it. Nobody's spirits can keep up under such conditions; and as I ate the soaked sandwiches I deplored the headlong courage more with each mouthful that had torn me from a warm, dry home where I was appreciated, and had brought me first to the damp tree in the damp field, and, when I had finished my lunch and dessert of cold pears, was going to drag me into the midst of a circle of unprepared and astonished cousins. Vast sheep loomed through the mist a few yards off. The sheep-dog kept up a perpetual, irritating yap. In the fog I could hardly tell where I was, though I knew I must have played there a hundred times as a child. After the fashion of woman directly she is not perfectly warm and perfectly comfortable, I began to consider the uncertainty of human life, and to shake my head in gloomy approval as lugubrious lines of

pessimistic poetry suggested themselves to my mind.

Now, it is clearly a desirable plan, if you want to do anything, to do it in the way consecrated by custom, more especially if you are a woman. The rattle of a carriage along the road just behind me, and the fact that I started and turned suddenly hot, drove this truth home to my soul. The mist hid me, and the carriage, no doubt full of cousins, drove on in the direction of the house; but what an absurd position I was in! Suppose the kindly mist had lifted and revealed me lunching in the wet on their property, the cousin of the short and lofty letters, the *unangenehme Elisabeth!* "*Die war doch immer verdreht,*" I could imagine them hastily muttering to each other, before advancing decked with welcoming smiles. It gave me a great shock, this narrow escape, and I got on to my feet quickly, and burying the remains of my lunch under the gigantic molehill on which I had been sitting, asked myself nervously what I proposed to do next. Should I walk back to the village, go to the *Gasthof*, write a letter craving permission to call on my cousins and wait there till an answer came? It would be a discreet and sober course to pursue; the next best thing to having written before leaving home. But the *Gasthof* of a North German village is a dreadful place, and the remembrance of one in which I had taken refuge once from a thunderstorm was still so vivid that nature itself cried out against this plan. The mist, if anything, was growing denser. I knew every path and gate in the place. What if I gave up all hope of seeing the house, and went through the little door in the wall at the bottom of the garden, and confined myself for this once to that? In such weather I would be able to wander round as I pleased, without the least risk of being seen by or meeting any cousins, and it was after all the garden

that lay nearest my heart. What a delight it would be to creep into it unobserved, and revisit all the corners I so well remembered, and slip out again and get away safely without any need of explanations, assurances, protestations, displays of affection; without any need, in a word, of that exhausting form of conversation, so dear to relations, known as *Redensarten*!

The mist tempted me. I think if it had been a fine day I would have gone soberly to the *Gasthof* and written the conciliatory letter; but the temptation was too great, it was altogether irresistible, and in ten minutes I had found the gate, opened it with some difficulty, and was standing with a beating heart in the garden of my childhood.

Now I wonder whether I shall ever again feel thrills of the same potency as those that ran through me at that moment. First of all I was trespassing, which is in itself thrilling; but how much more thrilling when you are trespassing on what might just as well have been your own ground, on what actually was for years your own ground, and when you are in deadly peril of seeing the rightful owners, whom you have never met, but with whom you have quarrelled, appear round the corner, and of hearing them remark with an enquiring and awful politeness "I do not think I have the pleasure—?" Then the place was unchanged. I was standing in the same mysterious tangle of damp little paths that had always been just there; they curled away on either side among the shrubs, with the brown tracks of recent footsteps in the centre of their green stains, just as they did in my day. The overgrown lilac bushes still met above my head. The moisture dripped from the same ledge in the wall on to the sodden leaves beneath, as it had done all through the afternoons of all those past Novembers. This was the place, this damp and gloomy tangle, that had spe-

cially belonged to me. Nobody ever came to it, for in winter it was too dreary, and in summer so full of mosquitoes that only a *Backfisch* indifferent to spots could have borne it. But it was a place where I could play unobserved, and where I could walk up and down uninterrupted for hours, building castles in the air. There was an unwholesome little arbor in one dark corner, much frequented by the larger black slug, where I used to pass glorious afternoons making plans. I was forever making plans, and if nothing came of them, what did it matter? The mere making had been a joy. To me this out-of-the-way corner was always a wonderful and a mysterious place, where my castles in the air stood close together in radiant rows, and where the strangest and most splendid adventures befell me; for the hours I passed in it and the people I met in it were all enchanted.

Standing there and looking round with happy eyes, I forgot the existence of the cousins. I could have cried for joy at being there again. It was the home of my fathers, the home that would have been mine if I had been a boy, the home that was mine now by a thousand tender and happy and miserable associations, of which the people in possession could not dream. They were tenants, but it was my home. I threw my arms round the trunk of a very wet fir tree, every branch of which I remembered, for had I not climbed it, and fallen from it, and torn and bruised myself on it unaccountable numbers of times? and I gave it such a hearty kiss that my nose and chin were smudged into one green stain, and still I did not care. Far from caring, it filled me with a reckless, *Backfisch* pleasure in being dirty, a delicious feeling that I had not had for years. Alice in Wonderland, after she had drunk the contents of the magic bottle, could not have grown

smaller more suddenly than I grew younger the moment I passed through that magic door. Bad habits cling to us, however, with such persistency that I did mechanically pull out my handkerchief and begin to rub off the welcoming smudge, a thing I never would have dreamed of doing in the glorious old days; but an artful scent of violets clinging to the handkerchief brought me to my senses, and with a sudden impulse of scorn, the fine scorn for scent of every honest *Backfisch*, I rolled it up into a ball and flung it away into the bushes, where I dare say it is to this day. "Away with you," I cried, "away with you, symbol of conventionality, of slavery, of pandering to a desire to please—away with you, miserable little lace-edged rag!" And so young had I grown within the last few minutes that I did not even feel silly.

As a *Backfisch* I had never used handkerchiefs—the child of nature scorns to blow its nose—though for decency's sake my governess insisted on giving me a clean one of vast size and stubborn texture on Sundays. It was stowed away unfolded in the remotest corner of my pocket, where it was gradually pressed into a beautiful compactness by the other contents, which were knives. After a while, I remember the handkerchief being brought to light on Sundays to make room for a successor, and, being manifestly perfectly clean, we came to an agreement that it should only be changed on the first and third Sundays in the month, on condition that I promised to turn it on the other Sundays. My governess said that the outer folds became soiled from the mere contact with the other things in my pocket, and that visitors might catch sight of the soiled side, if it was never turned, when I wished to blow my nose in their presence, and that one had no right to give one's visitors shocks. "But I never do wish—" I began with very great earn-

estness. "*Unsinn*," said my governess, cutting me short.

After the first thrills of joy at being there again had gone, the profound stillness of the dripping little shrubbery frightened me. It was so still that I was afraid to move; so still, that I could count each drop of moisture falling from the oozing wall; so still, that when I held my breath to listen I was deafened by my own heart-beats. I made a step forward in the direction where the arbor ought to be, and the rustling and jingling of my clothes terrified me into immobility. The house was only two hundred yards off, and if any one had been about, the noise I had already made opening the creaking door and so foolishly apostrophizing my handkerchief must have been noticed. Suppose an enquiring gardener or a restless cousin should presently loom through the fog, bearing down upon me? Suppose *Fräulein Wundermacher* should pounce upon me suddenly from behind, coming up noiselessly in her galoshes, and shatter my castles with her customary triumphant "*Jetzt halte ich dich aber fest!*" Why, what was I thinking of? *Fräulein Wundermacher*, so big and masterful, such an enemy of day-dreams, such a friend of *das Praktische*, such a lover of creature comforts, had died long ago, had been succeeded long ago by others, German sometimes, and sometimes English, and sometimes at intervals French; and they, too, had all in their turn vanished, and I was here a solitary ghost. "Come, Elizabeth," said I to myself impatiently, "are you actually growing sentimental over your governesses? If you think you are a ghost, be glad at least that you are a solitary one. Would you like the ghosts of all those poor women you tormented to rise up now in this gloomy place against you? And do you intend to stand here till you are caught?" And thus exhorting myself to action, and

recognizing how great was the risk I ran in lingering, I started down the little path leading to the arbor and the principal part of the garden, going, it is true, on tiptoe, and very much frightened by the rustling of my petticoats, but determined to see what I had come to see, and not to be scared away by phantoms.

How regretfully did I think at that moment of the petticoats of my youth, so short, so silent and so woollen! And how convenient the canvas shoes were with the indiarubber soles, for creeping about without making a sound! Thanks to them, I could always run swiftly and unheard into my hiding-places, and stay there listening to the garden resounding with cries of "Elizabeth! Elizabeth! Come in at once to your lessons!" Or, at a different period, "*Où êtes-vous donc, petite sotte?*" Or, at yet another period, "*Warte nur, wenn ich dich erst habe!*" As the voices came round one corner, I whisked in my noiseless clothes round the next, and it was only Fräulein Wundermacher, a person of resource, who discovered that all she needed for my successful circumvention was galoshes. She purchased a pair, wasted no breath calling me, and would come up silently, as I stood lapped in a false security, lost in the contemplation of a squirrel or a robin, and seize me by the shoulders from behind, to the grievous unbinging of my nerves. Stealing along in the fog, I looked back uneasily once or twice, so vivid was this disquieting memory, and could hardly be reassured by putting up my hand to the elaborate twists and curls that compose what my maid calls my *Frisur*, and that mark the gulf lying between the present and the past; for it had happened once or twice, awful to relate and to remember, that Fräulein Wundermacher, sooner than let me slip through her fingers, had actually caught me by the long plait of hair to whose other end

I was attached, and whose English name I had been told was pigtail, just at the instant when I was springing away from her into the bushes; and so had led me home triumphant, holding on tight to the rope of hair, and muttering with a broad smile of special satisfaction, "*Diesmal wirst du mir aber nicht entschüpfen!*" Fräulein Wundermacher, now I came to think of it, must have been a humorist. She was certainly a clever and a capable woman. But I wished at that moment that she would not haunt me so persistently, and that I could get rid of the feeling that she was just behind in her galoshes, with her hand stretched out to seize me.

Passing the arbor, and peering into its damp recesses, I started back with my heart in my mouth. I thought I saw my grandfather's stern eyes shining in the darkness. It was evident that my anxiety lest the cousins should catch me had quite upset my nerves, for I am not by nature inclined to see eyes where eyes are not. "Don't be foolish, Elizabeth," murmured my soul in rather a faint voice, "go in and make sure." "But I don't like going in and making sure," I replied. I did go in, however, with a sufficient show of courage, and fortunately the eyes vanished. What I should have done if they had not I am altogether unable to imagine. Ghosts are things that I laugh at in the daytime and fear at night, but I think if I were to meet one I should die. The arbor had fallen into great decay, and was in the last stage of mouldiness. My grandfather had had it made, and, like other buildings it enjoyed a period of prosperity before being left to the ravages of slugs and children, when he came down every afternoon in summer and drank his coffee there and read his *Kreuzzeitung* and dozed, while the rest of us went about on tiptoe, and only the birds dared sing. Even the mosquitoes

that infested the place were in too much awe of him to sting him; they certainly never did sting him, and I naturally concluded it must be because he had forbidden such familiarities. Although I had played there for so many years since his death, my memory skipped them all, and went back to the days when it was exclusively his. Standing on the spot where his arm-chair used to be, I felt how well I knew him now from the impressions he made then on my child's mind, though I was not conscious of them for more than twenty years. Nobody told me about him, and he died when I was six, and yet within the last year or two, that strange Indian summer of remembrance that comes to us in the leisured times when the children have been born and we have time to think, has made me know him perfectly well. It is rather an uncomfortable thought for the grown-up, and especially for the parent, but of a salutary and restraining nature, that though children may not understand what is said and done before them, and have no interest in it at the time, and though they may forget it at once and for years, yet these things that they have seen and heard and not noticed have after all impressed themselves for ever on their minds, and when they are men and women come crowding back with surprising and often painful distinctness, and away frisk all the cherished little illusions in flocks.

I had an awful reverence for my grandfather. He never petted, and he often frowned, and such people are generally revered. Besides, he was a just man, everybody said; a just man who might have been a great man if he had chosen, and risen to almost any pinnacle of worldly glory. That he had not so chosen was held to be a convincing proof of his greatness, for he was plainly too great to be great in the vulgar sense, and shrouded himself in

the dignity of privacy and potentialities. This, at least, as time passed and he still did nothing, was the belief of the simple people around. People must believe in somebody, and having pinned their faith on my grandfather in the promising years, that lie round thirty, it was more convenient to let it remain there. He pervaded our family life till my sixth year, and saw to it that we all behaved ourselves, and then he died, and we were all glad that he should be in heaven. He was a good German (and when Germans are good they are very good) who kept the Commandments, voted for the Government, grew prize potatoes and bred innumerable sheep, drove to Berlin once a year with the wool in a procession of wagons behind him and sold it at the annual *Wollmarkt*, rioted soberly for a few days there, and then carried most of the proceeds home, hunted as often as possible, helped his friends, punished his children, read his Bible, said his prayers, and was genuinely astonished when his wife had the affectation to die of a broken heart. I cannot pretend to explain this conduct. She ought, of course, to have been happy in the possession of so good a man; but good men are sometimes oppressive, and to have one in the house with you and to live in the daily glare of his goodness must be a tremendous business. After bearing him seven sons and three daughters, therefore, my grandmother died in the way described, and afforded, said my grandfather, another and a very curious proof of the impossibility of ever being sure of your ground with women. The incident faded more quickly from his mind than it might otherwise have done from its having occurred simultaneously with the production of a new kind of potato, of which he was justly proud. He called it *Trost in Trauer*, and quoted the text of Scripture *Auge um Auge, Zahn um Zahn*, after which he did not again al-

lude to his wife's decease. In his last years, when my father managed the estate, and he only lived with us and criticised, he came to have the reputation of an oracle. The neighbors sent him their sons at the beginning of any important phase in their lives, and he received them in this very arbor, administering eloquent and minute advice in the deep voice that rolled round the shrubbery and filled me with a vague sense of guilt as I played. Sitting among the bushes playing muffled games for fear of disturbing him, I supposed he must be reading aloud, so unbroken was the monotony of that majestic roll. The young men used to come out again bathed in perspiration, much stung by mosquitoes, and looking bewildered; and when they had got over the impression made by my grandfather's speech and presence, no doubt forgot all he had said with wholesome quickness, and set themselves to the interesting and necessary work of gaining their own experience. Once, indeed, a dreadful thing happened, whose immediate consequence was the abrupt end to the long and close friendship between us and our nearest neighbor. His son was brought to the arbor and left there in the usual way, and either he must have happened on the critical half hour after the coffee and before the *Kreuzzeitung*, when my grandfather was accustomed to sleep, or he was more courageous than the others and tried to talk, for very shortly, playing as usual near at hand, I heard my grandfather's voice, raised to an extent that made me stop in my game and quake, saying with deliberate anger, "*Hebe dich weg von mir, Sohn des Satans!*" Which was all the advice this particular young man got, and which he hastened to take, for out he came through the bushes, and though his face was very pale, there was an odd twist about the corners of his mouth that reassured me.

This must have happened quite at the end of my grandfather's life, for almost immediately afterwards, as it now seems to me, he died before he need have done because he would eat crab, a dish that never agreed with him, in the face of his doctor's warning that if he did he would surely die. "What! Am I to be conquered by crabs?" he demanded indignantly of the doctor; for, apart from loving them with all his heart, he had never yet been conquered by anything. "Nay, sir, the combat is too unequal—do not, I pray you, try it again," replied the doctor. But my grandfather ordered crabs that very night for supper, and went in to table with the shining eyes of one who is determined to conquer or die, and the crabs conquered, and he died. "He was a just man," said the neighbors, except that nearest neighbor, formerly his best friend, "and might have been a great one had he so chosen." And they buried him with profound respect and the sunshine came into our home life with a burst, and the birds were not the only creatures that sang, and the arbor, from having been a temple of Delphic utterances, sank into a home for slugs.

Musing on the strangeness of life, and on the invariable ultimate triumph of the insignificant and small over the important and vast, illustrated in this instance by the easy substitution in the arbor of slugs for grandfathers, I went slowly round the next bend of the path, and came to the broad walk along the south side of the high wall dividing the flower garden from the kitchen garden, in which sheltered position my father had had his choicest flowers. Here the cousins had been at work, and all the climbing roses that clothed the wall with beauty were gone, and some very neat fruit trees, tidily nailed up at proper intervals, reigned in their stead. Evidently the cousins knew the value

of this warm aspect, for in the border beneath, filled in my father's time in this month of November with the wall-flowers that were to perfume the walk in spring, there was a thick crop of—I stooped down close to make sure—yes, a thick crop of radishes. My eyes filled with tears at the sight of those radishes, and it is probably the only occasion on record on which radishes have made anybody cry. My dear father, whom I so passionately loved, had in his turn passionately loved this particular border, and spent the spare moments of a busy life enjoying the flowers that grew in it. He had no time himself for a more near acquaintance with the delights of gardening than directing what plants were to be used, but found rest from his daily work strolling up and down here, or sitting smoking as close to the flowers as possible. "It is the Purest of Humane pleasures, it is the Greatest Refreshment to the Spirits of Man," he would quote (for he read other things besides the *Kreuzzeitung*), looking round with satisfaction on reaching this fragrant haven after a hot day in the fields. Well, the cousins did not think so. Less fanciful, and more sensible as they probably would have said, their position plainly was that you cannot eat flowers. Their spirits required no refreshment, but their bodies needed much, and therefore radishes were more precious than wallflowers. Nor was my youth wholly destitute of radishes, but they were grown in the decent obscurity of odd kitchen garden corners and old cucumber frames, and would never have been allowed to come among the flowers. And only because I was not a boy, here they were profaning the ground that used to be so beautiful. Oh, it was a terrible misfortune not to have been a boy! And how sad and lonely it was, after all, in this ghostly garden. The radish bed and what it symbolized had turned my

first joy into grief. This walk and border reminded me too much of my father, and of all he had been to me. What I knew of good he had taught me, and what I had of happiness was through him. Only once during all the years we lived together had we been of different opinions and fallen out, and it was the one time I ever saw him severe. I was four years old, and demanded one Sunday to be taken to church. My father said, No; for I had never been to church, and the German service is long and exhausting. I implored. He again said, No. I implored again, and showed such a pious disposition, and so earnest a determination to behave well, that he gave in, and we went off very happily hand in hand. "Now mind, Elizabeth," he said, turning to me at the church door, "there is no coming out again in the middle. Having insisted on being brought, thou shalt now sit patiently till the end." "Oh, yes, oh, yes," I promised eagerly, and went in filled with holy fire. The shortness of my legs, hanging helplessly for two hours midway between the seat and the floor, was the weapon chosen by Satan for my destruction. In German churches you do not kneel, and seldom stand, but sit nearly the whole time, praying and singing in great comfort. If you are four years old, however, this unchanged position soon becomes one of torture. Unknown and dreadful things go on in your legs, strange prickings and tinglings and dartings up and down, a sudden terrifying numbness, when you think they must have dropped off, but are afraid to look, then renewed and fiercer prickings, shootings and burnings. I thought I must be very ill, for I had never known my legs like that before. My father sitting beside me was engrossed in the singing of a chorale that evidently had no end; each verse finished with a long-drawn-out hallelujah, after which the organ

played by itself for a hundred years—by the organist's watch, which was wrong, two minutes exactly—and then another verse began. My father, being the patron of the living, was careful to sing and pray and listen to the sermon with exemplary attention, aware that every eye in the little church was on our pew, and at first I tried to imitate him; but the behavior of my legs became so alarming that after vainly casting imploring glances at him and seeing that he continued his singing unmoved, I put out my hand and pulled his sleeve.

"Hal-le-lu-jah," sang my father with deliberation; continuing in a low voice without changing the expression of his face, his lips hardly moving, and his eyes fixed abstractedly on the ceiling till the organist, who was also the postman, should have finished his solo, "Did I not tell thee to sit still, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then do it."

"But I want to go home."

"*Unsinn.*" And the next verse beginning, my father sang louder than ever. What could I do? Should I cry? I began to be afraid I was going to die on that chair, so extraordinary were the sensations in my legs. What could my father do to me if I did cry? With the quick instinct of small children I felt that he could not put me in the corner in church, nor would he whip me in public, and that with the whole village looking on, he was helpless, and would have to give in. Therefore I tugged his sleeve again and more peremptorily, and prepared to demand my immediate removal in a loud voice. But my father was ready for me. Without interrupting his singing, or altering his devout expression, he put his hand slowly down and gave me a hard pinch—not a playful pinch, but a good hard unmistakable pinch, such as I had never imagined possible—and then went on

serenely to the next hallelujah. For a moment I was petrified with astonishment. Was this my indulgent father, my playmate, adorer and friend? Smarting with pain, for I was a round baby, with a nicely stretched, tight skin, and dreadfully hurt in my feelings, I opened my mouth to shriek in earnest when my father's clear whisper fell on my ear, each word distinct and not to be misunderstood, his eyes as before gazing meditatively into space, and his lips hardly moving. "*Elisabeth, wenn du schreiest, kneife ich dich bis du platzt.*" And he finished the verse with unruffled decorum—

Will Satan mich verschlingen,
So lass die Engel singen

Hallelujah.

We never had another difference. Up to then he had been my willing slave, and after that I was his.

With a smile and a shiver I turned from the border and its memories to the door in the wall leading to the kitchen garden in a corner of which my own little garden used to be. The door was open, and I stood still a moment before going through, to hold my breath and listen. The silence was as profound as before. The place seemed deserted; and I should have thought the house empty and shut up but for the carefully tended radishes and the recent footmarks on the green of the path. They were the footmarks of a child. I was stooping down to examine a specially clear one, when the loud caw of a very bored-looking crow sitting on the wall just above my head made me jump as I have seldom in my life jumped, and reminded me that I was trespassing. Clearly my nerves were all to pieces, for I gathered up my skirts and fled through the door as though a whole army of ghosts and cousins were at my heels, nor did I stop till I had reached the remote corner where my garden was. "Are

you enjoying yourself, Elizabeth?" asked the mocking sprite that calls itself my soul; but I was too much out of breath to answer.

This was really a very safe corner. It was separated from the main garden and the house by the wall, and shut in on the north side by an orchard, and it was to the last degree unlikely that any one would come there on such an afternoon. This plot of ground, turned now as I saw into a rockery, had been the scene of my most untiring labors. Into the cold earth of this north border on which the sun never shone I had dug my brightest hopes. All my pocket-money had been spent on it, and as bulbs were dear and my weekly allowance small, in a fatal hour I had borrowed from Fräulein Wundermacher, selling her my independence, passing utterly into her power, forced as a result till my next birthday should come round to an unnatural suavity of speech and manner in her company, against which my very soul revolted. And after all, nothing came up. The labor of digging and watering, the anxious zeal with which I pounced on weeds, the poring over gardening books, the plans made as I sat on the little seat in the middle gazing admiringly and with the eye of faith on the trim surface so soon to be gemmed with a thousand flowers, the reckless expenditure of *pfennings*, the humiliation of my position in regard to Fräulein Wundermacher,—all, all had been in vain. No sun shone there, and nothing grew. The gardener who reigned supreme in those days had given me this big piece for that sole reason, because he could do nothing with it himself. He was no doubt of opinion that it was quite good enough for a child to experiment upon, and went his way when I had thanked him with a profuseness of gratitude I still remember, with an unmoved countenance. For more than a year I worked and

waited, and watched the career of the flourishing orchard opposite with puzzled feelings. The orchard was only a few yards away, and yet, although my garden was full of manure and water, and attentions that were never bestowed on the orchard, all it could show and ever did show were a few unhappy beginnings of growth that either remained stationary and did not achieve flowers, or dwindled down again and vanished. Once I timidly asked the gardener if he could explain these signs and wonders, but he was a busy man with no time for answering questions, and told me shortly that gardening was not learned in a day. How well I remembered that afternoon, and the very shape of the lazy clouds, and the smell of spring things, and myself going away abashed and sitting on the shaky bench in my domain and wondering for the hundredth time what it was that made the difference between my bed and the bit of orchard in front of me. The fruit trees, far enough away from the wall to be beyond the reach of its cold shade, were tossing their flower-laden heads in the sunshine in a careless, well-satisfied fashion that filled my heart with envy. There was a rise in the field behind them, and at the foot of its protecting slope they luxuriated in the insolent glory of their white and pink perfection. It was May, and my heart bled at the thought of the tulips I had put in in November, and that I had never seen since. The whole of the rest of the garden was on fire with tulips; behind me, on the other side of the wall, were rows and rows of them—cups of translucent loveliness, a jewelled ring flung right round the lawn. But what was there not on the other side of that wall? Things came up there and grew and flowered exactly as my gardening books said they should do; and in front of me, in the gay orchard, things that nobody ever

troubled about or cultivated or noticed throve joyously beneath the trees—daffodils thrusting their spears through the grass, crocuses peeping out enquiringly, snowdrops uncovering their small cold faces when the first shivering spring days came. Only my piece that I so loved was perpetually ugly and empty. And I sat in it thinking of these things on that radiant day, and wept aloud.

Then an apprentice came by, a youth who had often seen me busily digging, and noticing the unusual tears, and struck perhaps by the difference between my garden and the profusion of splendor all around, paused with his barrow on the path in front of me, and remarked that nobody could expect to get blood out of a stone. The apparent irrelevance of this statement made me weep still louder, the bitter tears of insulted sorrow; but he stuck to his point, and harangued me from the path, explaining the connection between north walls and tulips and blood and stones till my tears all dried up again and I listened attentively, for the conclusion to be drawn from his remarks was plainly that I had been shamefully taken in by the head gardener, who was an unprincipled person, thenceforward to be forever mistrusted and shunned. Standing on the path from which the kindly apprentice had expounded his proverb, this scene rose before me as clearly as though it had taken place that very day; but how different everything looked, and how it had shrunk! Was this the wide orchard that had seemed to stretch away, it and the sloping field beyond, up to the gates of heaven? I believe nearly every child who is much alone goes through a certain time of hourly expecting the Day of Judgment, and I had made up my mind that on that Day the heavenly host would enter the world by that very field, coming down the slope in shining ranks, treading the

daffodils under foot, filling the orchard with their songs of exultation, joyously seeking out the sheep from among the goats. Of course, I was a sheep, and my governess and the head gardener goats, so that the results could not fail to be in every way satisfactory. But looking up at the slope and remembering my visions, I laughed at the smallness of the field I had supposed would hold all heaven.

Here, again, the cousins had been at work. The site of my garden was occupied by a rockery, and the orchard grass with all its treasures had been dug up, and the spaces between the trees planted with currant bushes and celery in admirable rows, so that no future little cousins will be able to dream of celestial hosts coming towards them across the fields of daffodils, and will perhaps be the better for being free from visions of the kind, for as I grew older, uncomfortable doubts laid hold of my heart with cold fingers, dim uncertainties as to the exact ultimate position of the gardener and the governess, anxious questionings as to how it would be if it were they who turned out after all to be sheep, and I who—? For that we all three might be gathered into the same fold at the last, never, in those days, struck me as possible, and if it had I should not have liked it.

"Now what sort of person can that be," I asked myself, shaking my head, as I contemplated the changes before me, "who could put a rockery among vegetables and currant bushes? A rockery, of all things in the gardening world, needs consummate tact in its treatment. It is easier to make mistakes in forming a rockery than in any other garden scheme. Either it is a great success, or it is a great failure; either it is very charming, or it is very absurd. There is no state between the sublime and the ridiculous possible in a rockery." I stood shaking my head

disapprovingly at the rockery before me, lost in these reflections, when a sudden quick pattering of feet coming along in a great hurry made me turn round with a start, just in time to receive the shock of a body tumbling out of the mist and knocking violently against me.

It was a little girl of about twelve years old.

"Hullo!" said the little girl in excellent English; and then we stared at each other in astonishment.

"I thought you were Miss Robinson," said the little girl, offering no apology for having nearly knocked me down. "Who are you?"

"Miss Robinson? Miss Robinson?" I repeated, my eyes fixed on the little girl's face, and a host of memories stirring within me. "Why, didn't she marry a missionary and go out to some place where they ate him?"

The little girl stared harder. "Ate him? Marry? What, has she been married all this time to somebody who's been eaten and never let on? Oh, I say, what a game!" And she threw back her head and laughed till the garden rang again.

"O hush, you dreadful little girl!" I implored, catching her by the arm, and terrified beyond measure by the loudness of her mirth. "Don't make that horrid noise—we are certain to be caught if you don't stop—"

The little girl broke off a shriek of laughter in the middle and shut her mouth with a snap. Her eyes, round and black and shiny like boot buttons, came still farther out of her head. "Caught?" she said eagerly. "What, are you afraid of being caught too? Well, this *is* a game!" And with her hands plunged deep in the pockets of her coat she capered in front of me in the excess of her enjoyment, reminding me of a very fat black lamb frisking round the dazed and passive sheep to its mother.

It was clear that the time had come for me to get down to the gate at the end of the garden as quickly as possible, and I began to move away in that direction. The little girl at once stopped capering and planted herself squarely in front of me. "Who are you?" she said, examining me from my hat to my boots with the keenest interest.

I considered this ungarnished manner of asking questions impertinent, and, trying to look lofty, made an attempt to pass at the side.

The little girl, with a quick, cork-like movement, was there before me.

"Who are you?" she repeated, her expression friendly but firm.

"Oh, I—I'm a pilgrim," I said in desperation.

"A pilgrim!" echoed the little girl. She seemed struck, and while she was struck I slipped past her and began to walk quickly towards the door in the wall. "A pilgrim!" said the little girl again, keeping close beside me, and looking me up and down attentively. "I don't like pilgrims. Aren't they people who are always walking about, and have things the matter with their feet? Have you got anything the matter with your feet?"

"Certainly not," I replied indignantly, walking still faster.

"And they never wash, Miss Robinson says. You don't either, do you?"

"Not wash? Oh, I'm afraid you are a very badly brought-up little girl—oh, leave me alone—I must run—"

"So must I," said the little girl, cheerfully, "for Miss Robinson must be close behind us. She nearly had me just before I found you." And she started running by my side.

The thought of Miss Robinson close behind us gave wings to my feet, and, casting my dignity, of which, indeed, there was but little left, to the winds, I fairly flew down the path. The little girl was not to be outrun, and, though

she panted and turned weird colors, kept by my side and even talked. Oh, I was tired, tired in body and mind, tired by the different shocks I had received, tired by the journey, tired by the want of food; and here I was being forced to run because this very naughty little girl chose to hide instead of going in to her lessons.

"I say—this is jolly—" she jerked out.

"But why need we run to the same place?" I breathlessly asked, in the vain hope of getting rid of her.

"Oh, yes—that's just—the fun. We'd get on—together—you and I—"

"No, no," said I, decided on this point, bewildered though I was.

"I can't stand washing—either—its awful—in winter—and makes one have —chaps."

"But I don't mind it in the least," I protested faintly, not having any energy left.

"Oh, I say!" said the little girl, looking at my face and making the sound known as a guffaw. The familiarity of this little girl was wholly revolting.

We had got safely through the door, round the corner past the radishes, and were in the shrubbery. I knew from experience how easy it was to hide in the tangle of little paths, and stopped a moment to look round and listen. The little girl opened her mouth to speak. With great presence of mind I instantly put my muff in front of it and held it there tight, while I listened. Dead silence, except for the labored breathing and struggles of the little girl.

"I don't hear a sound" I whispered, letting her go again. "Now, what did you want to say?" I added, eyeing her severely.

"I wanted to say," she panted, "that it's no good pretending you wash with a nose like that."

"A nose like that! A nose like what?" I exclaimed, greatly offended; and though I put up my hand and very tenderly and carefully felt it, I could

find no difference in it. "I am afraid poor Miss Robinson must have a wretched life," I said, in tones of deep disgust.

The little girl smiled fatuously, as though I were paying her compliments. "It's all green and brown," she said, pointing. "Is it always like that?"

Then I remembered the wet fir tree near the gate, and the enraptured kiss it had received, and blushed.

"Won't it come off?" persisted the little girl.

"Of course it will come off," I answered, frowning.

"Why don't you rub it off?"

Then I remembered the throwing away of the handkerchief and blushed again.

"Please lend me your handkerchief," I said humbly, "I—I have lost mine."

There was a great fumbling in six different pockets, and then a handkerchief that made me young again merely to look at it was produced. I took it thankfully and rubbed with energy, the little girl, intensely interested, watching the operation and giving me advice. "There—it's all right now—a little more on the right—there—now it's all off."

"Are you sure? No green left?" I anxiously asked.

"No, it's red all over now," she replied cheerfully. "Let me get home," thought I, very much upset by this information, "let me get home to my dear, uncritical, admiring babies, who accept my nose as an example of what a nose should be and whatever its color think it beautiful." And thrusting the handkerchief back into the little girl's hands I hurried away down the path. She packed it into her pocket hastily, but it took some seconds, for it was of the size of a small sheet, and then came running after me. "Where are you going?" she asked, surprised, as I turned down the path leading to the gate.

"Through this gate," I replied with decision.

"But you mustn't—we're not allowed to go through there—"

So strong was the force of old habits in that place that at the words *not allowed* my hand dropped of itself from the latch; and at that instant a voice calling quite close to us through the mist struck me rigid.

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" called the voice. "Come in at once to your lessons—Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

"It's Miss Robinson," whispered the little girl, twinkling with excitement; then, catching sight of my face, she said once more with eager insistence, "Who are you?"

The National Review.

"Oh, I'm a ghost!" I cried with conviction, pressing my hands to my forehead and looking round fearfully.

"Pooh," said the little girl.

It was the last remark I heard her make, for there was a creaking of approaching boots in the bushes, and seized by a frightful panic I pulled the gate open with one desperate pull, flung it to behind me, and fled out and away down the wide, misty fields.

The "Gotha Almanach" says that the reigning cousin married the daughter of a Mr. Johnstone, an Englishman, in 1885, and that in 1886 their only child was born, Elizabeth.

THE POPLAR.

The life of the slow, scented gale,
Dies on the sunny hill,
The stream steals voiceless through the vale,
The listening woods are still.

The gold-green oaks that shade the land
No movement make, or sound,
The sycamores and cedars stand
Mute in a dream profound.

Of all the sylvan band alone
At its far trembling height,
The poplar on its island-throne
Is troubled with delight.

A spirit stirs its leafy peak.
As though it held in air
Discourse with shapes unseen that speak
Celestial tidings there.

So souls that soar may feel, may see
A freedom and a glow,

Which bless not the grey apathy
Creeping content below.

May catch the heightened moods that bring
The thoughts that burn and shine;
May hear the stars of morning sing,
And drink the winds divine.

Macmillan's Magazine.

SOME RECENT NOVELS OF MANNERS.*

There is nothing more vexing and misleading than an arbitrary classification; but, after all, names are a necessity, and it is impossible to talk about the modern novel with any chance of distinctness unless one specifies the class of novel that is referred to. And, since prose fiction began to stand alone as a separate art, there have always been two main types of story—the novel of incident and the novel of observation. Naturally the types have overlapped; human intelligence more than anything else in the world refuses to be shut into watertight compartments; but still there exists a broad distinction between the story told as a traveller may tell his adventures in Abyssinia or Peru, and the story concerned from start to finish with circumstances familiar to the audience in their own daily life. And—broadly speaking again—the novel of incident commends itself to men, the novel of observation to women. Our curiosity is limited by our imagination, and the bulk of us care most for the recital of such actions as we can see ourselves

take part in. In the secret chambers of our mind we still play, as we played when we were children, at being heroes and heroines, though we select the precise type of heroism (or villainy) with a little more discrimination. We do not aspire after the entirely incongruous; if our flesh has succumbed under the ordeal of a Channel crossing, we avoid the identification of ourselves with the young rescuer of the shipwrecked. But still, there is scarcely a man so tied by custom in soul as well as body to his office-stool that he does not conceive it possible, and even desirable, that he too might take a hand in bloodshed and feel the lust of combat rise in his veins. The battle instinct survives in the sex that did the fighting long after there had ceased to be any fighting for it to do. But woman, who in the old times readily identified her emotions with those of the valiant knight, and who listened—or so one may suppose from the old forms of literature—with more interest to the recital of innumerable tourneyings than to any love song—

* 1. *The Danvers Jewels*. By Mary Cholmondeley. London: Bentley, 1887.

2. *Sir Charles Danvers*. By Mary Cholmondeley. London: Bentley, 1889.

3. *Diana Tempest*. By Mary Cholmondeley. London: Bentley, 1898.

4. *Red Pottage*. By Mary Cholmondeley. London: Arnold, 1899.

5. *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1898.

6. *The Double Thread*. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. London: Hutchinson, 1899.

7. *The Farringdons*. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. London: Hutchinson, 1900.

she has greatly lost touch with these fiercer emotions; and among novel-readers women make the majority.

That is why in every novel the love interest is obligatory. When you have that, you have something that appeals to every woman—something that she can compare, not, perhaps, with her actual experiences, but with those infinite capabilities of which she alone is aware; and therefore, to win her approbation, if the story be one of risks and adventures, they must at least be risked and adventured for the sake of a woman. If the novelist neglects this interest he does so at his peril; women have hardly yet become reconciled to Stevenson, because in the books by which he became famous there was no love-story. Still, in Stevenson there was always that charm which is not proper to the novel as a novel—the fascination of romance; the sense everywhere, at every turn of the narrative, that there is something waiting always just beyond the corner; and this touch of mystery is felt less by women than by men, yet it is felt by all human beings who have a susceptibility to the influences of literature. But give to the average educated lady a book like Mr. Morley Roberts's "Sea Comedy," which is simply an admirable yarn of rough-and-tumble adventure, with the grimmest issues taken in a jesting spirit, and the book will have no interest for her. She has no possible concern in the scenes that pass on board a ship homeward bound from Australia with a crew of broken miners, half of them "Shanghaied" or trepanned, and every mother's son with a revolver in his pocket. But, on the other hand, every man will enter at once into the spirit of the adventure, and he will have a man's admiration for a man, the hard-fisted ruffian who first of all sharks up the crew out of hospitals and gambling dens, and then manages to keep such a make-shift for

discipline as lands the ship safe in port without throat-cutting. If he had been laboring for the blue eyes of a fair-haired lass, discreetly suggested in the first chapter, hinted at in moments of high emotion throughout, and introduced with a pink halo on the last page, the book might have been a novel in the orthodox form, and women might have read it; as it was, it remained a yarn, and one of the best of its kind, but Mudie's, probably, had very little call for copies.

A book of this sort is a saga, and a saga of the old Icelandic type; it appeals to man, the aboriginal fighting animal, who is more concerned with the fight than the motive of the fighter. But the pleasure of recognition, of identifying our own latent instincts translated into act, is, in a book like this, only for men, whereas the successful novel easily eschews such a limitation of the potential audience. The superficial interests of men and of women are to-day widely similar, and a novel that deals with the ordinary life of civilized society gives this pleasure to both sexes, but chiefly to the sex which is *par excellence* the sex of novel-readers. Hence, in spite of the vogue which the historical novel has recently attained, there arises the domination of the novel of manners; yet it must not be supposed that here the novelist has to move checked and fettered by the laws of common probability. The most popular novel of manners is that based mainly on imagination. It contrives to pay a double debt, gratifying the human interest in a story, and tickling the human curiosity where that curiosity is most sensitive. Mr. Hall Caine, in "The Christian," revealed to a palpitating public the monstrous wickedness that goes on in London hospitals, and showed how patients generally owe their lives to the sagacity and resolution of a raw probationer. The information was vouched for as ac-

curate by the author, and it was just the information that the general public desired. Accuracy was a matter of slight importance; to have a picture of the life lived by people whom one met in the street, but not elsewhere, to see the true inwardness of what was only vaguely recorded in the newspapers—this the average novel-reader, the person in whose hands lie pecuniary success and failure, demanded of the popular instructor. For novels of manners resolve themselves into two classes—those which are based on knowledge and those which rear a fabric on imagination. And for solid success it is to the latter we should look. The power to gratify a popular curiosity accounts for the stupefying fact that Miss Marie Corelli is read by tens of thousands. She describes society—the haunt of wicked peers and abandoned peeresses—not exactly as it is, but exactly as her audience wishes to hear it described. Her books are to her audience “as good as a sermon,” and much better too, because they are more detailed. A work like Ouida’s powerful piece of rhetoric, “The Mas-sarenes,” does not rest on direct observation but it rests on facts; it is not life but it comes as near life as satire is bound to do. A book like “The Murder of Delicia” is true to nothing in heaven and earth but Miss Corelli’s imagination. And yet Miss Corelli has been so successful that it is impossible, in an essay of this kind, to omit at least so much reference to her as is contained in saying that her work is entirely undeserving of any consideration.

Miss Corelli ranks as a novelist of manners by intention rather than by result, but it is plainly her intention to depict not so much individuals as classes; to render not a single character but the character of a society. The distinction is important for our present purpose, and it may be well to dwell

upon it. A novelist who sets out to tell us what men and women *may be* like uses imagination for the purposes of psychology; one who tells us what they are like uses observation. The stronger the emotional interest, whether roused by violent and exciting incident or by the suggestion of some great spiritual crisis, the more difficult it is to avoid concentrating all attention on the principal figure, unless, like Scott, the writer fixes our minds on the events themselves rather than on the persons affected by them. But in the day of small things interest is diffused, and we observe all the actors, we note their individual peculiarities, we listen to general comment, every accessory has a value in its own right, we see things and people as they are in themselves, not in relation to some tragic personage. The room where a murderer sits takes a shadow from the murder, but the room where three old ladies combine to talk gossip has a physiognomy of its own. Where there is no overmastering central preoccupation the novelist may atone for its absence by the great significance given to detail, and a catholicity of concern.

Let us illustrate by examples. In “Tess of the D’Urbervilles” Mr. Hardy’s object is to portray character, but individual character, to show us the nature of Tess shaking off alien accretions and shooting up into the final glory of its tragic blossom. Every other actor affects us in a way through Tess; we judge them by their dealings with her, by their contrast to her figure or their harmony with it. So true an artist as Mr. Hardy is indifferent to no form of human life, but he depicts the surroundings for the sake of Tess. On the other hand the novelist of manners is concerned to combine and to contrast in the picture groups rather than individuals. There is no character in Miss Austen’s works who so dominates

a story, none who is such an emotional centre as Tess. But on the other hand look at the skill with which this subtle artist marks off not only individualities but the gradations between group and group in the very limited section of society that she knows and treats of. The county families, the stray visitors from the world of London, the professional men like the clergy and barristers, the indigent gentilefolk of country towns, who barely escape social relations with the shopkeeper—all these are differentiated so perfectly that every character which figures is true not only to its own nature, but to the class from which it comes. Miss Ferrier, aiming at a similar result, was forced to employ the most glaring contrasts—to plunge fine ladies into the house of a Highland laird, or bring a Highland lass in among the blue-stockings at Bath; and her work is superannuated these fifty years. Even Thackeray makes his task easier for himself than Miss Austen did; his oppositions were obvious; the life of the soldier or the Bohemian is naturally incompatible with that of the stockbroker or merchant, and a less skilful hand could have drawn out the contrast between Major Pendennis and old Costigan. But after all Thackeray would be the novelist of manners *par excellence* if he were not so much more. When subtlety of discrimination is needed it never fails, and the households of the prosperous Osbornes and the broken-down Sedleys are rendered in every detail with the same certain touch as Becky's card parties, or Lord Steyne's ball. But the genius of the novelist half obscures his art, and in thinking of Becky and Amelia we forget that, just to fill in the picture, he has accomplished what is the lifelong effort of laborious artists.

Recent fiction never attempts such a range as Thackeray's; it is prone to limit its study to a single class. Mr.

George Glissing, to name a typical example, has written the novel of manners with genuine talent. His "New Grub Street" is an amazing study of the people who live the most uncomfortable of all lives, between two classes; meeting on the stair that leads up and down from the recognized literary world. It is a sordid ascent, a squalid descent, as Mr. Glissing sees it, and that, perhaps, is why he is a neglected excellence. Mr. George Moore in "Esther Waters" gained a wider popularity with a study conceived in a similar spirit, but dealing with a class—the hanger-on of race-courses—whose lives are of more general interest, and have less frequently been treated in literature. But for the full measure of success the novel of manners must be the novel of Society—with a capital S. Mr. E. F. Benson recognized that fact some time ago, and made his profit out of it; his last book, "Mammon & Co.," gave the public what it wanted, a story about the sort of people with titles who not only are, but call themselves, "smart" (an adjective we find it hard to reconcile our ear to), with details about a baccarat party thrown in. The book was clever enough, but, without entering into the questions of taste which it suggests one has to object to its insincerity. A lady who misconducts herself without the excuse of passion is made to develop scruples which she certainly would not have felt; and this tampering with truth out of a desire to conciliate sympathy for a person who does not deserve it appears to us an offence against the morality of art. Mr. Benson gratifies at the same time the taste for scandal and the taste for false pathos; it is an achievement, but not one on which he is to be congratulated. Let us talk rather of two other novelists who come under the same classification—Miss Cholmondeley, who is much more talented than

Mr. Benson, and Miss Fowler, who is much more successful.

The first fact that strikes one about these ladies is the fact of their sex. They are both novelists who write stories exclusively about love, but who write them as social philosophers. They are both somewhat sententious and the main text of their moralizings is love. Consequently, one is led to the conclusion that the British public delights in novels which consist mainly in moralizings about love, and that it likes the moralizings about love to be done by unmarried women. One must distinguish however. Miss Cholmondeley, who is not nearly so lavish of her aphorisms, writes, it is true, like a woman with a limited outlook upon life, but she writes like a woman of the world. Miss Fowler writes like a clever girl. It is true that the public thinks her, and with some reason, to be extremely witty; but we have a shrewd suspicion that her readers also admire and buy her because she is so wise—almost as wise as Miss Corelli. That, however, is merely a matter of conjecture; our business is to say how the work of these two ladies, when taken as outstanding representatives of their art, impresses our most candid judgment.

Miss Cholmondeley does not date from yesterday, though her first notable success came after Miss Fowler's. "Red Pottage," the only one of her novels which "took the town by storm," appeared last autumn. The first of them, a story of less than the orthodox length, called "The Danvers Jewels," was published in 1887. As a piece of work it has no great merit, but it is of interest as proving that Miss Cholmondeley's first interest was in plot, and her first model Wilkie Collins. In this book the story—a story of wildly improbable robbery—is narrated in the first person by an elderly colonel who has that childlike faith in his own

knowledge of the world, which is certainly more characteristic of elderly colonels, when they happen to be stupid, than of any other type of stupid man. The trick of making a narrator unconsciously expose his own oddities and short-comings is one that had been worn rather threadbare in the generation to which Wilkie Collins belonged, and Miss Cholmondeley was no doubt conscious of the fact. But in one of the other characters she hit upon a type that interested her, and she made him the hero of her next novel which bore his name, "Sir Charles Danvers." About this book one need only say that it is a decidedly clever book with a good plot of the mechanical kind; that is to say, a plot in which interesting circumstances happen as they might conceivably have happened to those very people, and throughout which the characters behave consistently. A great plot is one like that of "Vanity Fair," in which the events arise naturally and inevitably out of the characters, with nothing arbitrary about it; but it is a difficult matter to invent a story, even with arbitrary elements, which shall be interesting and probable, and Miss Cholmondeley may fairly claim to have mastered this accomplishment at her second attempt. The book was in other ways characteristic; it showed a decided talent for that species of pointed moralizing, which is a natural embellishment of the novel of manners, as, for example, in this passage:—

If conformity to type is indeed the one great mark towards which humanity should press, Mrs. Thursby may honestly be said to have attained to it. Everything she said or did had been said or done before, or she would never have thought of saying or doing it. Her whole life was a feeble imitation of the imitative lives of others; in short, it was the life of the ordinary country gentlewoman, who lives on her husband's property, and who, as Au-

gustus Hare says, "has never looked over the garden wall."

It is tolerably obvious that this paragraph would have been materially improved by the omission of the last sentence; and in the book the effect of the opening epigram is further diluted by two full pages of expansion. However, satire always tends to be diffuse; and satire was in that novel, and in its successors, a main part of Miss Cholmondeley's intention, and the objects of her satire have changed very little. Intolerance of provincialism, intolerance of stupid women, intolerance of stupid religion—those are natural marks of a clever woman living most of her time in the country. There was a positive glut of stupid women in that book, and one of them, Mrs. Alwynn, the almost imbecile wife of the kind and scholarly rector (a marriage not accounted for by Miss Cholmondeley), was a positive caricature. Indeed, Lady Mary, Sir Charles's matchmaking and religious aunt, is little more human. Satire has a license to overcharge traits; but Miss Cholmondeley has throughout failed to realize that all the characters in a novel ought to bear the same relation to life. If you overcharge consistently, as, for instance, Lever did, or Disraeli, or Dickens, the general effect is consistent; but if you obey the modesty of nature in one chapter, you must not affront it in another. This point must be raised here; but it can best be illustrated from "Red Pottage."

"Diana Tempest," which appeared in 1893, was at least as good a book as the one which made such a sensation last year. It had really a capital plot, though, again, of the arbitrary Wilkie Collins order. Colonel Tempest is brother to Mr. Tempest, of Overleigh, and Mr. Tempest is dying. Mr. Tempest has an heir, born in wedlock, but illegitimate. Mr. Tempest knows this,

Colonel Tempest knows it, every one knows it; and the boy, though brought up as the heir, has never been treated as a son. But there is a deadly feud between the brothers, since Colonel Tempest ran away with his brother's fiancée; and for that reason the owner of Overleigh lets the hereditary home pass to one who has only his name, and not his blood, sooner than see it go to a Tempest who first robbed him of the woman and then maltreated her. Nevertheless, Colonel Tempest hopes against hope, and at the very last makes an attempt, described in an admirably dramatic scene, to win the succession for himself and his son, Archie. But by the plea he uses—invoking the memory of the woman whom he stole, with a lack of imaginative sympathy that is, as Miss Cholmondeley insists, the mark of the entirely selfish—he only embitters the wronged man; and Colonel Tempest returns to London separated from the great inheritance by the barrier of this boy John, who is called John Tempest. A disreputable ruffian, hanger on of gambling dens, learns the situation, and makes a horrible suggestion. Will Colonel Tempest lay ten bets of a thousand to one that he never succeeds to the estate? Colonel Tempest yields to the temptation; the tempter, Swayne, disappears; and thus a machinery is set in motion which the first mover cannot control. All this is a kind of first act or prologue; the real action of the book begins when John Tempest has come to manhood, after a youth of unaccountable dangers and escapes. He is on friendly terms with his uncle and his cousin Archie (whose debts he pays), and the woman he is in love with is Colonel Tempest's daughter Diana, who lives not with her father, but her grandmother, Mrs. Courtenay. The psychological crisis of the book comes when John, who has been arrested in the very act of declaring his love by a

last attempt at assassination, and has virtually learnt Diana's love for him by her behavior in his peril, discovers his illegitimacy in the first stages of his convalescence. The melodramatic climax follows, when John, having divested himself of name and estate, that his uncle, the legitimate heir, may succeed, accompanies Archie to Paris, before the affair is made public, and Archie is killed by the assassin in mistake for John.

The whole thing is melodramatic, perhaps; but it is very good melodrama. Once you concede the possibility of a gentleman who has given a commission to effect a murder of his nephew, there is no reason why the holder of the commission should not, so to say, sublet the actual killing to ten different persons, each of them ignorant of the other's mission. It is an ingenious idea, but the criminal classes do not lack for ingenuity; and the position in which it leaves Colonel Tempest, of continual intercourse with a man against whom he has directed an engine, without knowing when or how it will strike, is admirably melodramatic. It is not one of the situations which arise directly out of nature; it is too ingeniously contrived to be poetic; but it is certainly very well planned. The tension of never-ending suspense is excellently suggested, and the futile efforts to undo the work half done already in a moment of remorse, when he sees John half burnt to death, are fully in keeping with the nature described. For there is a great deal in the book that rises high above the level of melodrama. Colonel Tempest and his son are finely drawn types of the selfish spendthrift, whose leading passion is self-pity. John Tempest, the hero, is strongly and consistently presented from his lonely childhood upwards, and his personality makes a vehicle for Miss Cholmondeley's own thoughts about many things—but es-

pecially upon the moral influence of birth, and the passion of an ancient race for the beauty and associations of its hereditary home. Miss Cholmondeley, at all events, knows what race means, and what breeding means; and she does not exaggerate the moral qualities they connote, for Colonel Tempest and his son are strongly stamped with the mark of *noblesse*; but their *noblesse* repudiates its obligations. Mrs. Courtenay, Diana's grandmother, the old lady who retains her position at the top of the ladder, defraying by tact and personal charm her deficiencies in wealth, is a portrait of the *grande dame*, who is worldly and wise, without being more worldly wise than is quite excusable.

And Diana is charming—brilliant, high-spirited, and intolerant, with the natural intolerance of youth for mediocrity and pretence. She is one of the people who had rather be disappointed than expect too little; and the first scene in which she figures is one of keen satire upon loveless marriage. She uses all her eloquence to dissuade a friend from her engagement to an elderly and unattractive *flancé*, and she half prevails; but at the critical moment the French maid brings in two rolls of brocade, between which the bride that is to be has still to make her choice.

Madeleine sat up and gave a little sigh.

"If she gives them up, she will give him up too," thought Di. "This is the turning-point."

"Di," she said, earnestly, "which would you advise—the mauve or the white and gold? I always think you have such taste."

Di started. She saw by that one sentence that the die had been thrown, though Madeleine herself was not aware of it. The moments of our most important decisions are often precisely those in which nothing seems to have been decided; and only long after-

wards, when we perceive with astonishment that the Rubicon has been crossed, do we realize that in that half-forgotten instant of hesitation as to some apparently unimportant side issue, in that unconscious movement that betrayed a feeling of which we were not aware, our choice was made. The crises of our life come like the kingdom of heaven—without observation. Our characters and not our deliberate actions decide for us; and even when the moment of crisis is apprehended at the time by the troubling of the water, action is generally a little late. Character, as a rule, steps down first. It was so with Madeleine.

Sir Henry owed his bride to the exactly timed appearance of a mauve brocade sprinkled with silver *fleurs-de-lis*. The maid turned it lightly, and the silver threads gleamed through the rich pale material.

"It is perfect," said Madeleine in a hushed voice; "absolutely perfect. Don't you think so, Di? And she says she will do it for forty guineas, as she is making me other things. The front is to be a silver gauze over plain mauve satin to match, and the train of the brocade. The white and gold is nothing to it."

"It is very beautiful," said Di, looking at it with a kind of horror. It seemed to her at the moment as if every one had his price.

That is decidedly good satire, delicate and intelligent; and the scene is dramatically sound, for it indicates better than anything else could, Diana's fundamental characteristics—a youthful generosity of courage and of scorn. We have only to regret that the chapter is injured by a fault of taste where Madeleine Thesinger, in her defence, says: "I can't go back now. It is wicked to break off an engagement. God would be very angry with me." And Miss Cholmondeley comments: "It is difficult to argue with any one who can make a Jorkins of the Almighty." Witty enough, no doubt, but Miss Cholmondeley can afford to leave out such witty things.

One criticism should be made before

we leave "Diana Tempest." On the whole the motives assigned to the characters are sound and natural throughout, though an arbitrary plot almost always entails a conventional psychology. But at one point the action lapses into pure convention. When John Tempest discovers the secret of his birth he is already morally bound to Diana. She is in London waiting for him to speak, and he knows what her answer will be. Let it be granted that from his point of view the marriage has become impossible; he owes to her at least the promptest explanation. Instead of that, he is made to leave her in doubt, presumably with the expectation that when she learns the secret she will guess his motive; but for the time being the bitterest of wounds is inflicted on her pride. Now, it is only in plays and books that people behave like that; in real life they have a common-sense instinct to avoid the infliction of unnecessary pain. Miss Cholmondeley overlooks this elementary fact, and in order to secure an extra complication in her plot makes John Tempest behave as no considerate man could have behaved to the woman whom he loved, and who had all but openly avowed her love for him.

"Red Pottage" is, at all events for the purpose of the present review, the most important of these books; it conforms more closely than the others to the type of the novel of manners. There is, of course, the same leading interest of a psychological study under arbitrary exciting circumstances. As most people know, in the first chapter Hugh Scarlett, at the very moment when he desires to escape from his *liaison* with Lady Newhaven, finds himself forced by Lord Newhaven into a duel of a novel kind. Lord Newhaven presents two paper lighters, one of which Hugh is to draw; the man with whom the short lighter remains is to kill himself within five months.

Hugh accepts, draws the short lighter, and finds himself condemned not merely to death, but to the decision of his own death and the torture of suspense—the same torture as destroyed Colonel Tempest's reason. It is an ingenious idea, and the working out is skilful and plausible; but the best things in the book lie outside of this ingenuity. There are many figures and most of them live; they say the things and do the things that they would have done, and say and do them in a personal way. Dick Vernon, the colonial man of many devices, and the wise, kind old bishop, are minor characters worthy of Trollope—and Miss Cholmondeley is never heavy-handed as Trollope sometimes was. Her two principal women—Rachel West and Hester Gresley—are finely drawn, and in Hester, the writer of books, she has contrived to suggest a touch of real genius—defined by contrast with the spurious article, the crowd of pretentious charlatans who assemble in the train of Sybell Loftus. The satiric intention is everywhere apparent in the book—satire sometimes explicit, sometimes teaching by examples. Lady Newhaven is Madeleine over again—the shallow, brainless woman, who makes a pretence of passion and religion, and drifts into intrigues under color of a moral mission to attractive but erring young men. Miss Cholmondeley is merciless to her, but perhaps not unjust. Her sketch of the literary and artistic affectations and hypocrisies is not strong enough nor lifelike enough to be taken quite seriously. But the central object of her attack is in this, as in all her books, the mean outgrowths of religion. "Corruptio optimi pessima;" and she attacks religious hypocrisy and religious bigotry with the passion of one who believes profoundly that the highest meaning of religion is to welcome and cherish any natural goodness, looking in a spirit of

love for whatever is sincere. Yet a satirist who is that and nothing more, is an advocate or an accuser, and has no call to be just:—a novelist cannot afford to be unjust to one character. Trollope, for instance, is never unjust to Mrs. Proudie. Miss Cholmondeley somewhat overcolors her parson, the Reverend James Gresley, Hester's brother. One need not dwell on the question of consanguinity, though another hand might have made traceable some family resemblance; let us simply take the alleged facts. Hester has been brought up in London with her aunt Lady Susan Gresley, and her own personal attractions of wit and breeding have made her something of a personage, some one sought after, even before her book was published and earned a brilliant success. Lady Susan had died, and Hester had gone into the country to live with her clergyman brother. This gives Miss Cholmondeley her chance to indicate the contrast not only between types but between classes, and she profits by it with enthusiasm. It is perfectly natural that Hester should find the qualities which made her a personage in London simply ignored in the country. In London she is a little person with a delicate and charming humor, courted by the set of people who have the sense of such qualities; in the country she is simply an unmarried woman, and in the country, as she finds to her consternation, your intimates are decided for you, not by affinity but by distance; you call your next-door neighbors by their Christian names. Naturally, the case is more than a little over-stated. Social talent finds its value in the country, as, for instance, Mr. George Meredith well knows; and it is not everybody in London who divides people into desirable and undesirable, according as they are agreeable or dull. But though no one can reasonably object to a certain emphasis there is a dis-

inction between portraiture and caricature. Hester is a portrait, Hester's brother's wife even is a portrait, though certainly no agreeable one, but Hester's brother approaches a caricature; an effective caricature, undoubtedly, for the intolerant, narrow-minded parson is by no means hard to find, and views upon the Dissenters such as Mr. Gresley expresses are sometimes expressed; yet still he is exaggerated, and, therefore, out of key with the rest. It is hardly conceivable that an educated man and a gentleman could be unaware of what was signified by such a success as is attributed to Hester's first book; and no man knowing that would think himself at liberty to burn the manuscript of its successor, the book which had been painfully brought to birth under his uncongenial roof. Such a man would certainly have felt himself entitled first to read the manuscript when it fell into his hands, just as he would hold himself entitled to open and read his wife's letters; and he might very possibly feel bound to take strong measures expressive of his disapprobation. He might, for instance, have told his sister that if the book were published he could no longer receive her in his house. But to stretch the *patria potestas* so far as to burn a valuable book which had been actually sold is a thing that no man could or would have done in the remotest country village. Yet the story hinges upon his doing so—in so far as it hinges on anything but the incident of the lighters. And, indeed, in this respect the book is inferior to "*Diana Tempest*," for whereas Diana affords a natural focus, a connecting link between the designs of Colonel Tempest and the designs of John, Rachel West, the woman whom Hugh Scarlett loves, divides the interest with Hester, and there is a certain want of unity resulting.

But one may recognize gratefully

that once these deductions are made the book remains a clever and extremely interesting book. And, although Mr. Gresley's portrait may be exaggerated in many details it is excellent reading. There is, for instance, the story of a temperance meeting sadly shattered by an address from Dick Vernon, the colonial, that endears itself to every one who has suffered from teetotal oratory. And the children, as everywhere in Miss Cholmondeley's books, are capital. Moreover, the philosophy of the end is a wise and kindly philosophy worthy of the bishop who dictates it. The issue of the duel is decided halfway through the book. Lord Newhaven waits until his anticipation verifies itself, and Hugh Scarlett fails to carry out the compact; then the drawer of the winning lot shows the doomed man how to die. But Hugh is held to life by his love for Rachel and his knowledge that the love is returned; and Rachel, like Lady Newhaven, believes that in the duel Lord Newhaven was the loser. Hugh has not the courage to undeceive her. But when all has seemed to settle down, and forgetfulness begins its work on Hugh's light nature, a message comes from the dead—a letter left by Lord Newhaven to be delivered a month after his death to his wife. It tells her the secret and arms her with a weapon, for she looks to Hugh to marry her; and when he refuses to do so, the truth is told in Rachel's presence, and he owns to it. Rachel turns on her lover with terrible scorn, and he goes out into a hell of remorse. Then the bishop, learning the whole story, tells her—what Miss Cholmondeley has learnt, we believe, from Maeterlinck, the gentlest of modern apostles—the duty and the responsibility laid upon her by love. The man has loved her, and he has broken his death-bond because of it; he has loved her, and has led to her because of it; and at

last, when he has her utter trust, with the means of successful deceit still in his grasp, he has reached a point at which he can lie to her no more, and he gives up his whole hope of happiness. Will she fail him now? Gradually the bishop urges upon her the truth that love is bound by its own insight; that she is committed, not to reject her lover because his act has proved him false to the conception she had formed of him, but rather to labor to shape his life into full accord with love's judgment of him. The measure of her duty is not his worthiness or unworthiness, but his need of her. And at the end Rachel consents, though Miss Cholmondeley does not condemn her to the lifelong sacrifice, but passes on Hugh a gentle sentence of death.

The scene between Rachel and the bishop is a fine scene, and an intensely dramatic scene. At this time, when novelists who have any gift but that of drama are dramatizing, or causing to be dramatized, their works, why does not Miss Cholmondeley write a play? A scene like that between John Tempest and his real father is ready for the stage. But one may congratulate her on possessing the power of invention which can compass situations that instantly stir us with a sense of drama; and, moreover, at least one admirable touch of the romantic invention may be adduced from "*Red Pottage*." When Hugh Scarlett goes out, driven by all the furies, from Rachel's bitter words, he has no clear thought, but only a vague prompting to find a refuge in death, and his feet lead him half consciously to the spot where a few months before he gave up his life for lost in the water till Lord Newhaven and another drew him out. Clearer and clearer the thought grows, and at last he knows where he is going, and runs as if to a wished goal through the bitter winter evening, recognizing familiar landmarks by the way, till, as he

reaches the spot, he is suddenly confronted with what his madness had forgotten—the impenetrable ice. That is really a fine piece of divination, and we, too, like Hugh, forget—like him, are surprised, and are at once astonished and delighted by the justness of the conception.

It will appear from what has been said that Miss Cholmondeley is not in the first instance a novelist of manners. Her chief concern is plot and dramatic or melodramatic psychology. But in so far as she is a satirist—in her study, for instance, of the Gresleys and their neighbors the Pratts, or of Mrs. Loftus and her pseudo-literary coterie, and in the contrast suggested between them and persons like Lord Newhaven, Rachel West, and the bishop, who are bound together not by proximity but by a community of taste and ideas, in a word, by culture—she is making her contribution to the novel of manners, setting down as she sees them certain contemporary types, fashions and societies. What is secondary with Miss Cholmondeley is of primary importance in Miss Fowler's amazingly successful books. She has written three novels, and in each of them the same material does duty, a smartly written presentment of London fashionable life (as Miss Fowler conceives or knows it), and a contrast to this—not suggested but doubly underlined—which is afforded by life in a midland manufacturing town, called in the books Silverhampton, but fairly to be identified with Wolverhampton—of which place, as every one knows, Sir Henry Fowler is a distinguished citizen. And each book is held together by a single personality—that of a clever, shrewish young woman who alternates between a quiet Dissenting household and the ballrooms and country houses of very fine folk indeed—importing into each environment a point of view derived from the other. Plot

there is none, or such a tissue of absurdities as is worse than none. Isabel Carnaby is a fashionable young woman who loses her heart to Paul Seaton, the son of a Wesleyan minister. They meet at a country house where Paul is acting as tutor; they become engaged, and Isabel behaves so unbearably to her *fiancé* that he breaks off the engagement and devotes his whole energies to literature. Six months later appears a novel which enjoys the success of scandal that is only created by a book in which characters can be identified. The authorship is attributed to Paul, who admits it; the virtuous Wesleyan household is deeply grieved, but urges him to retrieve the error by a book as improving as the other had been demoralizing, and he accepts the mission and becomes famous with a romance of lofty ideals. The only obstacle in his way is the black mark left against him by the first book; and at last Isabel, contrite and miserable, explains to Paul's parents that she and not Paul had been the author of it, and so all ends happily. This is not a very credible story, but much more so than the "Double Thread," its successor. In that a young soldier becomes acquainted with twin sisters, one a great heiress living luxuriously in London, the other a working gentlewoman on holiday in a country cottage. He makes love to the poor one, and the rich one makes love to him; every inducement is used to make him shift his allegiance, including at the last a charge of theft; for the poor sister has given him a priceless pink diamond and the rich one has lost a similar stone. He is much too high and noble even to ask for an explanation, and at last is confounded beyond measure by the intelligence that the twin sisters are not two but one and the same. His behavior when he learns this fact is not a little ridiculous. Miss Fowler's men are the most

arbitrary inventions that we are acquainted with. In the latest of her books, "The Farringdons," there is a third edition of the same young lady, who finds herself the heiress of great ironworks only upon condition that the legitimate heir does not appear. Her lover is the manager of the works and her trustee. We are asked to believe that this gentleman—who knows himself to be the missing claimant, and who has every reason to believe that Elizabeth, his lifelong playmate, has a very great kindness for him—not merely suppresses his claim but actually lacks the spirit to ask the girl to marry him, though he is devoted to her with his whole soul. Let us admit that he might conceivably have refused to claim the inheritance; surely even a young lady might know that if a man desires a woman, and sees his way to a marriage settlement that would in all ways be ideal, he does, as a rule, at least try his luck, even though the lady may once have spoken shrewishly to him.

Nor is there, strictly speaking, any power of depicting character in these books. The heroine is alive undoubtedly, but her behavior is unthinkable. A woman who cares for a man may hurt him to the heart in sheer wantonness, but if she does, she will always give him a chance for reconciliation. Isabel Carnaby, it is true, does so, but Elfrida-Ethel is frankly impossible, and Elizabeth Farringdon not to be believed. As for the minor characters they are lay figures, and not consistent lay figures at that. There is a wicked old uncle in "The Double Thread," who begins as if he were an imitation of Lord Frederick Fane in "Diana Tempest," but before the book is over settles down into a philosophy and a vein of sentiment that would do credit to any Sunday school. In "Isabel Carnaby" there is an agreeable description of the Seaton household, but when

Isabel comes down to stay, Miss Fowler is so anxious to demonstrate that Methodists may be cultured persons with a sense of humor that she makes not only Paul, but his sister, say as smart things, and just the same sort of smart things, as the witty young woman from town.

There we come to the one quality which no one can deny Miss Fowler. She is really witty. Some one said of Voltaire that "il a plus que tout le monde l'esprit que tout le monde a." It may be said of Miss Fowler that she has at least as much as any contemporary of the commonest wit. Apt comparisons, little quaintnesses of expression, come as readily to her as puns or verbal antithesis. If one compares her work with a book like "The Cardinal's Snuff-box," the advantage does not seem to a lover of literature to rest with the lady. Mr. Harland's wit may be over-elaborate at times, but it has a grace, a charm of fancy, and above all an intellectual quality that mark it off as purely individual. Whereas when Miss Cholmondeley makes her heroine say of Captain Pratt that "he is not a bounder, but he is on the boundary line," she hits upon a form of words that might also have occurred to Miss Fowler; and any bookseller will tell you that this is the wit that sells. Miss Fowler will give it you in any quantity; she will even explain it to those who are not "gleg l' the uptak." For instance:

Mrs. Martin was an extremely amusing woman, but she herself had no idea of this; she imagined she is only dignified and edifying. She once said: "Although my husband is a rich man and county magistrate, he has the fear of the Lord before his eyes." And she had no idea that there was anything humorous in this use of the conjunction *although*.

The story is a good story, and the trait is really illustrative. Yet surely

Miss Fowler might have left us to find out when to laugh, and why. But she knows her public, and her public no more resents the explanation of a joke than it rebels against the sloppy repetition of the sloppy phrase "had no idea." Here is a more extended example of that brilliancy in dialogue upon which Miss Fowler's reputation is established.

"I always wonder how the women with pretty noses carry on their advertising department. Of course when we have good eyes we call attention to the same by making use of eye-service as men-pleasers, so to speak; and when we have good teeth we smile as often as is compatible with the reputation for sanity, and we frequently complain of the toothache."

"Oh, is that your plan of campaign? I have often wondered how teeth as white as yours are can ache as much as you say they do; but now I understand it is only a ruse."

"You misjudge me there, Aunt Caroline. I know my teeth are pretty, but they are merely little devils disguised as angels of light, for I have inherited an estate of fine and extensive achers. But you haven't yet informed me how the well-nosed women call attention to their stock-in-trade."

"My dear, when the thing is as plain as the nose on your face it does not require any advertisement, according to proverbial philosophy."

"It is not when it is plain that the necessity arises," continued Isabel; "but only when it is pretty."

That is undeniably witty, but also it is undeniably vulgar; and this continuous crackle of petty verbal smartnesses wearies beyond expression. In "The Farringdons" there are conversations—one in particular, which passes between a crowd of people on Lady Silverhampton's houseboat—that really have a strong resemblance to the sort of nonsense that is talked by witty people talking nonsense. But the thing for which the personal charm of voice and manner gains a ready welcome

shrinks sadly when it comes to be written down; the atmosphere it bloomed in has departed and leaves it in a chilly world. Talk is naturally loose in form, and requires to be braced up and to undergo a severe process of selection and arrangement before it will bear the cold light of print. So at least it seems to us, and Miss Fowler has no sense of literary form. In addition to that she makes her characters mouthpieces for *ex cathedra* utterances upon art, literature, morals, religion and theology. The utterances are well meant; Miss Fowler is only too conscious of her responsibilities as a teacher; but they evince a lamentable crudeness of intelligence. In the beginning of "The Farringdons" we are particularly occupied with Elizabeth's research into the basis of revealed religion under the guidance of an agreeable young sceptic. It is to be hoped that faith will never encounter a more formidable adversary. One may skip all this, but it is impossible not to be annoyed by the touch of false tragedy when we read how this same amateur inquirer finds himself converted to a faith in immortality by the death of his little son and the longing it breeds, yet unable to convert again the foolish little wife whom (in default of Elizabeth) he has married and perverted.

Perhaps all this criticism amounts merely to an assertion that Miss Fowler is young and not very fully educated (she is capable, for instance, of writing "euphony" when she means "euphemism"). But we are considering her as an artist, and as an artist she is liable to the reproach of ignoring her own limitations. And her wit is a snare to her. "Dear friend, let us never try to be funny," remarks a character in "The Farringdons." Miss Fowler should write up over her work-table, "Dar friend, let us never try to be too funny." The Silverhampton picnic is an awful example. Also the de-

sire for antithesis natural to a wit betrays her into sad faults of taste. A lady at Silverhampton "went to sleep one night in a land whose stones are of iron, and awoke next morning in a country whose pavements are of gold." That is bad enough. But when Elizabeth has found out through her lover's all but mortal illness the act of self-abnegation to which she has owed her wealth, there is a worse lapse. She comes to his bedside to tell him that she loves him and has always loved him.

"How did you find it out, my dearest?" he asked at last.

"Through finding out that you loved me. It seems to me that my love was always lying in the bank at your account; but until you gave a cheque for it you couldn't get at it. And the cheque was my knowing that you cared for me."

No doubt he is her trustee, and the association of ideas may be held to have suggested the metaphor; but a young lady who could be so ingenious at such a moment would surely be a strange animal.

Success which overshadows the merit of other and finer writers naturally prejudices a lover of literature against the successful one, and we may be unfair to Miss Fowler. We cannot take her picture of society seriously; she knows not enough of life or of the world. But she is witty, she is shrewd, and she may live to be more discriminating in her selection of epigrams; and if she is wise she will return to the genuine sources of her talent. By far the best thing in her books is the study of Martha, the old servant in the Seaton household—a character who gives her creator fair claim to rank not merely as a wit, but as a humorist. It is a depressing circumstance that Miss Fowler's books have certainly not improved as they went on—in this re-

spect or in any other. In "The Double Thread" a very dull old gardener afforded comic relief with Malapropisms; in "The Farringdons" a couple of old women made a chorus of little attraction. However, Miss Fowler is assured of a huge popularity, probably for the term of her literary life. To compare her with a genuine artist like Miss Broughton would be an injustice to both ladies, but Miss Fowler has the immediate vogue that goes to the chronicler of momentary phases.

As to Miss Cholmondeley it is more difficult to forecast the future. Her work has a fine intellectual distinction, and, as we have shown, unusual con-

structive power, yet somehow one cannot look forward confidently to any such advance as would give her a permanent place in literature. Still we recognize gratefully that her books are not only pleasant to read, but are likely to exercise a salutary influence on morals and manners, for they are written by a woman who is evidently in touch, socially and intellectually, with the best culture of the day. Her philosophy of conduct and opinion is not paraded in detached passages, but it underlies the whole texture of her work, and there is nothing cheap or secondhand about it; such as it is, it is genuinely assimilated.

Edinburgh Review.

DEGENERATE?

*Aetas parentum, pejor avis, dedit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiore.*

Horace.

Of old sang Horace in his bantering vein
That every age gives birth to yet a worse;
It was the time when a slow-ripened curse
Broke on the ancient world, and men were fain
To veil with-laughter hearts which heaved in pain.
But the new era entered to reverse
That heartless presage, and our England knows
A law more fruitful. In her Abbey fane,
Where she has gathered under one proud roof
The rich memorials of her growing state,
Among the noble dead in serried rows
That line the sacred walls, all laureate,
Stand the three Cunnings, as a double proof
That a great sire may boast a son as great.

Good Words.

Robert F. Horton.

SOME UNSEEN STARS.

More and more stars have hitherto been seen with every increase of telescopic power. Even more are shown upon a photographic plate applied to a telescope than are seen by eye observation; light, too faint to affect the human retina, leaving its mark upon the sensitive silver salt of a film, by its cumulative effect during a long exposure. Myriads, doubtless, still remain unseen in either of these ways. How many such will presently be revealed by larger telescopes, or by more delicate photographic processes, it is impossible to say. We might, perhaps, hypothetically discuss their probable number and distribution, their distances and physical constitution; but in the present state of knowledge any such discussion would be vague and inconclusive.

We will, therefore, in this article, put on one side such stars as are unseen merely for want of greater telescopic or photographic power; and direct our remarks to a special class of unseen stars which are of peculiar interest, because effects, due to their presence, are ascertainable by two independent lines of investigation, and render their existence a certainty in spite of their invisibility. These stars possess a further interest at the present time, since their discovery has of late undergone a rapid development, which happily promises to continue.

The stars to which we refer exist in close connection with bright companion-stars. They are themselves unseen, either because they are dark, it may be faded, or decayed, or of faint luminosity; or because, in addition, they are situated in such close proximity to their bright companions that no telescope has revealed their presence. They belong to a somewhat limited and

special class, or subdivision, of those which astronomers term binaries; while binaries are again a subdivision of the very numerous class of double stars.

We propose, then, to discuss those cases in which one of a binary pair of stars is unseen. In order, however, to make the proof of the existence of such unseen companions clear, we must first state precisely what is meant by a binary in which both stars are visible.

A telescope reveals countless instances in which two stars appear to be in close proximity. They are called double stars. But in a large proportion of such cases the appearance is due simply to a close approximation in the direction in which we look at the two. One may be a hundred times as far away as the other, but they are seen almost in the same straight line from the earth, and therefore they appear to be very near together. Nevertheless, as time goes on, their individual proper motions in space may cause any amount of apparent separation between them. In other cases two stars are really near. They not only present the appearance at the time being of a double star, but they will always retain that appearance. If, from time to time, the place of one of them is carefully measured from that of the other (for which purpose the brighter of the two is generally chosen as the one from which to measure) it will be found that it moves in an oval, or elliptic, curve round the other. It will be seen to describe this curve, or orbit, repeatedly, if the observations are continued long enough. In order to distinguish this special class of double stars, viz., those which are in mutual orbital revolution round one another, astronomers have given them the name

of binaries. All binary stars, therefore, belong to the class of double stars, but all apparently double stars are not termed binary.

The first discovery of binary stars was due to the skill and genius of Sir William Herschel. Since then they have been catalogued by thousands, the observation of their movements in their orbits affording an all-important proof of the sway of the same great law of gravitation, in the far distant realms of space which they tenant, that rules in our own solar system. In some instances the period of mutual revolution is so short that the description of the whole orbit of a binary has been observed several times since its discovery. In others it is so long that centuries will elapse before one circuit is completed.

The orbital movements of a great number of binaries in which both members are visible are now constantly watched in the telescope, or photographed. But it is only quite recently that astronomers have been led to conclude, from a special class of observations, that there are possibly quite as many instances in which one of the two is unseen. This we will now explain.

To do so, we must begin by describing a class of stars, termed *Algol Stars*; so named because Algol, in the constellation of Perseus, was the first detected. It locates, in the imaginary constellation-figure, the position of the head of Medusa held in the hand of Perseus. Its name, assigned by Persian or other ancient astronomers, means the Demon; and was probably due to its very peculiar behavior, which needed no telescopic aid for its observation, and seemed to suggest the influence, or the eye, of a demon. It is very interesting to watch its procedure with the naked eye, if a suitable night be selected. For about fifty-nine out of every consecutive sixty-

nine hours this star shines brightly and steadily, and remains almost exactly of the second magnitude in its light. Then a change begins, and in the course of somewhat more than $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours its light falls to about one-third of its usual amount. It so remains for about one-quarter of an hour, after which its brightness revives at the same rate as it diminished. Thus the fall and rising again of the light occupy between nine and ten hours out of every sixty-nine.

It was not, however, until the latter half of the seventeenth century that Algol was accurately observed. The very remarkable regularity both in the period and extent of the variation of its light was then brought into notice by the English astronomer Goodricke.¹ He also suggested (in A.D. 1783) that an explanation of the behavior of the star might be found in the periodic passage of a dark (or comparatively dark) and consequently invisible companion-globe between it and the earth.

In doing so it would gradually cut off more and more of Algol's light, until it had completed one-half of its intervening passage, and then in like manner reveal it again. For a long time little attention was paid to this suggested explanation. It might, however have seemed only reasonable to attribute to some geometrical regularity of movement changes whose recurrence could be predicted almost more accurately than an eclipse of the Sun. But it was doubtless thought to be useless to discuss the question of the existence of such a companion-star, as it seemed to be quite invisible.

However, about the year 1880, Professor Pickering of the Harvard College Observatory, U.S.A., who had been giving especial attention to the study of several classes of stars whose light is variable, carefully discussed the hy-

¹ Philosophical Transactions, 1783, vol. lxxiii. p. 474.

pothesis of Goodricke. Although unable to assign any absolute dimensions to the globes of Algol and its companion, or to the supposed orbit of the companion around Algol, he estimated what must be the proportion of the sizes of the two bodies relatively to each other and to such an orbit. He further calculated their relative positions during the passage of the one in front of the other, so that not only should the requisite amount of obscuration, or eclipse, of Algol's light take place, but also the rate of its diminution and recovery should correspond throughout the nine or ten hours of its progress with what was observed.

He decided that the supposed unseen star must have a diameter equal to somewhat more than three-fourths of that of Algol, and that a probable diameter for its relative orbit would be about four and a half times that of the globe of Algol. Also that a circular, or nearly circular, form for that orbit would best satisfy the required conditions. Nevertheless his discussion was altogether that of a probability, of which it appeared impossible to test the truth.

But at the same time he drew attention to another point necessarily involved in the hypothesis, which is of much importance, because it has recently afforded a further and conclusive test by which the certainty of the truth of the hypothesis has been ascertained. This we will next explain.

When two stars of a binary pair are both bright, and we observe their relative positions from time to time, the one, as we have stated, appears to us to revolve around the other. This is also exactly what either would appear to do if watched by an observer situated upon the other. Such apparent movement is, however, due to the fact that both, owing to the action of the law of gravitation and their mutual attraction, are really revolving in two

similarly shaped orbits about their common centre of gravity, a point always between the two. They so revolve in their two orbits, just as if their centres were fastened to the ends of a long thin rod pivoting upon their centre of gravity. In only one case could they both describe one and the same orbit, viz., if they were of equal weight or mass; and if the orbit were also circular in form. In that case, their centre of gravity being half-way between the two, they would each go round it in the same circle, but they would always be situated, at any given moment, at two opposite extremities of one of its diameters. Were one body heavier than the other, the larger would be proportionately nearer to the centre of gravity, and its orbit would be the smaller of the two. In that case, if the orbits were circles, the one orbit would lie entirely within the other, the centre of gravity of the two bodies being the centre of both the circular orbits. This is, in fact, the case with Algol.

These results, of necessity following from the action of the law of gravitation, are of the highest interest in their relation to unseen companion-stars, because they lead to a further conclusion:—If Algol, or any similar star, has an unseen companion, their mutual attraction requires that the unseen star cannot alone be revolving in an orbit, thereby producing eclipses of the other's light. That other must also revolve in an orbit of its own, described in the way we have explained, about the point at which the centre of gravity of the two bodies is situated. Besides which we must remember that, in order to allow the unseen star to pass periodically between the other and the earth, the plane or level in which the motion takes place must very nearly contain the direction of the earth as seen from the other star.

Taken together the preceding statements involve the following result. At

the two opposite ends of a diameter of its orbit which is perpendicular to the direction pointing to the earth, Algol must respectively be moving in that orbit almost directly towards the earth, or directly from the earth.

As it is upon this result that the conclusive evidence of the existence of Algol's unseen companion depends, we will illustrate it for a moment by the consideration of a capital letter T. Suppose the upright central stem to be produced downwards for an immense distance to reach the earth. Imagine its junction with the cross-piece at the top of the letter to be the centre of Algol's orbit, which is to be supposed circular. If Algol were at the left-hand extremity of the cross-piece, the little downward projection might then indicate the direction of Algol's motion at that point of its orbit. That motion would be parallel to the middle upright piece of the letter, and therefore almost directly towards the earth. If the other projection at the right-hand end of the cross-piece be supposed turned upwards, instead of downwards, it would correspond to the position and direction of Algol's movement when it should have passed halfway round its orbit; and it is clear that Algol would then be moving with equal speed in a direction almost exactly away from the earth.

This alternate movement at intervals, during which one-half of its orbit is described, of about thirty-four and a half hours (one-half of the sixty-nine-hour period which we previously mentioned), is therefore a necessary consequence if Algol forms a binary with an unseen companion-star.

And if, as Professor Pickering has shown, its orbit is approximately circular, the velocity with which it would thus approach and recede from the earth, at intervals of thirty-four and a half hours, would be that with which it would constantly revolve round the

centre of gravity of itself and its unseen companion. It is also clear that, at epochs half-way between those of which we have just spoken, it would pass across the direction of a line pointing to the earth, and just then be neither approaching to, nor receding from, the earth.

At its enormous distance from us, as to which we at present only know that it is too great for accurate measurement, any endeavor to test the hypothesis of the existence of its invisible companion, by the observation of such an alternation of Algol's velocity towards or from the earth, might well have seemed hopeless. But very fortunately the spectroscope comes to our aid. If a spectroscope be used to examine the spectrum of the light of a star, any such movement, of approach or recession, on the part of the star, can be at once detected, if it be of sufficient magnitude, and if the light of the star be sufficiently bright. Dark lines produced by the vapors of a star's atmosphere cross the spectrum in a direction perpendicular to its length, which length extends along the well-known band of colors from red at one extremity to violet at the other. And if a star be approaching the earth, it can be shown to be a necessary result that the black lines, which lie athwart its spectrum, will be slightly displaced from the normal position which they would otherwise occupy, towards the violet end of the spectrum. If the star be receding from the observer they will be similarly displaced towards the red end of its spectrum. The amount of the displacement depends upon the velocity of the movement in question, and the velocity can be calculated from it.

Professor H. C. Vogel, of the Potsdam Observatory, made the calculation in the case of Algol. He found that the amount of the displacement of the lines in its spectrum showed that

it was alternately approaching and receding from the earth with a speed of about twenty-six miles per second, at intervals of rather less than thirty-four and a half hours. The existence of its unseen companion, hitherto only suggested as a probable explanation of the periodic alteration in its light, consequently received a confirmation, the strength of which, if duly considered in connection with our previous statements, can hardly be exaggerated. This research took place in the years 1888 and 1889.

Since that date (when, at the most, only nine Algol stars were known) it has been considered certain that the variation of light in this class of stars, of which about as many more have since been discovered, is produced by an eclipse caused by a much darker and unseen companion-star. Professor Vogel considered that the utmost luminous intensity of the companion could not exceed one-eightieth part of that of Algol itself; otherwise the obscuration of the light of the second star, as in its turn it passed behind Algol, would be decidedly noticeable, and produce a second alteration of light half-way between those at present seen.

Here it may be well to mention that such a double rise and fall of light is not infrequent in variable stars. In some cases it is of a less regular character, but in others it is so exceedingly regular that the stars in question have in general been supposed to suffer eclipses as in the Algol type, and only to differ from Algol itself in having a decidedly bright instead of a comparatively dark and unseen companion. An instance of such a star is that named *Y* in the constellation of Cygnus. Its light variations, as determined recently by Dr. Dunér, of Upsala, are best explained upon the supposition that it consists of two stars of nearly equal size and brightness, revolving in a

mutual orbit of an elliptic form and of an ovalness about half as great again as that of Mars. The plane of their revolution must be such that the two stars alternately totally eclipse one another twice in every three successive days, and thereby reduce the light received by about one-half on the occasion of the eclipse of either by the other.

It also deserves mention that in some cases, whether the companion-star be darker or brighter, it is necessary, in order to account for the change of light observed, to suppose the globes of both stars to be of an oval rather than of a spherical form. In other cases, of which Algol is one, it seems probable that both stars are surrounded with an extensive envelope, or atmosphere, of vapor, by which a certain amount of absorption, or partial obscuration of light, may be produced. Some irregularity in the light-variation, even of an Algol-Variable, which is at times noticeable, may also be due to atmospheric or other physical disturbances excited, in one or both bodies, by a periodic near approach, such as would take place if their orbits were of an oval form; or, possibly, to the presence of one or more additional bodies all mutually attracting one another.

Without further reference, however, to any such points of minor certainty or importance, we will now show how much further information of surpassing interest the spectroscope affords in the case of such a star as Algol; in addition to, but in connection with, its convincing proof of the existence of an unseen companion.

This information results from the measurement of the velocity with which Algol is moving in its orbit round the centre of gravity of the two stars. We have so far only mentioned that the spectroscope has shown this velocity to be about twenty-six miles per second. But the orbit being nearly

circular, and the period of its description nearly sixty-nine hours, it follows that we have only to multiply the number of seconds in sixty-nine hours by twenty-six, in order to obtain (approximately) the number of miles in the circumference of the orbit. Knowing the circumference we also know the diameter. And then, by Sir Isaac Newton's extension of the third of Kepler's three great laws, it is easy to calculate that the masses and weights of the pair of stars must jointly be about two-thirds of those of the Sun. This follows from a comparison of the diameter of the orbit, and the time in which it is described, with the size and time of description of the orbit of any planet round the Sun.

Further, if the unseen companion be of about the same density as Algol, it can be shown that the comparative size of the two discs, necessary to allow of the requisite amount of obscuration of the one by the other, requires that the joint mass must be apportioned very nearly in the proportion of two-thirds to Algol and one-third to its unseen companion. Professor Vogel's calculations, which involve a somewhat larger proportionate size for the companion-star than Professor Pickering originally assigned to it, give, when expressed in English miles, the most probable values as follows:—²

Diameter of Algol, 1,061,000 English miles.

Diameter of unseen companion, 830,300 English miles.

Distance between their centres, 3,230,000 English miles.

Orbital velocity of Algol, 26.3 miles per second.

Orbital velocity of the companion, 55.4 miles per second.

Mass of Algol, 4.9 of the mass of the Sun.

Mass of companion, 2.9 of the mass of the Sun.

² See *The System of the Stars*, by Agnes M. Clerke, p. 138.

Two points deserving of special notice are at once evident from the above figures. First, that the proximity of the two stars is very remarkable when compared with their sizes. Their distance apart is considerably less than twice as great as the sum of their diameters. They are so close together that no telescope could separate their images, even if Algol were as near to us as the very nearest of all the stars. Secondly, that they are of very light density. The Sun's density is only about one-half as great again as that of water, and about one-fourth of that of the globe of the earth, but the density of the unseen companion of Algol, since it is of nearly the same diameter and bulk as the Sun, but of only two-ninths of its weight, can be but a little more than one-fourth of that of the Sun. This is on the supposition, as already stated, that Algol and its companion are of the same density. Otherwise the result would be somewhat, but probably not greatly, modified; the companion, if of lighter density, revolving in a somewhat wider orbit, and *vice versa*.

As regards the density of Algol-Stars in general it may be interesting to mention that, in several instances, it seems to lie between one-fourth and one-eighth of that of the Sun, a result which can be deduced merely from a study of the period of the light-variation of any such star, and of the extent to which its light is obscured. So small a density indicates that these stars are probably to a great extent in a gaseous condition, and therefore the more likely to be subject to physical disturbances by the proximity of a companion.

Next let us consider another important question in regard to unseen companion-stars. Are there many of them? It is true that only a few instances are at present known in which the periodic diminution of a star's light is at-

tributable to the presence of an unseen companion. Those instances, however, all require, as we have explained, that the companion-star must travel nearly centrally past the other while we are watching it. A moderate tilt of the plane in which their centres move would cause the transit of the companion to pass either above or below the line in which we look at the other, in which case no eclipse of its light would be visible to us. But there is no reason whatever why every possible inclination of such a plane of revolution should not be equally probable. There is consequently no doubt that, in addition to the instances in which unseen companion-stars produce an eclipsing effect, there are far more in which, although the companion is equally present, the tilt of the plane of mutual revolution prevents our seeing any eclipse.

The preceding statement is confirmed by the fact that, at the very time when Professor Vogel was studying the spectrum of Algol, his spectroscope unexpectedly revealed the existence of another case, in which it was clear, that it could only be the tilt of the plane of mutual revolution that prevented the occurrence of eclipses similar to those of Algol. He happened just then to observe the spectrum of Spica, the brightest star in the constellation of the Virgin; and he found that the dark lines in that spectrum were alternately shifted to a small extent, at regular intervals, towards the red or the violet end of the spectrum, exactly as in the case of Algol. This shift, he perceived, must be caused by a movement of Spica due to its being in mutual revolution with a companion-star; while it also followed that the companion must be comparatively dark, otherwise, instead of Spica's spectrum alone being seen, that of the companion would also have been visible.

In this connection a further coin-

cidence, quite as remarkable, deserves notice. It occurred in America during the time occupied by the observations which Professor Vogel was carrying on at Potsdam, and was announced just before the publication of his results. It involved the unexpected discovery, by a different method of spectroscopic observation, of a star in which mutual revolution in connection with a companion-star was taking place, as in the case of Algol and Spica, but in which the two companions both revealed their spectra in the spectroscope, although they were in such exceedingly close proximity that they would always have appeared as one star in the telescope. This discovery is especially related to the subject of this article, in that it soon led to the detection, not only of some other instances of the same kind, but of a number of cases in which, as in that of Spica, such a companion is unseen even in the spectroscope. The discovery took place as follows:

The spectra of stars had usually been examined with a spectroscope fixed at the eye end of a telescope. The spectrum of some one star was very carefully focussed, and the position of the dark lines seen in it determined with great accuracy by comparing their places with those of a standard spectrum, either of sunlight, or of some known gas, which could be brought into the field of view immediately above, or below, the spectrum of the star. This was the method adopted by Professor Vogel in his investigation of the spectrum of Spica. Another method, however, was adopted at the Harvard College Observatory, U.S.A., in which a spectroscopic prism was placed outside the object-glass, at the other end of the telescope. The result was that, instead of a number of stars being simultaneously seen by an observer in the field of view, each of the star images was changed into a spectrum.

A large number of stellar spectra could thus be seen, or photographed, at the same time. The numerous spectra so rapidly obtained were of great use as indicating the general character and physical constitution of the stars. But, in using this method, it was impossible to compare the positions of any dark lines in the spectra with a standard spectrum placed in juxtaposition. Consequently, any delicate displacements of those positions could not be determined.

When, however, Miss A. C. Maury, in 1889, was examining a series of such photographs, taken day after day, she was surprised to observe an occurrence, in the spectrum of the middle star of the tail of the Great Bear, which needed no exact measurement for its detection. The dark lines sometimes appeared to be double.³ Upon further examination it was found that the most conspicuous doubling, or greatest separation, of the two lines which appeared in the place of any one line, took place very regularly at intervals of fifty-two days. Before the end of 1889 another star was noticed in which a similar phenomenon was exhibited; viz., the second brightest in the constellation of Auriga. In it the widest separation of the doubled lines occurred every two days. In 1896 two more such stars were found. In 1897 another; and in 1899 the notable star Capella in Auriga proved to be of the same character; this last discovery being made almost simultaneously and independently by Professor Campbell, at the Lick Observatory; and by Mr. Newall, secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society, at Cambridge, England.⁴ It was perceived that these stars must

be instances of a binary combination in which both components are sufficiently bright for spectroscopic observation, and in which both sets of lines are displaced by the mutual revolution of the two stars; those of the one being shifted furthest towards the red end of the spectrum when those of the other are shifted furthest towards the violet (and *vice versâ*), because the velocities of the two stars are in exactly opposite directions at any given moment. The lines of the one star would therefore periodically pass and re-pass those of the other. Whenever the two sets of lines were coincident, each line would appear single. When the two sets were sufficiently separated, each line would appear doubled. These stars had never been supposed to be binaries, and calculations made from the photographs of their spectra proved that the companion-stars were far too close together for their binary character to be visible in a telescope. The new title of spectroscopic binaries was therefore invented for them.

Then followed what we think is the still more important result connected with the special subject of this article. Miss Maury's discovery gave a new impetus to the study of the class of stars, which are unseen even by their lines in a spectroscope, but whose presence is nevertheless evidenced, like that of Spica's altogether invisible companion, by the measurement, at the eye end of a telescope, of the displacements which they cause in the lines of the bright stars of which they are the unseen companions.

As the result we can now announce that, in addition to the six spectroscopic binaries just mentioned in which

³ See Third Annual Report of Henry Draper Memorial; American Journal of Science, vol. xxxix. p. 46; Astronomische Nachrichten, No. 8017.

⁴ Since this discovery with the spectroscope Capella has this year been observed with great care by means of the large 28-inch refractor at

Greenwich, with which a slight elongation of its disc has been visible, the direction of the elongation varying from time to time so as to confirm its binary character. This is an exceptional instance in which such a binary pair are so far apart that their images are on the verge of possible separation in a telescope.

both components are bright, twenty others have been found, and of these fifteen in the past two years (two by Dr. B  łopolsky at the Pulkowa Observatory, and the remainder by Professor Campbell at the Lick Observatory), in most of which, as in the case of Spica, it is stated that the unseen companion is so much darker that in the observations made, only the spectrum of the bright one of the pair is visible.* Among the above stars, which are thus known to possess an altogether unseen companion, the Pole Star is now included.

In the present year two more such stars have been announced, the one by the Lick Observatory, and the other by the new Yerkes Observatory, near Chicago, which now possesses an instrument about one-fourth more powerful than the great Lick Telescope. The rate of their recent discovery combined with the employment of the largest telescopes in the world for such work, affords every reason to expect that such spectroscopic observations will soon greatly increase the number of stars known to possess unseen companions.

We should be gratified if we could name several of the Algol class in which, as in the case of Algol itself, the spectroscopic observation of the shift of lines in the spectrum is confirmed by the occurrence of periodic diminutions and recoveries of light, and thereby a double testimony obtained to the existence of an unseen companion. But this confirmatory testimony has so far, we believe, only been achieved for the one star, Algol. Nevertheless, that confirmation is, we think, sufficient to assure us, both in the case of stars in which a similar periodic rise and fall of light occurs, but which are too faint for the necessary spectroscopic observations, and

also in those instances in which the movement of the spectral lines alone indicates the effect of a mutual binary revolution, that the unseen companion is there. Its presence is revealed by its effects, although those effects may only be of the one kind, or only of the other.

Altogether the number of these unseen stars thus known now approaches forty, about one-half of the whole number being indicated by the eclipses produced, and about one-half by such a shifting of lines in the spectrum as we have described.

There must, however, still be many more such stars which even the spectroscope cannot reveal. A moderate tilt of the plane of the mutual orbits of a star and its unseen companion is sufficient, as we have shown, to prevent our seeing eclipse effects; but a greater increase of tilt would presently so diminish the shifting of the spectral lines that their movement would become imperceptible. All such cases must therefore be added to those previously mentioned.

On the other hand, there must also be many which afford eclipse effects, but which have not as yet been noticed in the telescope. The multitude of telescopic stars of lower magnitudes is so bewilderingly great, that it has proved to be very difficult for an observer to select among them instances in which the changes of their fainter light resemble those of Algol. Quite recently, however, it has been found that such changes of light in telescopic stars are much more likely to be detected by a comparison of stellar photographs than by the ordinary use of the eye and telescope.

For instance, in May 1898, Madame Ceraski discovered, in a series of photographs taken by M. Blajko, assistant in the Observatory of Moscow, a star whose magnitude had regularly varied. Further study of an additional num-

* See *Astronomical Journal of the Pacific*, vol. xi. pp. 64, 120, 198, 255.

ber of photographs, taken at the Harvard College Observatory upon which it had been recorded, showed that it was a variable, distinctly of the Algol type, with a change of light which seems to amount to three whole star-magnitudes, and to be greater than in any such star previously known.* Again, in an exactly similar manner, Madame Ceraski, in the latter part of last year, detected another such star, the variation in the light of which amounts to two magnitudes.⁷ Confirmation has in this case also been given by Harvard photographs. This indicates that the number of such fainter Algol-Stars may prove to be increasingly numerous if the large number of stellar photographs now taken can be examined with sufficient care.⁸

It appears, therefore, from the observations which we have described, and for the convincing reasons which we have explained, not only that unseen companion-stars exist, and form in certain cases binaries with bright orbs mutually revolving with them in close proximity, but that there must be very many more yet undetected. Unseen stars of this class are certainly not infrequent.

To one more class of unseen stars we can only make the briefest possible reference. Apart from those which we have shown to prove their presence either spectroscopically, or by eclipse effects, there are others (as a rule not in such close proximity to their companions) the existence of which is also very strongly suspected, as the efficient cause of certain perturbations, or irregularities, noticeable in the movements of the two stars of some binary pairs in which both are visible. Or it may be that an unseen fourth per-

turbs in this way, by its attraction, a group of three that are mutually revolving. We have already hinted that, in the case of Algol, a certain slight irregularity may be due to a third unseen companion; and it seems probable that perturbations of movement of this character may exist in about one out of every ten known binary systems.

There is little doubt that such a perturbing body, if it exist, must in many cases be comparatively large, in order that it may suffice to produce the observed effect; and also of very faint luminosity, if not quite dark, otherwise its size would involve its visibility.

Altogether, of one class or another, dark, or fading, unseen stars must be decidedly numerous. If so, the moderately dark have in all probability once been brighter; while presently their darkness shall be complete.

But if one in a binary, or in a triple, or quadruple group has thus darkened, shall not another and yet another, whether grouped with companions or not, by gradual loss of heat and light, become darker too? Of the countless multitudes now brightly shining shall not all become dark in succession? How long has such fading occupied in its progress past? How long shall it continue in the ages to come? What shall be the lot of attendant worlds that circle round such orbs; or of the earth as the Sun shall fade and cool? What is the function of dark stars? Is it, ever and anon, as they rush unseen towards another star, dark or bright, to form by collision a vast expanse of nebulous débris, and thence by a slow evolution to light up other stars, to take the place of some of those that are now most bright, but in their turn shall be dark, unseen?

E. Ledger.

* See *Astronomische Nachrichten*, No. 3567; Harvard College Observatory Circular, No. 44.

⁷ *Ibid.* No. 3814; *ibid.* No. 47.

⁸ A previous instance of an Algol-Variable also

found in stellar photographs by a lady, is W. Delphini, discovered by Miss Wells in 1895. See Harvard College Observatory Circular No. 2.

DORSET HUMOR.

Few counties in England have changed less, with the passing of time, than pastoral Dorset with its southern fringe of coast and harbor. No great movement of population, due to large industries, has ever broken in upon its quiet, even life; and over large portions of the county, unbroken rolling downland, pastured by flocks of innumerable sheep, seems more suggestive of a new and far-off land than of an old country. This easy, gentle life, knowing no stress or strain from any large massing of population intent upon mine or mill, and with little of that vast wealth accruing to the favored few which huge industries bring, has left the monuments of the past, century after century, undestroyed by the newly created wealth of the present. Thus in this slenderly peopled county the priceless records of the past abound, from the massy earthworks of Roman, Dane, and Briton, to the glorious Gothic of later centuries, exhibited in the wonderful wealth of manor houses, which bedeck the breadth of Dorset, Wolfeton and Abelfhampton, Bingham's Melcombe and Parnham, Cranbourne and Woodsford Castle, Waterstone and Wynford Eagle—gems only surpassed by the Minster of Wimborne and the stately Abbeys of Ford, of Milton and of Sherborne. But the immediate matter in hand is not to talk of the surviving glories of the past, as figured in material records, but of some evanescent Dorset humor.

That the county has long enjoyed a reputation for humor is evidenced by old Fuller, who informs us that the Dorset saying "to be stabbed with a Bridport dagger" means "to be hanged or executed on the gallows." Unfortunately for Bridport, not only has the statute, which gave it the exclusive

privilege of making cable ropes for the Royal Navy long been repealed, but its trade in rope-making has much decayed.

From the last century has come down the neat saying of a Dorchester doctor (Arbuthnot), who, when he found that the abundant good health of his patients proved a detriment to his earning a living observed, "A physician can neither live nor die in Dorchester." Another Dorchester doctor (Cumming), who died in 1788, with grim humor desired that he might be laid as far as possible from the church, "lest," as his monument says, "he who studied while living to promote the health of his fellow citizens, should prove detrimental to it when dead."

Early in this century there dwelt for many years at Stinsford (one of the dower houses of the Ilchester family) Lady Susan O'Brien, daughter of the first Earl of Ilchester. She married early in life, to her father's deep disgust, William O'Brien, a London actor, and the furious old Earl swore that he would never sit in the same room with his son-in-law. The passage of time softened the Earl's feelings, so much so that he got O'Brien appointed Receiver General to the Forces, and gave him and his wife Stinsford House to live in. But the old Earl kept to his vow by sitting, when he made a brief visit to Stinsford, in one room with the folding doors open into the next room, whence his son-in-law was permitted to hold conversation with him.

A quaint little figure, living about the same time, was the Rev. Nathaniel Templeman, of Dorchester, with his full curled wig, shovel hat, ruffles, buckles and square-cut clerical garb. "Parson Natty," as the chirpy little

old man was familiarly known, perched on a hassock, would peer on a Sunday just over the reading desk, and one morning, in his shrill little voice, said, "Are the churchwardens at church?" Repeating the inquiry, "No, sir!" came the answer. "Fie upon 'em, fie upon 'em!" he replied, shaking his head vigorously. On the death of his wife he selected as his text with unconscious humor, "I am even as it were a sparrow that sitteth alone upon the house top." His successor, the Rev. Dr. Richman, was a man of powerful intellect and sincere piety. He had no great opinion of the religion and morality of George IV, and in the prayer for the High Court of Parliament, at the words "most religious and gracious king" he used to omit "most religious," but made up for the omission by giving great emphasis to the word "gracious." On the Sunday following the death of the king he preached a sermon, in which he made no reference to his majesty's demise, though the text was understood by some to bear some reference to that event, for it was "And the beggar died."

Another character was John Bristed, for many years rector of Winterborne Monkton. Little girls early in the century used to wear their hair cropped short like boys, but parted in the middle. When the new fashion came into vogue, of letting little girls' hair grow into a crop of ringlets, Mr. Bristed could not endure the change, and after remonstrating to no purpose with the mothers of Monkton parish, he one morning locked the whole of the children into the school, and with his own hands shorn them of all their locks. When living at Dorchester, where he retired to end his days, a nephew of his, Charles Astor Bristed, of New York, who wrote that capital account of Cambridge, "Five Years in an English University," came to visit his uncle in the autumn of 1846. The weather be-

ing very wet, and Charles Astor Bristed suffering from ennui, one afternoon he placed his bed in the middle of the room and took to vaulting over it to and fro for exercise, nearly shaking the house down. His uncle, annoyed and indignant at his post-prandial nap being disturbed, sent his manservant up to "Master Charles" with the message, that "his uncle had invested all his money in a life annuity, and that he had better leave at once." In those days there was no coach to London until early the next morning, so Charles Astor Bristed bundled out with his belongings and spent the night under my father's roof, who met him once afterwards at Heidelberg and renewed their laugh over the irascible old uncle.

An unusual surname, but one well known in Dorset, is that of Homer. Curiously enough there is a hamlet in the county called Troytown, and not long ago one of the Homers lived there. Another respected member of the Homer family, a few years since, contested one of the county divisions, and Punch, struck by the classic name, made humorous references to the Homeric battle. A local story goes that this same Mr. Homer at a public gathering, feeling unwell, had suddenly to leave, when a local humorist remarked, "Homer's 'Odd, I see,'" and another rejoined "Homer's 'Ill, I add.'"

One of the most delightful of men, alike able and witty, was the late Canon Bingham, of Bingham's Melcombe—"Parson Tringham," as he flits across the page in the opening chapter of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." The story is told of Canon Bingham's driving one day with other clergy to a clerical meeting, when the conversation turned upon the meaning of two places they were then nearing—Wool and Wareham. Canon Bingham being asked how he accounted for the origin of these names, said, "Don't

you know, this is a sheep county, and at Wool you wool the sheep, and at Wareham you wear 'em."

There was a story he used to tell of his driving on a cold winter's day into Dorchester, some ten miles distant from his home at Bingham's Melcombe, with the object of seeing a certain Mr. Davis on some pressing business, when the servant who answered his knock bluntly announced, to his dismay, that Mr. Davis was "not at home." "How provoking!" said the Canon; "I have driven ten miles in the snow on purpose to see him." "Oh!" said the maid, "if it's very pressing, I will go up and ask Mr. Davis when he will be at home."

"Wool" and "Wareham" are both stations on the South Western Railway, which enters the county near Wimborne, and runs by a singularly tortuous route to Dorchester and on to Weymouth. A local story, which gives emphasis to the sinuosity of the railway in these parts, relates how an engine-driver new to this portion of the line pulled up his train one dark night in the neighborhood of Broadstone as he saw a danger signal ahead. After waiting some time and whistling in vain, he set out on foot to see what the signal was, and then discovered it to be the danger lamp on the rear van of his own train.

A former vicar of Toller Porcorum, a small parish in West Dorset, was wont to relate how, failing one Sunday to bring home to the minds of his Sunday-school girls what they should understand by a "guardian angel," he asked them if they knew Mr. Shepherd—that being the name of the locally well-known railway-guard of the line that runs through Toller. Receiving an emphatic assent to this inquiry, and thinking the next step was assured, he said, "And what does Mr. Shepherd do?" The unexpected and somewhat personal reply was, "Please,

sir, he do see that you don't travel without a ticket."

An enterprising Dorset curate, who was beating up subscriptions for his parish school, appealed to a somewhat wealthy member of his congregation, who was generally known to be unduly retentive of his money, for help, and, meeting with a blank refusal, asked him to contribute just sixpence. The reluctant contributor handed him sixpence, and, no doubt, thought the matter had pleasantly ended. About a month later the curate met him in the street, and, pulling out a parish report, said, "Oh! I thought you would like to see I have put down your sixpence all right amongst the donations." The sixpenny subscriber waxed very indignant, and said the curate had no right to publish it; but the curate stuck to it that he was in duty bound to do so. Thereupon the abashed contributor surrendered at discretion, and, handing over half a sovereign, begged the curate, in the softest manner, to insert ten shillings in front of the sixpence before he distributed the report, which he accordingly did.

Not very long ago, a gentleman of the name of Aldridge Devenish was the popular Mayor of Weymouth. Some new public buildings had been completed during his mayoralty, and at a council meeting held to make preparations for the ceremony of opening them, a town councillor indignantly asked "why the Mayor was to be favored by having his initials A. D. carved in large letters before the date of the year."

Dorset, as is well known, is a great country for hunting, and every squire and many a yeoman ride, to hounds. Of the Dorset squire it has been wittily said that he begins life with twelve horses and one child, and ends it with twelve children and one horse. A saying which contains at least a modicum of truth. A story, showing true devo-

tion to sport, is told of Press, the fine whip of the Blackmore Vale. One day he asked the M.F.H. for a day off, and inquiry being made as to why he wanted it, the reply was, that he was going to get married. The M.F.H. very naturally suggested that Press should take two or three days at least. But this he did not want at all; and when he was asked how he proposed to spend the one day he was proposing to set apart for his wedding the answer was that he intended "to take the missus out for a drive with the sick hounds."

Sherborne lies in the Blackmore Vale, and from Sherborne to Shaftesbury is a distance of a little more than fifteen miles. A battery of artillery had to march from Sherborne to Salisbury a short while since, and, according to the regulations, the commanding officer might make use of the railway, if the distance to be traversed was more than fifteen miles. Inquiry showed that the distance was less, as the milestones only marked fourteen miles, so the battery went by road. The officer in command, being still in some doubt as to the true distance, took note of each milestone, and discovered that two of the milestones bore identical inscriptions, so that whereas the true distance was over fifteen miles, the milestones made it appear to be fourteen miles. As the duplication of two of the milestones had escaped notice for some sixty years, the discovery was provocative of many gibes. The erring Shaftesbury milestone calls to mind the fierce thrust of Daniel O'Connell at the Times, when he said of that journal, that it was "like a misplaced milestone, which can never by any possibility speak the truth."

The barrister brother of a well-known Dorset squire, for many a long year travelled the Western Circuit with exemplary regularity. Although clever and amusing enough in private life, he either made no efforts to ob-

tain briefs, or was singularly unsuccessful in his efforts. The pleasant social life, the good company and the good stories, seemed sufficient to attract him to the circuit mess without the lure of guineas. At last, however, by some inscrutable fortune, a brief came to him, a brief to defend a somewhat notorious prisoner, and it was marked two guineas, the fee being subscribed by some friends of the offender. This piece of good fortune, as others would have thought it, evidently sat heavily upon the soul of this most estimable counsellor. He did not seem himself at all. It was whispered about that B. had a brief, but did not know what to do with it. A day passed over and the case had not come on, but B. seemed to be more himself. Late in the day the prisoner was put in the dock and called on to plead. To the profound astonishment of the members of the bar, who were all looking out to see how B. would conduct the defence, the prisoner pleaded "guilty." B. muttered a few words in explanation of the culprit, the offender was sentenced, and the Court rose for the day. The secret leaked out a little later, that B., having been in an agony of mind at the prospect of having to defend the prisoner, had hit upon a brilliant device in order to extricate himself. He had sought an interview with the prisoner, and pointed out to him, that as he would probably be convicted it was far best for him to plead "guilty," so that the evidence might not be gone into, which course would enable him to get a lighter sentence, and to clench the matter had tipped the prisoner half a guinea out of his fee.

Canon Dayman, who for half a century was Rector of Shillington, published in early life a metrical and scholarly translation of the "Inferno," and in later years for a long period represented a portion of the diocese in the blissful realm of Convocation.

Amusing as well as learned, I remember his telling a story of one of his parishioners, whom he found one cold, wet and windy night, standing shivering under the archway which spans the high road, over which the Somerset and Dorset Railway runs at Shillingstone. Wondering what the man could be doing, standing on a cold wet night in the most draughty place imaginable, the Canon asked him what he did there, and the reply was, "Please, sir, I be going to sing bass next Sunday in the anthem and I be trying to catch a hooze" (wheeze).

The family name of Legg is to be met with in many parishes in Dorset. In a western Dorset village a family of farmers of this name prospered much, and it coming to their knowledge that the name of Legg, spelt with a final "e," bore a more aristocratic appearance, they took to spelling it in the same way as the Earl of Dartmouth's family. They were not, however, satisfied with improving upon their own use of their patronymic, but carried the matter a stage further, employing the local stone-mason to cut a final "e" upon quite a number of monuments in the churchyard, erected to deceased members of their family. This beatification of their ancestors aroused the resentment of the parishioners, and the result was that hammers and chisels went to work, and the offending "e" was forthwith deleted from all the monuments. And there they stand to this day, for any one to see, with a large chip out of the stone after the name of Legg, whenever it occurs.

One of the most attractive of the rural rectors of Dorset, a man upright in all his ways, gentle, devout, winning and beloved by all his village folk, was wont to assist them in many little secular affairs of life, as well as in spiritual matters. An old shepherd who lived in the parish had some little property to dispose of, and he asked

the kindly rector to help him to make his will. The rector duly wrote it out, had it duly witnessed, and for safe custody it was handed to the rector to keep. A few years passed away, and the old shepherd was laid at rest, and his relatives came to the rector for the will. Nowhere could the will be found. Methodical pigeon-holing for future reference was not a strong point with the rector. After the lapse of some months, and still no will forthcoming, the relatives suggested that the rector should apportion the old shepherd's property among them. The rector was still in trouble, for he could not recall the intentions of the testator. But feeling that a responsibility devolved upon him to bring about some solution of the difficulty, he grappled with it as best he could, and apportioned the property to the entire satisfaction of the surviving relatives. Time passed on, and some two years later, in the pocket of his writing desk, he found the lost will, and then to his dismay discovered that his apportionment in no respect complied with the terms of the will. What was to be done? After pondering over the situation for a while, he took the belated will and consigned it to the flames of his study fire. The relatives were left in undisturbed harmony, but the old shepherd's wishes were never carried out. Who can say that the rector's happy ignorance of the penalties of the law was not all for the best, and that in such a case "'twere folly to be wise?"

A familiar figure on market days in the county town of Dorset for many a long year was William Barnes, the Dorset poor man's poet, quaintly attired in slouch hat, knee-breeches and buckled shoes, with a Scotch plaid wound about him, and a stout staff in his hand. He seemed to prefer the middle of the street to the pavement, and to be thinking of matters which had nothing to do with the scene before

him. Halting at the four cross ways in the centre of the town, he would pull his old-fashioned watch from a deep fob and set it by the town clock. Having completed this first act, he turned about, and methodically proceeded about the other business which brought him on Saturdays into town.

William Barnes sang his songs in his native Doric almost all in the early fifties, much as a bird trills out its ditty, and they soon got fast hold of the people whose dialect they were written in. Grave and gay, they touched all hearts. Before saying something of the humor of William Barnes, let me quote one stanza from "The Voices that be gone."

How mother, when we us'd to stun
Her head wi' all our naisy fun,
Did wish us all a-gone vrom home,
An' now that zome be dead, an' zome
Be gone, an' all the place is dum',
How she do wish, wi' useless tears,
To have agen about her ears
The valces that be gone.

Before William Barnes took Orders, and settled down in a country living, he kept a school, and in the early days of the Indian Civil Service examinations, one of his pupils, with no tuition other than what he received from Barnes, came out at the top of the list of successful candidates. His master was forthwith deluged with letters from parents offering him their sons as pupils, but, with modesty and humor, William Barnes wrote to decline their offers, saying "it took two to do it."

On the little lawn of the poet's picturesque rectory at Came, there used to crouch two lions in stone. When little children came to visit him, he used to excite their interest and curiosity by telling them that "the lions always roared when they heard the clock strike twelve." William Barnes was very fond of children and used to wish that people would record more

children's sayings. A lady told him of a question put to her in the Sunday-school: "Please, ma'am, does God keep His angels in bottles?" "No, my dear, why should He?" "Please, ma'am, because mother keeps her spirits in bottles." William Barnes at once observed, "A child's reasoning is mostly right, its premises are often wrong from ignorance, but its observation is right as far as it goes." *A propos* of preserving the sayings of children, I may here relate the observation of a small Dorset boy, made to me at a children's dance, some few years ago. Seeing that he had been dancing the whole evening with one little girl, but that at the moment of speaking to him she had apparently found another partner, I said, "How is it, Reggie, that you are not dancing with Susy this dance?" "Oh!" replied the diminutive lord of creation, "I have lent her to Tom for this dance."

A Dorset doctor of somewhat boastful temperament was dining one day at a big dinner party, when the conversation after dinner turned upon the army as a profession. The doctor remarked that his parents had made a great mistake in not sending him into the army, for which he declared himself eminently fit. "Oh, you make a great mistake," said a Dorset squire across the table; "you would not have killed half as many if you had gone into the army as you have in your own profession."

A great character among the shepherds of Dorset was one "Nat" Seale. A solitary shepherd upon the downs of Dorset, through his long life of four-score years and ten, he was brimful of native wit. Religious topics were not to his mind. The curate of Fordington, where the old shepherd spent the last few years of his life, tried on many occasions to get "Nat" to talk on religious subjects, but he always turned the conversation. At last, one

day, the curate got him so far as to speak to him of Christ, when the old man, turning upon him, said, "Well, He were the Good Shepherd, wer'n't He?" The curate assenting, the old shepherd added, with strong emphasis, "Well, I tell'ee what I believe. I don't believe as one Shepherd will ever round upon another shepherd"—savoring something of the philosophy of Omar the tent maker, "He's a good fellow, and 'twill all be well." So ended this portion of their conversation, and not another word would the old shepherd say upon the subject.

Another Dorset shepherd, "Rifleman" Harris of Blandford, fought through the Peninsular War, and has left one of the very few records of past campaigns, as seen from the point of view of a soldier in the ranks. The Dorset shepherds were a small race of men, and the Dorset regiment, which in the long war at the beginning of the century was largely recruited from among them, went by the sobriquet of "The Little Shepherds." Rifleman Harris, himself only five feet five inches in height, had an intense dislike for tall men, and makes all his villains over six feet. In the retreat from Vigo, he avers that the tall men were the greatest grumblers, the greatest eaters and the worst fighters, and bore fatigue much worse than the short soldiers.

Dorset soldiers in the ranks have not, however, all been diminutive. Sergeant Davy of the Guards, who fought through the Crimean War, stood well over six feet in his shoes. I remember his telling me that as they were settling down into a gallop for a terrific charge, the bullets hissing round them, his mate who rode next him shouted out: "This is a damned rum way of earning a living, ain't it, Bill?"

The cenotaph to the great Duke of Wellington, which stands in St. Paul's Cathedral, was the work of a genuine Blandford boy, Alfred Stevens, whose

father was a tradesman in that town, and his mother the daughter of a neighboring farmer. This grand monument, the finest of its kind produced in this century, and equal to the best work of the period of the Italian Renaissance, occupied many years of his life, and although paid for by the State, its creator was ill requited for his labors. Alfred Stevens intended to complete this monument with an equestrian statue of the Duke; but he counted without the Dean and Chapter, who put their veto upon this, on the ground that a horse was a profane animal, which led Punch to ask whether the Dean and Chapter would prefer a donkey.

Our village milkman, some years ago now, rejoiced in the patronymic of Meagher, and the milk he vended only too often corresponded in quality with his name. So much did the village folk resent the poverty of his milk, that in the small hours of one winter's night some of them called him out of bed, telling him to come down without delay, as his best cow was choking. Down hurried old Meagher, to find all right in the dairy, and only a carrot stuck in the nozzle of the pump.

The rector of a parish not far from Weymouth was complaining to one of his women parishioners that she did not bring her children to be baptized. "Please, sir," she said, "they be all girls and it's no use baptizing they." The rector was puzzled, and then discovered that the good woman thought the main object of baptism was to ensure what she called "lincs"—in other words a baptismal certificate needed for boys who want to enter the Navy.

Dorset cheese, locally known as "blue vinny," enjoys a doubtful reputation. When first made, it is of the color and almost the consistency of the chalk which underlies the Dorset downs. After keeping a while it takes on a pale, blue-veined (vinney'd) appearance, and

becomes, though always hard, more palatable. William Barnes, after reading some of his poems one evening to a large gathering of the Dorset militia, propounded a riddle which went home to them. "Tell me, my men," said he, "why the Dorset militia is like blue vinny." "Because," he added, "they'll both stand fire and never run." His joke at the unmelting moods of Dorset cheese was thoroughly appreciated. Another story anent blue vinny relates how two Gillingham farmers differing as to the merits of blue vinny, the detractor of its qualities offered to bet the other a sovereign that he could not get two Dorset cheeses stolen. The bet being taken, it was arranged that at bedtime a cheese should be left on the doorstep when the house was locked up, to see if any one would take it away by the morning. Next morning the cheese was gone, to the great delight of the backer of blue vinny, and the following night the second cheese was duly locked out on the doorstep. Next day, to his great chagrin, both of the cheeses lay side by side on the doorstep.

Lectures delivered in Dorset have not been without their humorous side. Not long ago a "Universities Extension" lecturer gave a course of lectures upon Dante, which was largely attended by young women from the neighboring country houses and rectories. The first lecture was mainly taken up with a description of the definiteness and neatness of Dante's "Inferno," "accurately separated into circles with well-pointed compasses; mapped and properly surveyed in every direction, trenched in a thoroughly good style of engineering, and divided into a concentric series of moats and embankments like those about a castle, with bridges from each embankment to the next" (Ruskin, "Modern Painters"). The whole lecture was represented by but three words on the notes of one of

the listeners; her terse record was, "Hell very neat."

Another series of lectures was given in connection with higher religious education, attended in the main by the same class of students as the Dante lectures. The first group of lectures in this series was upon the Fourth Gospel, and the lecturer laid great stress upon the authenticity of the Gospel as written by St. John. At the close of the lectures an examination by papers was held, and in half the papers sent up grave doubts were expressed as to St. John being the author of the Fourth Gospel. As in all probability not one of those attending the lectures had, before the lectures were given, so much as heard that the point was in dispute, the lecturer was naturally much distressed to find that he had raised doubts where none previously existed—that his labors to prove the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel had had precisely the opposite result.

A widower in a somewhat prominent position in life had inscribed upon his late wife's tomb, "The light of mine eyes is gone from me." Taking unto himself a second wife with remarkable promptitude, a Dorset yokel scrawled as his comment upon the text set forth upon the tablet, "But he soon struck another match."

A kind-hearted and wealthy man, who had from small beginnings built up a large fortune, used to allow the public to freely traverse two of his estates. He had put up a notice, asking for good conduct from his visitors, and stating that "the two estates is the property of So-and-so, Esq." Some humorous passer-by struck out the word "is," and wrote over it "am." The owner of the property, seeing the alteration, turned to a friend who was with him, and in all innocence asked "which was right?" His companion gently suggested that it might be even better if the word "are" was substituted.

Mr. Francis Fane, who first sat for Dorchester in 1790, was desperately fond of practical joking, and travelling one day to London inside the coach, the heavily laden pocket in the coat-tail of the Dorchester barber who was outside hung down temptingly near the open window. Mr. Fane could not resist the opportunity of slitting the barber's pocket and extracting its contents, which proved to be a large packet of bank notes, which had been entrusted to the barber to deliver safely in London. When the barber discovered his loss, his dismay was great, and after he had been reduced to a state of desperation, Mr. Fane produced the packet of notes, and by way of amends proposed to give the barber a dinner at the White Horse Cellar in London. The dinner took place on the afternoon fixed for the barber's return to Dorchester, and the barber waxing mellow, plied with good liquor, Mr. Fane assisted him into the night coach for Dorchester in Oxfordshire, where the bewildered barber in the early hours of the morning could neither find his pole nor his local landmark, the town pump, hard by which was his shop.

Times were rougher in those days than now. "Hangings" were then looked forward to, as a pleasant break in the dulness of life. Said an old Dorset shepherd, pointing to where the gibbet stood on the wild downs near Cranbourne, "A hanging was a pretty sight when I were a boy, for the sheriff and javelin men came a horse-back, and they all stopped for refreshment at the inn near by, as they'd come a long way, and we all had a drink." "And did the man who was going to be hanged have anything?" "Lord! yes, sir, as much strong beer as he liked, and we all drank his health; and

then they hanged he, and buried him by the gibbet."

The gay wit of Lord Alington needs no bush. When county councils were established in 1889 Lord Alington stood for a division in Dorset as a county councillor, and had for an opponent a county parson from the neighborhood. The parson, carried away by the fervor of the contest, told his would-be constituents, in somewhat rhetorical language, that he "was prepared to die for them." In spite of this generous offer, when the contest was over, it was found that Lord Alington had been returned by a thumping majority. In his address that evening to the electors, thanking them for his election, Lord Alington humorously said that he had "no intention whatever of dying for his constituents, he meant to live for them, and he thought that they had shown, by electing him, that they considered that "a live lord was better than a dead parson."

Early in the nineties a close parliamentary contest was waged for the Southern Division of Dorset, and shortly after the election was over, the elected member and the defeated candidate attended an agricultural dinner, when it fell to the lot of the latter to propose the toast of the Houses of Parliament. The dinner was held in a large marquee, which was creaking and groaning under the strain of a bolsterous storm of wind and wet raging outside. The speaker, in making reference to his successful opponent, happily said "that whatever might have been their respective feelings on a recent occasion, on that particular day they were in complete accord, for they were both of them entirely satisfied, not only with the state of the canvass, but also with the state of the poll" (pole).

HAWTHORN TIDE.

I.

Dawn is alive in the world, and the darkness of heaven and
of earth

Subsides in the light of a smile more sweet than the loud
noon's mirth.

Spring lives as a babe lives, glad and divine as the sun, and
unsure

If aught so divine and so glad may be worshipped and loved
and endure.

A soft green glory suffuses the love-lit earth with delight,
And the face of the noon is fair as the face of the star-clothed
night.

Earth knows not and doubts not at heart of the glories again
to be;

Sleep doubts not and dreams not how sweet shall the waking
beyond her be.

A whole white world of revival awaits May's whisper awhile,
Abides and exults in the bud as a soft hushed laugh in a
smile.

As a maid's mouth laughing with love and subdued for the
love's sake, May

Shines and withholds for a little the word she revives to say.

When the clouds and the winds and the sunbeams are warring
and strengthening with joy that they live,

Spring, from reluctance enkindled to rapture, from slumber
to strife,

Stirs, and repents, and is winter, and weeps, and awakes as
the frosts forgive,

And the dark chill death of the woodland is troubled, and
dies into life.

And the honey of heaven, of the hives whence night feeds full
on the springtide's breath,

Fills fuller the lips of the lustrous air with delight in the
dawn;

Each blossom enkindling with love that is life and subsides
with a smile into death

Arises and lightens and sets as a star from her sphere with-
drawn.

Not sleep, in the rapture of radiant dreams, when sundawn
smiles on the night,

Shews earth so sweet with a splendor and fragrance of life
that is love;

Each blade of the glad live grass, each bud that receives or
rejects the light,

Salutes and responds to the marvel of Maytime around and
above.

Joy gives thanks for the sight and the savor of heaven, and is
 humbled
 With awe that exults in thanksgiving; the towers of the
 flowers of the trees
 Shine sweeter than snows that the hand of the season has
 melted and crumbled,
 And fair as the foam that is lesser of life than the loveliest
 of these.
 But the sense of a life more lustrous with joy and enkindled
 of glory
 Than man's was ever or may be, and briefer than joys most
 brief,
 Bids man's heart bend and adore, be the man's head golden
 or hoary,
 As it leapt but a breath's time since and saluted the flower
 and the leaf.
 The rapture that springs into love at the sight of the world's
 exultation
 Takes not a sense of rebuke from the sense of triumphant
 awe;
 But the spirit that quickens the body fulfils it with mute
 adoration,
 And the knees would fain bow down as the eyes that re-
 joiced and saw.

II.

Fair and sublime as the face of the dawn is the splendor of
 May,
 But the sky's and the sea's joy fades not as earth's pride
 passes away.
 Yet hardly the sun's first lightning or laughter of love on the
 sea
 So humbles the heart into worship that knows not or doubts
 if it be
 As the first full glory beholden again of the life new-born
 That hails and applauds with inaudible music the season of
 morn.
 A day's length since, and it was not; a night's length more,
 and the sun
 Salutes and enkindles a world of delight as a strange world
 won.
 A new life answers and thrills to the kiss of the young strong
 year,
 And the glory we see is as music we hear not, and dream that
 we hear.
 From blossom to blossom the live tune kindles, from tree to
 tree,
 And we know not indeed if we hear not the song of the life
 we see.

For the first blithe day that beholds it and worships and cherishes cannot but sing

With a louder and lustier delight in the sun and the sunlit earth

Than the joy of the days that beheld but the soft green dawn of the slow faint spring

Glad and afraid to be glad, and subdued in a shamefast mirth.

When the first bright knoll of the woodland world laughs out into fragrant light,

The year's heart changes and quickens with sense of delight in desire,

And the kindling desire is one with thanksgiving for utter fruition of sight,

For sight and for sense of a world that the sun finds meet for his lyre.

Music made of the morning that smites from the chords of the mute world song

Trembles and quickens and lightens, unfelt, un beholden, unheard,

From blossom on blossom that climbs and exults in the strength of the sun grown strong,

And answers the word of the wind of the spring with the sun's own word.

Hard on the skirt of the deep soft copses that spring refashions,

Triumphs and towers to the height of the crown of a wild-wood tree

One royal hawthorn, sublime and serene as the joy that impassions

Awe that exults in thanksgiving for sight of the grace we see,

The grace that is given of a god that abides for a season, mysterious

And merciful, fervent and fugitive, seen and unknown and adored;

His presence is felt in the light and the fragrance elate and imperious,

His laugh and his breath in the blossom are love's, the beloved soul's lord.

For surely the soul if it loves is beloved of the god as a lover

Whose love is not all unaccepted, a worship not utterly vain;

Too full, too deep is the joy that revives for the soul to recover

Yearly, beholden of hope and of memory in sunshine and rain.

III.

Wonder and love stand silent, and stricken at heart and stilled.
But yet is the cup of delight and of worship unplugged and unfilled,

A hand's breadth hence leaps up, laughs out as an angel
crowned

A strong full fountain of flowers overflowing above and
around.

The boughs and the blossoms in triumph salute with adoring
mirth

The womb that bare them, the glad green mother, the sun-
bright earth.

Downward sweeping, as song subsides into silence, none
May hear what sound is the word's they speak to the brooding
sun.

None that hearken may hear; man may but pass and adore,
And humble his heart in thanksgiving for joy that is now no
more.

And sudden, afront and ahead of him, joy is alive and aflame
On the shrine whose incense is given of the godhead, again the
same.

Pale and pure as a maiden secluded in secret and cherished
with fear,

One sweet glad hawthorn smiles as it shrinks under shelter,
screened

By two strong brethren whose bounteous blossom outsoars it,
year after year,

While earth still cleaves to the live spring's breast as a
babe unweaned.

Never was amaranth fairer in fields where heroes of old found
rest,

Never was asphodel sweeter; but here they endure not long,
Though ever the sight that salutes them again and adores
them awhile is blest,

And the heart is a hymn, and the sense is a soul, and the
soul is a song.

Alone on a dyke's trenched edge, and afar from the blossom-
ing wildwood's verge,

Laughs and lightens a sister, triumphant in love-lit pride;
Clothed round with the sun, and inviolate; her blossoms exult
as the springtide surge,

When the wind and the dawn enkindle the snows of the
shoreward tide.

Hardly the worship of old that rejoiced as it knelt in the
vision

Shown of the God new-born whose breath is the spirit of
spring

Hailed ever with love more strong and defiant of death's deri-
sion

A joy more perfect than here we mourn for as May takes
wing.

Time gives it and takes it again and restores it; the glory,
the wonder,

The triumph of lustrous blossom that makes of the steep
sweet bank

One visible marvel of music inaudible, over and under,
 Attuned as in heaven, pass hence and return for the sun to
 thank,
 The stars and the sun give thanks for the glory bestowed and
 beholden,
 For the gladness they give and rejoice in, the night and the
 dawn and the day;
 But nought they behold when the world is aflower and the
 season is golden
 Makes answer as meet and as sweet as the flower that itself
 is May.

The Athenaeum.

A. C. Swinburne.

SHARKS.

The name of these animals is generally associated with deeds of daring and violence, but not all of them have this character. Take as an example the Basking Shark,¹ which is sometimes found from 30 to 40 feet long, and is the largest fish that swims in the North Atlantic, or possibly in any other ocean. It has only rudimentary teeth, which are rather difficult to find, as it has really no use for them; but instead, the Great Father has provided these fish with extensive whale-bone gills, whereby they can sift the sea and from the remaining minutæ find sustenance enough to support themselves, although of such huge dimensions. And this to a certain extent makes them the real police of the ocean, keeping the balance right between its larger and lesser life. This will be understood when it is known that in the seas which surround the British Isles there exist minute crustaceans in untold and incalculable myriads, that often live in vast shoals, each shoal filling scores of square miles of water. These are so prolific that there is great danger of

their filling the sea, to the injury of most other fishes. They are the great food of the mackerel, herring and pilchard families; and, when these cannot keep them under, the basking shark comes to their assistance and gulps them down in millions, by this means giving a shade of fair play to most other fish life.

Again, there are others of the genus, which have not extreme habits, but are fair members of the great fish tribes, unless hard pressed, when they are generally a match for their enemies. But as this article must be a short one, I had better consider especially the more violent forms of the race; so I will first remark on the

NURSE-HOUND (*Scyllium catulus*).

These sharks are never seen together in numbers, so they cannot be said to be gregarious in their habits. They may be found scattered over the sea bottom from the Orkney Isles to the Mediterranean, and are much scarcer in northern than in southern waters. Off our shores they generally live in the depths of the English Channel, except when on their procreative errand,

¹ For the common names of fishes I shall follow Couch.

when, if their chosen haunts are sheltered and quiet, and their accouchement nooks abound in highly-colored floral varieties, they will sometimes approach so close to land as to tie their eggs to the stems of sea weeds within a few feet of low water spring tides.

The process of life in this family, like that in other sharks, is somewhat on the same conditions as that of the higher vertebrata, except that in the final act the female produces leather-like sacs or eggs which descend from the oviducts in pairs, one from the right and the other from the left side (all the organs of reproduction in male and female being double). In form, these eggs are not unlike a mason's hand-barrow; they are about four inches long, with tendrils attached, each of which is about four feet in length. These fibres, which are as fine as catgut at the ends, and as stout as whiplcord at the base, are for mooring the sacs to strong sea-weeds or corals. And as these are generally attached in shallow water the string is a splendid one for holding them in position through all the vicissitudes of our stormy winters. On being opened and thrown into a basin their appearance is just like that of fowls' eggs; the yolk being yellow and surrounded with albumen, so that it would be difficult to tell the one from the other.

Mr. F. Day states that in the Concarneau reservoir the young took nine months to hatch from the egg. Couch has observed the young ready for hatching in April and May, and I have more than once seen them ready for swimming in March. One thrown on our coast in a storm in March, 1896, was longer than the case, with its head turned around and down the purse; while the tail slightly protruded at the vent end. These facts point to the probability that exact time has little to do with the final exit, and that the young use the purse for conven-

ence and shelter until a favorable temperature and quiet weather arrive. As these eggs seem to be voided in the summer and early autumn, there cannot be much doubt that in most cases their time of development is from eight to nine months.

In June, 1896, I took two eggs from a female nurse-hound; they were almost perfect, and no doubt would have been deposited in July. Before assuming mimicry the color of these fishes on the sandy slopes of the ocean is light brown, shading off to a still lighter color on the belly. The back and sides are interspersed with large dark spots. In approaching the land for this most interesting of purposes their course can be scarcely called a migration, but rather a gradual wandering towards a certain destination. In their course they take great care of their individuality by coloring themselves in keeping with the grounds they may pass over. On bare rocky ridges they assume a reddish-brown hue, still further darkening it as they move into lighter and shallower water. But when the laminarian area is reached, their mimicry is complete, for here they put on a deep chocolate color, and so dark is this last coat that it almost obliterates the black mottled spots on their skins; hence, the blending of this shade with the fronds of the marine forest is almost perfect.

Their enemies appear to be the great crab (*Cancer pagurus*) and the craw fish (*Cancer homarus*) and all the black congers; for when coming towards the shore for this purpose the sharks invade all their home associations; so they, jealous of the purpose of these new arrivals, and being naturally short-tempered, no doubt set on them in no uncertain manner; for it is known that congers will bite viciously, even at each other, out of mere spite, so that there can be no doubt as to what they will do when troubled with inno-

vating strangers; and, as both of these creatures are decidedly night feeders, they must often come in contact with each other.

Couch seems to have been the first naturalist to notice the changing of colors in fishes, for in volume I, page 2, he states that "such of them as wander on more open grounds are of a lighter color, in conformity with a law of nature in fishes by which they assume an intensity of tint corresponding with the grounds they frequent."

These fish must possess a bad character among the marine inhabitants of the sea; it is a question whether the family has not poisonous habits, for the least drop of water falling from them on any of the edible fishes will impart a white spot, and several drops will give a mottled and uncanny appearance. Lacapède mentions the case of a whole family being poisoned by eating the livers of one of these fishes. I have also noticed that fishermen, after eating fish of this family, especially when very fresh, will sometimes have a red and irritated appearance in the face and neck. Moreover, this fish has a skin that all must remember who come in contact with it, for it is very objectionable; and its spines, which are embedded in it, are so close and sharp that a rasp, with its raised parts sharpened to represent dull needles, would barely represent its irritating and cutting power.

Again, the moment these sharks are touched by an enemy they twine themselves around the aggressor, and with a contracting and reversed action of the body, grate the surface with these wretched spines. These motions severely lacerate the enemy, and generally take away its surroundings with it. In fact, when dried, the skins of these creatures are used by polishers as a substitute for glass-paper, and will rasp wood or alabaster; they will even cut iron or silver. Coopers in

Truro, Cornwall, called it rubskin, and stated that a pound of it was worth a hundredweight of glass- or sand-paper.

These families are the only fish I am acquainted with that can shut their eyes at will. This is done by raising the lower lid. The largest forms are to be found among the females, which often stretch to about five feet. They will feed well on crabs, cuttles, worms, holothurians, and most small fishes. When these fail they do not hesitate to devour whelks. We may thus guess the power of their jaws; evidently they can break up these massive univalves as easily as a youngster can crack nuts; for I have several times found quantities of their operculums in the stomachs of these sharks, and when these are digested they leave a quantity of black oil there. On June 21st, 1898, I opened two nurse-hounds caught 25 miles south of Deadman Headland, Cornwall. One had operculum plates of 26 whelks in its stomach, beside several large worms. The other had several holothurians and crabs in it.

These fish are generally caught by conger fishermen in the night, and the bait suitable for one is generally taken by the other. The crabbers, as a rule, use them as bait.

No mention is made by either Couch, Buckland or Day, of their having a lateral line, but on cutting across their sides two very decided lines are found in the skin.

I shall next treat of

THE BLUE SHARK (*Squalus glaucus*).

The home of the blue shark is generally in the warm waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. In the summer months a few are found scattered over the North Atlantic. Their extreme limit seems to be the Orkney Islands, which they reach late in August. Their food is mostly the surface-feeding fishes; although, if hungry, they will

hunt into the depths of the sea, attacking many varieties existing there, such as the gurnards and congers; and if these are scarce they will not despise eating the living shells found on the sea bottom; for I have more than once seen the operculum of the common whelk in their stomachs.

In these northern latitudes it is rare to see them more than ten feet in length; although no doubt there are some which swim in these waters larger than this. One from the English coasts, preserved in the British Museum, is eleven feet long; and Couch records one of fourteen feet. Day, in his great work on "The Fishes of Great Britain and Ireland," states that in the more southern waters they sometimes attain to the length of twenty-five feet; and Gunther remarks that individuals of twelve and fifteen feet are of common occurrence, and that the genus are closely allied to *Corax Hemipristis*, of the chalk and tertiary formations. That we do not see the largest forms which visit our waters seems probable from the fact that it is nothing uncommon to hear of large sharks swallowing the bait and in their violence breaking the lines of the fishermen. In fact, some years ago, I was once in this unfortunate position. It was on a fine morning in August, just before sunrise, when one of these massive monsters took my bait. I knew my line and hook were good—more than I could break with all my strength. In the contest the creature took the line from me again and again, but by continued efforts I managed each time to turn it back towards the boat, and to increase the length of line at my feet. I was fishing on the starboard quarter near the stern; and my companion, a stout six-foot man of twenty years, was asleep in the cuddy. In the midst of the battle, by much shouting, I got him to understand my position; and just as the

beast came in sight of the boat he came back, gaff in hand, and there was this monster sheering off and along by her side, and working its white nictitating membrane off and on its eyes, with a fury little understood unless actually seen. "Now is your time, Joe, it's a beauty; give him your weight," I shouted; but instead of doing this he turned his terror-stricken face on me and whispered "It's the Devil himself. I cannot touch him;" and leaving the gaff by my side he darted back into the cuddy and shut the door. Now I knew my work; but what was one man in battling with and mastering such a mass of concentrated energy? By main force I dragged it alongside, and nipped the line under the cleat with one hand, and gaffed at him with the other; but the moment I touched the beast he took the line from me, when I had to drop the gaff and nip the line with both hands. The strain, however, was too much for my gear; and with a violent wrench he broke the line and was off.

At the entrance of the English Channel, the boldness and violence of these sharks in the warmer months of the year must always be considered by all drift mackerel fishermen. Consequently the nets have to be watched with great care, and, no matter what amount of fish may be going into them, with the first sign of sharks the nets must be hauled in at once; for the moment these brutes see the fish they are sure to attack them, and woe betide the nets when this happens, for, with the first snap, so sharp are their teeth, net and fish are brought away together, and both are quickly swallowed. I have more than once known a fleet of 100 sail of fishing boats, with a total crew of 500 men, driven off the sea and compelled to relinquish a paying mackerel fishing by the persistent violence of these creatures.

Take the story of the master of one

of these crafts, who had to retreat before their hungry fury:—

Not long since we had made a fair spring mackerel fishery and hoped to have carried it on successfully to the end; but with June these sharks began to increase, and the outside boats complained bitterly of the ravages they were making with their nets. As the month advanced it was found they approached still nearer to the shore; and the deeper boats found—although mackerel were in fair quantities—they should have no nets left worth keeping if they continued the fishery: and so one after another dropped off, until only a few of us were left. It is true we had fairly well escaped their onslaught by keeping on the inside of the fleet, but at last our turn came. On the night of the 10th of June we had set our nets about ten miles S. E. from the Lizard. It was splendid weather, with a fine breeze from the N. W. when about eleven o'clock the winch was rigged and we began to haul the nets. The moon was over a week old, and was shining brightly in the western sky when we got the boat end of the net on board. I was anxiously looking along the slightly tinged phosphorescent net to see if any mackerel was meshed in it, and felt disappointed at seeing none, when something under me attracted my attention; on looking intently down some two or three feet under water I saw the outline of a blue shark, possibly some eight or nine feet long.

As there was no mackerel in the net it did not trouble me, believing that harm could only come to it when the creature saw the fish in it. We were pulling in our gear as fast as possible, when to my surprise I saw the brute deliberately dart at the net and bite it as if out of sheer malice. This was too much for me to accept. In a moment I stepped across the boat; and, seizing the boat hook which had a long sharp iron point at the end of it, I darted down with all my force on its

back between the head and dorsal fin. Evidently this was a new sensation from a new source; for in a moment there was some excitement in the sea, and then the shark was quickly away. I have thought since, if the story told by Professor Kollicker of the Naples Marine Laboratory is true, that sharks can talk to each other,² what a wonderful tale this fish must have had to tell its fellows when relating this night's adventure: and what a character he must have given this obtrusive double-eyed demon who had descended on him from the starry regions above, and who, with but the touch of the tip of his fin or finger, had almost taken the life from his body;—for he saw me strike the blow.

I had hoped this would have finished our night's work with this fraternity; but I was disappointed. The first sight of mackerel I had was a broken one which had been pulled out of the mouth of a shark, and the next, and several besides. On this we put out the shark line with a massive chain hook attached, baited with two pieces of mackerel, and the gaff (an oak bar about four feet long with iron of the size of the finger, shaped into a hook and attached to it by the blacksmith) was got ready; and in less than five minutes a shark was fast to the line. Now there was no doubt or difficulty about the work. In an instant two hands were at the line and two others stood by the gaff; and when it came to the water line, in a minute it was, "Stand clear," and the beast of about seven feet was tumbled into the boat. A heavy blow on the nose with a hake bat, and all was quiet. The line was quickly out again, and then the nets almost flew on board the boat; for mackerel were now in the nets and it was a question who should have them, men or sharks; but instantly there was another shark fast; and the same adventures were gone through; and after the nets were dragged with violence into the boat; and again the line was dropped into the sea, baited as before:

² Prof. Kollicker, wrapped in a diving suit, in an iron cage lit by electricity, has been down to the bottom of the Mediterranean, and with the aid of a phonograph registered the expression of

surprise in fishes. He is satisfied that the noises made by some fishes, including sharks, will yet be recognized as a language.

and soon another shark was fast to it, but this third was a massive beast, and in the struggle it broke the line, and here we lost our only shark hook.

In a few words, we decided to pay no more attention to the sharks but to pull in the nets as if for dear life, and all went at it with a will, the crew changing berths at every ten nets, and thus all getting a taste of the hardest work. It was mine to be at the leech of the net at the last ten. We had a few hundreds of mackerel on board but the havoc made by the sharks was dreadful. All the cut and broken fish I dropped at my feet. When there were only three or four nets more to haul I shouted "Avast heaving," determining to have another turn with these thieves. I then took up the broken mackerel and stowed them along the sides of the boat, and when she was quite still I began to drop them into the sea in a perpendicular line about two feet apart. I had not been doing this more than a few minutes when I saw a shark, and every now and then it coolly turned on its side and took in each piece as it came. I then took the gaff and stood waiting for it to come up and take the last piece, when about a foot under water. At the right moment I planted the gaff under its choke and lifted with all my might, and went backwards with all my weight: but only about a third of its length came over the gunwale; the light of our lantern shone full in its face: and here we were looking viciously at each other, its jaws snapping rather ominously, for the gaff was a little low, while the water was lashed to spray with its tail.

I held on to it like grim death, not guessing how the battle was to end, when my brother rushed forward and put his arms around its body; and with a pull the shark came *holos bolos* into the boat. Then it was "Stand clear, all"; and each of the crew, seizing a weapon, did his best to close the scene,

when several heavy blows on the nose gave it its quietus. The next morning we were rather surprised to find that the brute had actually bitten a piece clean out of the fittings of the boat. The creature proved to be over eight feet long. This ended our season's work.

As the summer advances some of the pilchards, which spend their winter and spring in the English Channel, in moving westward, are generally off the coasts of Cornwall in August. Here they come in contact with these water pirates, who follow them towards the land, worrying and feeding on them as they go; and here the wretched business of tearing and eating the pilchard nets is often gone through, something on the same lines as is done with the mackerel nets.

When the pilchards are fairly on the Cornish coast, as a rule, the sharks keep on the outer edge of them; and if badly beset they will sometimes rush into the bays and keep there, the sharks seldom following them in any quantities, for the blue shark will not remain long inside of twenty-five fathoms of water.*

Sometimes, when the fishermen are dissatisfied with the inshore fishery, they will push out into deep water, and endeavor to take stock of what pilchards are in the wider seas. It is on these occasions that the fisherman will sometimes get what he never expected. It was in a case like this that the master of the "Galatea," in the summer of 1895, caught twenty-five of these monsters. The crew declared to me there would have been no difficulty in their catching another such lot if they were of any money value; and although there were pilchards there,

* When troubled with parasites, single individuals will sometimes rush to the shore to rub them off on the sharp rocks. In August, 1885, from the old Pier Head, Mevagissey, in the early morning I saw a blue shark of about seven feet pass in and out, which no doubt had been

on this mission. And in September, 1890, William Husband caught a blue shark, six feet long, close to Mevagissey new pier, which no doubt was on the same errand. I saw it alive in our fish market when it had been out of the water only a few minutes.

this fact stopped all fishing in that direction.

On another such occasion I was on board a fishing boat which went some six miles south of the Deadman Headland. Pilchards were fairly plentiful; and as no sharks were seen, and fish were entering the nets, they were left out to have the result of the morning twilight on them. With the rising sun, down in the bright clear water, a shark of about nine feet long made its appearance; and as there were plenty of pilchards in the net, and several were dropping out of it, this autocrat of the deep arose to the occasion, and seemed content to receive the sinking dead pilchards as his share of the night's work. And so satisfied was it with its own arrangements that it never once attempted to bite one fish in the net. The sight on that bright summer morning I shall never forget, with the calm crystal sea, and the nets with the fish coming up as from a seeming interminable depth, shining like a sheet of silver; and the sun in all its splendor giving new hues and shades of color to all moving life; while this massive creature was swimming around us in its sometimes violent, or graceful, attitudes, often close to us, and occasionally waiting so still, with its great eyes looking thoughtfully at the net and us; and waiting patiently for the dropping pilchards, as if quite comprehending our fishing purposes and all else that was going on.

Then came in our wonder, if pilchards were absent and one of us were to fall into the sea, what the result would be, as no amount of fish seemed to satisfy its maw. So, knowing the cruel and desperate nature of these sharks, I finally determined, if I had the opportunity, to bring its violent and murderous actions to an end. As I had no line on board equal to holding such a brute, some other method of capture had to be thought of; and this

second mode of procedure soon came to the front; for as time went on, the more pilchards it ate the bolder it was. At last it became so free as to come to the surface and take the fish as they slid out of the net. And here was my chance to try and capture the intruder by hand with a gaff, as it came forward to seize the fish. Soon I had ready a strong stout article, with a fork-shaped end as a handle; and as two pilchards dropped out of the net together, quite on the surface, it desired to get both at once. In making the final move it found they were too far apart for one grip; and while it hesitated I put the gaff with all my strength across its throat. Such an act was something to be remembered; for, although on the surface, it was rather far out for doing my best, and I could do nothing more than instantly drag it alongside and hold on. Fortunately, the boat was dandy-rigged, with a stout single shroud fastened to her side; and I was standing on the beam thwart when I struck the gaff into the shark. Its first act after this great fright was to twist itself violently around; and when I felt how strong it was I allowed the gaff to revolve, while the water from its fins fell on us as if from a shower bath; but I managed to keep to the gaff with both hands, my arms one on each side of the shroud, and with my breast resting against it. I certainly should not have been able to sustain myself but for this help.

Now the excitement on board the boat was intense, the crew coming instantly to my assistance, and with the boat's tiller and other long cudgels striking it as best they could, the gaff whirling as if by machinery all the time. When the battle was about half over I thought the beast was a little exhausted, and with both hands pressed my whole strength on the gaff, but I could not stay it for a moment; and months after I felt the result of

this act in my left thumb. Finally, some heavy raps on the nose finished it, and we drew it into the boat and found it was just nine feet long.

In calm summer weather it is not an uncommon thing to see these sharks gently gliding through the sea with the tip of the tail and dorsal fin out of the water. Possibly this is their sleeping attitude, for I think there can be no doubt now that they only sleep with one eye at a time, as they seem to have a dual existence. This can easily be seen by any one who has the opportunity and a sharp knife, when it will be found that the nerves of the body on the right side converge on the lateral line instead of on the spinal cord; and the same fact may be seen also on the left side.* And, as these two lateral lines are each in touch with the brain through the tenth cranial nerve, a double individuality is apparent.⁶ This accounts for this species of shark following ships at sea for weeks together without any seeming rest for sleeping purposes.

Their mimicry is used more as a means of getting near their prey than as a protection from their enemies, which seem to be only parasites and the porbeagle sharks.

The water at the entrance of the English Channel, at times, varies very much in color, generally through the variety of diatomacea present in it, giving many shades in blue, green and olive.

Of course the color of this shark is deep blue on the back, and white on the belly; but in water with a green or olive tinge, a green or olive hue is assumed with its blue and white, thus making the creature in olive or green water difficult to be seen. When on the

warpath by night it can display an artifice equal, if not superior, to that of any known mimetical creature; for it certainly can personify all the impish shades connected with obscurity and darkness.

On ordinary occasions, in the night, the least display of action or force in the sea by almost any creature will excite such activities in all the infusorial circles that the water will look as if alive with luminous light. But in the case of the blue shark, when hunting the ocean by night for its prey, this is not so. So mysteriously can they hide themselves—when surrounded by all the conditions of this phosphoric splendor—that there can be nothing seen of their massive proportions but the tips of their dorsal and caudal fins; so that a shark eight feet long and three feet in circumference would only appear like a bit of tape, the breadth of the finger and four feet long, being drawn through the water.

These sharks aroused some interest in the late Mr. Frank Buckland, who more than once declared to me that he would come to Cornwall and catch one of them on a fishing rod; but when discussing the nature and strength of this article we could never agree as to its length and size. But had he lived a little longer, no doubt he would have caused some excitement in London amateur fishing circles by describing the adventures, violence and mystery associated with catching blue sharks on a rod.

One thing in connection with these sharks has, for some time, been a surprise to me; and that is, that with all the emulation and desire there is in the exuberant life of young England to get rare sport, the blue shark has never been thought of.

* One of our greatest ichthyological authorities intimates that the only use of the lateral line is for supplying the skin with mucus. As the skin of sharks needs no mucus, the lateral line should be absent here, but the line is very prominent in all sharks.

⁶ In all kinds of sharks that I am acquainted with the reproductive organs in male and female are dual, and the eggs or young ones are always voided in pairs.

I will now notice

THE PICKED DOG (*Acanthias vulgaris*).

These, though amongst the smallest of British sharks, seldom reaching above four feet in length, are the most persistent and violent of all the family. Although generally each one acts for itself, in great emergencies they are gregarious, sometimes swimming in shoals of hundreds of thousands; and when they are in this form woe betide the object of their attack!

Fortunately for our longshore fisheries, they are restless and discontented in clear shallow water, and are never comfortable unless the sea they swim in is over twenty fathoms deep; although they will commit every kind of depredation in its very surface. But in and after storms, when the water is foul, they may be found very near the land. Their teeth are closely set and very sharp, their bite being as clean as if cut with a razor. This is known to all the whiting fishermen of Devon and Cornwall; and it is not an uncommon thing, when the men are on this work, for them to be surrounded by these sharks, which will attack the fish on the lines and destroy them; and on taking the fisherman's bait, so certain is their nip that they will cut the hooks from the line as fast as they can be put on, until his store is exhausted, and often the fishing has to be given up in consequence.

From the year 1875 to 1881 our southern waters were fairly free from these vermin; but since then, in some seasons, our fishermen have been put to their wits' end in battling with them. Not long ago these sharks were known to be in vast masses, stretching along the coasts from five to fifteen miles out, keeping close to the bottom of the sea. In the autumn, when the usual migration of the pilchards into the English Channel began, the first night the fishermen tried to intercept them

some miles to the east of the Eddystone Lighthouse, all were surprised at the audacity of these dogs. They came in thousands round every boat, disputing its right to the pilchards in the net, even rising around the floats and snapping at them. Those fishermen who were not expecting evil, not only had all their fish stolen but had their nets sadly bitten and torn with the sharks' spines. With the fishermen who had early discovered their presence, a desperate battle began at once; they dragging in their nets as if their lives depended on the act, while the dogs crowded around them in thousands, seizing the pilchards as they were drawn out of the water, and in their hungry haste allowing themselves to be pulled into the boat rather than lose the mouthful they had taken. In this single night many fishermen had some of their new nets entirely destroyed; and, as large shoals of pilchards were now in the neighborhood, it was difficult to know what to do to avoid these dog-fish.

Evening is incomparably the best time for catching pilchards in nets, as the vast shoals then scatter themselves over the ocean for feeding purposes, their food being generally minute crustaceans, which show phosphoric lights. When rushing after these scintillating brilliants they easily get entangled. All this seems to be well known to the sharks, for at these times they are the most active. On the occasion I have mentioned they became at last so violent that this important period for fishing had to be entirely given over to these freebooters. The fishermen's next step was to cruise the ocean over by day in search of shoals of pilchards (their neighborhood is often indicated by the falling of gannets and the presence of masses of other sea birds), and, if they fell in with the fish, to set their nets as close to them as possible and await results.

This proved to be a most uncertain and precarious mode of fishing. It was like a lottery; where one boat was successful four or five missed the fish.

Finally, even in this manner of fishing the men were baffled and deceived by the hungry violence of the sharks, for, when cruising some ten miles to the S.E. of the Eddystone, they fell in with what appeared to be vast masses of pilchards, coloring the water red in large patches, and scattered here and there over several square miles;* so the hopes of all ran high that good catches of pilchards would be made once more, and they instantly set their nets among them. Judge of their surprise and disappointment on looking into them to find that, while some shoals were pilchards, others were packs of these hated dogs which had now taken to hunting pilchards by day. The men who were so unfortunate as to put their nets down between the dogs and the pilchards had fishing with a vengeance; for the dogs in their baffled rage rushed into the nets and carried them by sheer force to the sea bottom, tearing and destroying them. This last act finally settled the matter; the fishery had to be instantly abandoned and the ocean left to the supremacy of the dogs.

While this was going on, the Plymouth trawlers, seeing the gulls and gannets, and knowing that good trawl-fish often abound where shoals of pilchards congregate, also tried this neighborhood; but they also soon learnt to their sorrow that the sharks were far too strong for them to cope with; for the trawls on being drawn up were found full of them, and as the fishermen had no gear equal to hoisting the mass on board, the bag had to be cut through and all allowed to go free. In fact they sometimes keep together in such masses that one stormy winter, in Mevagissey Bay, some fishermen

earned fair wages by catching them for manure, and selling them to the farmers at twopence per score. Two men have been known to load a small boat with them in three hours. Their line was only six feet long, armed with stout brass wire about a foot above the hook to prevent it from being bitten off. The bait was part of another dog-fish.

Like most other fishes, these sharks are very susceptible to sound. Regarding this fact, a singular circumstance happened in a fishing boat, the crew of which was composed of beach-combers and other stray hands picked up for a night or two's fishing in fine weather. The master of the boat was an intelligent man and well acquainted with the habits of these sharks; the hands were ignorant and superstitious. One night they had been watching the pilchards by the aid of the phosphorescent light of the sea (at such times they are as easily seen as the stars in the sky, but a thousand times more plentiful), yet they were afraid to put their nets among them in the night on account of the sharks; but with the first streaks of light in the eastern sky they quickly threw their nets out among the pilchards, hoping that quantities of fish would go into the nets quickly, and that with the daylight the mass of pilchards in the sea, on ceasing to feed, would drop down near the bottom, enticing the sharks to follow, and leave alone their nets and fish, which they could take out at their leisure. The plan was found to be unsuccessful as far as the sharks were concerned. The pilchards had meshed satisfactorily and the sharks swarmed around the boat and nets in masses. Finally, the struggle became a heavy one as to who should have the pilchards, the men or the dogs. Just as the sun became visible above the horizon the end of the net was hauled on board the boat, and the battle was over,

* All fish in masses when near the surface of the sea show a dull red color.

success being rather on the side of the men.

The sharks, which had been increasing around the boat every minute, were now present in thousands, breaking the water with their tails and fins. The mass of them was fully three hundred yards in circumference. At this moment, the master, knowing the susceptibility of the sharks to concussive sound, and also the ignorance of the men, determined to play the latter a practical joke. First, looking sternly at the sharks, and then turning to his men, he said "It's time for these dogs to leave." He saw in an instant that the men did not comprehend him. Then he took a piece of wood, and, standing in a prominent place near the side of the boat and holding the wood high in the air, he shouted at the top of his voice: "Hear, oh ye dogs! It's time for ye all to go home." As he finished the last words he struck the side of the boat violently with the wood. Instantly there was a sheet of broken water and every dog was gone. The master himself has told me he will never forget the look of wonder on the faces of his men; and to this day they believe he has some strange power over these sharks.

In scanning the fishes of the sea, it seems to be a fact that nature is abundant in the reproduction of fishes useful to man, while she is sparing in providing for the increase of creatures which are useless to him and which only prey on his food fishes. Even when these sharks through favorable conditions become excessive in numbers, Nature again provides another balance for keeping them in order, by investing them with cannibal habits; for there can be no doubt that in times of difficulty, when food becomes scarce, they quickly turn and devour each other. This is often seen by our fishermen, when they are working their long line, and dogs are plentiful.

Although the line may be only out a short time it is not an uncommon thing to find the skeletons of dogs on the hook, clearly showing that they have been eating each other alive; for there is no mistaking their teeth marks. Hence the reason why our fishermen have such considerable periods of rest from their ravages.

Outside of themselves, their greatest enemy is the porbeagle shark. These massive creatures, with their large incisive teeth, devour them without mercy, notwithstanding their defensive spines. And here their mimicry, which is of a very decided order, comes to their assistance. Being generally night feeders, in the darkness they are always protected by her sable garments, when they assume a dead rock blue color on the back and sides, and a dull white on the belly. But in the daylight when resting on the gray sandy sea bottom, they put on an indefinite light blue color, approaching a gray, so that in the uncertain light of the deep water they are almost hidden from their enemies. When in this condition, if hunger presses them, and they have to hunt for food, in this guise they can easily approach their prey.

Sharks and skates, in some phases of their life in the sea, are not unlike those animals on the land which propagate their species by selection and congress. Evidently the horns of the bull, the hoofs of the horse, the spurs of the cock, and the claws of the cat, are weapons supplied by Nature to enable the stronger more easily to push their claims over the weak and degenerate in seeking association with the gentler sex. And the tough skin of these various animals is to help them to bear more easily the brunt of the onslaught in this determined strife. As before intimated, the propagation of sharks and skates is also by congress, as in the case of the higher vertebrata. This introduces conditions of existence

very different from those of the ordinary fishes, whom Nature yearly invests with burthens of eggs and spermatozoa for continuing their race; and whose only desire under certain promptings is to eject them somewhere quietly in the sea. But this higher form of procreation brings with it selection, preferment, sexual affinities and endearments, with their purposes, desires, passions and violence. Thus the males of the skates have sharp teeth and rows of sharp thorns near the head and fins, and a tail as flexible as a whip, which is almost covered with sharp spines. These are used with vehemence, when necessary, by

the strong in asserting their masculine claims over the exhausted and the effete.

These strong weapons are seen also in most of the sharks. Among them are the teeth of the porbeagle, the spines of the dog-fish, and the rasping sides of the hounds. And as to the skin with which Nature has provided both these families for bearing the shock of this maleficence, it is a tough article indeed, and is generally equal to the occasion. With our horse soldiers I am led to believe that shark's skin is the only article that will stand the rub of certain portions of their accoutrements.

The Contemporary Review.

Matthias Dunn.

A LULLABY.

We've wandered all about the upland fallows,
We've watched the rabbits at their play,
But now good-night, good-bye to soaring swallows,
Now good-night, good-bye, dear day.

Poppy heads are closing fast, pigeons circle home at last,
Sleep, Liebchen, sleep, the bats are calling;
Pansies never miss the light, but sweet babes must sleep at
night;
Sleep, Liebchen, sleep, the dew is falling.

Even the wind among the quiet willows
Rests, and the sea is silent too.
See soft white linen, cool, such cool white pillows
Wait in the darkling room for you.

All the little chicks are still, now the moon peeps down the
hill,
Sleep, Liebchen, sleep, the owls are hooting,
Ships have hung their lanthorns out, little mice dare creep
about,
Sleep, Liebchen, sleep, the stars are shooting.

Ford M. Hueffer.

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